September, 1903

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN.*" Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.* ℭ ℭ ℭ

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Late B. L. Farjeon

B. L. Farjeon, the English novelist, who died late in July, was a very industrious disciple of Charles Dickens, and a writer of some talent. His early career was somewhat changeable and adventurous, in great contrast to the steady, peaceful routine of his later life. He went out to Australia, and became engaged as a newspaper man, attaining considerable success, having a share in his paper, as well as the editorship. But he greatly preferred imaginative work to the dull routine of journalism, and he was fortunate enough to obtain the praise and friendship of Dickens. Thus encouraged, he returned to England, and began as a novelist. At first he had considerable success, in particular with his Christmas stories. He worked on diligently to the end, but though always acceptable to a large circle of readers, his popularity was not maintained. Mr. Farjeon set himself indomitably to meet the circumstances. Probably no novelist in London worked harder than he. His work-day was incredibly long, and all of it filled with toil. It would be interesting to know the exact number of words he turned out in a year. The great thing is that he was happy in his work. He did not whine, and he found his pleasure in his task. Mr. Farjeon was a man of the highest character, and he was greatly sustained in his labour by the brightness and affection of his home. His wife was a daughter of Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Farjeon once had the curious experience of meeting one of his own stories printed without alteration except that the title was changed and the author's name—to that of a woman.

Mr. Salt

A story which we are awaiting with some interest and curiosity is Mr. Will Payne's *Mr. Salt,* which, like his former books, is to deal with business and Chicago. While *The Story of Eva* and *On Fortune's Road* were not entirely satis-

MR. WILL PAYNE.

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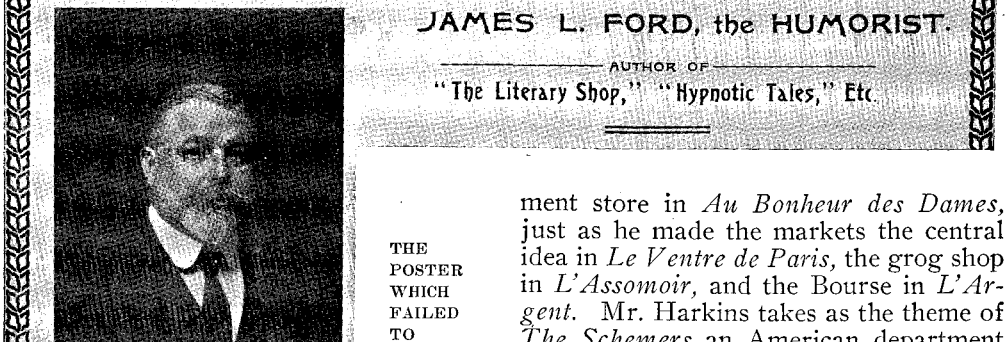

THE POSTER WHICH FAILED TO PLEASE MR. FORD

factory, they were books far above the average in every way, and suggested very large possibilities in their author. So we shall take up *Mr. Salt,* with the hope that these possibilities have been realized. According to the publishers' announcement, "success in business and in love is the keynote of this story." *Mr. Salt* belongs to the robust race of men to whom life is a great game. The outward action of the story moves through the cycle of hard times beginning with 1893, when it was a fight to maintain the trust, to the time of the high tide of industrial prosperity. "The action includes some stirring occurrences of 'the Street' during the panic, some of the quieter but not less activities inside of a big bank, and the formation of a trust."

The Department Store in Fiction

A good many American writers have attempted to follow in Zola's footsteps, and in all but a few cases these attempts have resulted in ignominious failure. The late Mr. Frank Norris came about as near to success as any, and with *The Octopus* he gave us what was at least a very passable imitation. But Mr. Norris had saturated himself with Zola before he began to write, whereas others confine themselves to imitating him merely along the broad lines. For instance, it is nothing but the general idea that suggests Zola in Mr. E. F. Harkins' *The Schemers.* Zola described the Paris department store in *Au Bonheur des Dames,* just as he made the markets the central idea in *Le Ventre de Paris,* the grog shop in *L'Assomoir,* and the Bourse in *L'Argent.* Mr. Harkins takes as the theme of *The Schemers* an American department store. We should have liked to have seen what Mr. Will Payne, who wrote *The Story of Eva,* could have done along these lines.

The Brazen Calf

Among the autumn publications there is to be a book called *The Brazen Calf,* in which Mr. James L. Ford, who is best known as the author of *The Literary Shop,* aims to satirise the society columns of the yellow journals, and the people who read them and believe in them with snobbish enthusiasm. The first poster design for the purpose of advertising the book on the news stands was the one which we herewith present. We fear that while Mr. Ford undoubtedly possesses a sense of the humorous, he is just a little bit lacking when it comes to a sense of humour. For some reason or other he did not seem to appreciate this poster at all. In fact, he objected forcibly, and said it wouldn't do.

Word Snobbishness

A writer for one of the magazines complains that accuracy in the use of words has given him more trouble than the thing is worth. He says there are many words which it is unsafe to use correctly,—unsafe in fact, to use at all,—because they "have been marked with the red flag of danger," by compilers of books on words and their uses, and people think there must be something the matter with them. He writes too timidly for so good a cause. He should have said that there is a large class of persons who are fairly eaten up with word-snobbish-

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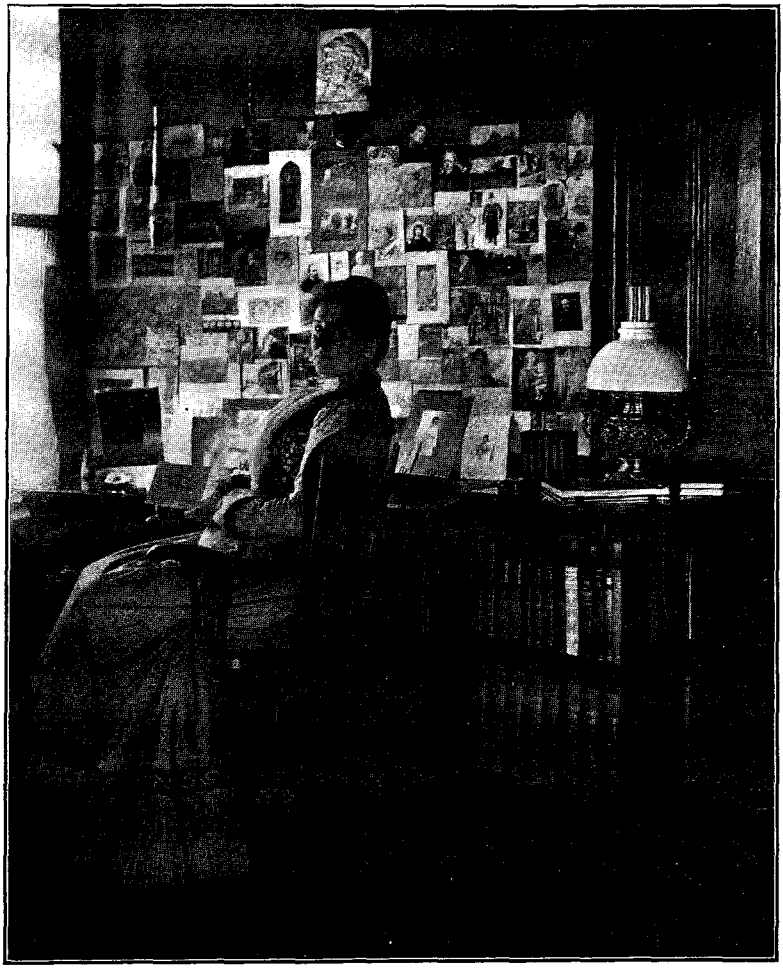
ness, apostles of petrifaction, who hate to see the language grow, mere insects of style, who insist that "To-morrow will be Tuesday," and say "Cannot you." Many a man's entire being is wrapped up in a few pet accuracies of diction; he thinks they are the whole of "culture." Many a man looks as complacent when he says "literatyoor" as a naked Zulu in a high hat. We all have our word prejudices, and on no account should we part with them, for they add to the zest of life. We cling to some small propriety as much as to say by this sign ye shall know me. You say, "His success was phenomenal," and I sneer. I say, "T'aint either," and you chuckle. And we each feel pleased and superior, which, no doubt, is why the angels brought us together. These innocent, unproclaimed triumphs make the heart of man beat faster, and it is often an act of kindness to use bad English to your neighbour just to give him a glow. We once made a party of Englishmen happy for a week, merely by deliberately mispronouncing a word or two in every sentence, thus giving them enough "Americanisms" to last their whole lives. But some of us have grown as conscious of our words as Matthew Arnold said we were of our clothes on Fifth Avenue. As some men write, their faces contrast with the pains they are taking. Style to them is a martyrdom of word-etiquette. Better to eat placidly with a knife than to strug-



CAROLINE ATWOOD MASON, AUTHOR OF "HOLT OF HEATHFIELD."

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gle horribly in public against doing so, and an occasional tumble in print is far pleasanter to see than the mincing steps of the verbal parvenu. Most of the discussions over words arise from the nervousness of the suddenly educated. They are scared by the richness of the language. A man once wrote a paper rebuking all verbal ambiguities, even the most innocent and long-established. Some one had referred to the "conduct of a newspaper." Do you mean the behaviour of a newspaper? said he. "A strange case," said another, and he immediately asked if he meant a strange crate or package; and so he went on, saying, finally that he had a note-book full of other instances, equally flagrant which he would some day give to the world. And there are many like him—zealots of

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

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systematic illiteracy, disinheritors of words, slaves of a half-savage punctilio, a sort of shabby, foot-note, literary gentility that gives them no peace. Not that we care how much they suffer or what becomes of them. No doubt the madhouses are full of demoniacs who mutter "Was I graduated" or "Did I graduate," and rend their flesh. No doubt there are

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE MAISON DE RETRAITE POUR LES ARTISTES DRAMATIQUES ET LYRIQUES AT PONT AU DAMES, NEAR PARIS.

This institution, the first of its kind in the world, is due to the efforts of Coquelin ainé and M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and to the liberality of many prominent persons. Three hundred thousand francs has already been raised to provide a home for broken down actors and playwrights. In the centre of the group may be seen Coquelin, Waldeck-Rousseau, Gaston Neunier and Jules Claretie.

dreadful scenes when the deathbed holds them in their last parenthesis and the last rattling sentence breaks off hideously in aposiopesis or leaves a preposition at the end. It is nothing to us. Our sole concern is the welfare of the others—the people who do not write to the newspapers to find out whether they were born "in" or "at"; minds that have never yet debated "She married him—he married her."

Déjeuner à la Fourchette

The following communication from Mr. Edward W. Townsend needs no comment:

To the Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: I am disposed to blame Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé for so long concealing from the public certain information he seems to possess relating to breakfast. Now that he has consented to enlighten the subject, I rejoice none the less that, by way of a start, he has exposed my ignorance. The matter is of enough importance, aside from the incident of my eclipse, to justify a warning; and in this I am willing to picture myself —and Joseph, and Frédéric—in the character of terrible examples. Mr. Vielé, in his review of my novelette, *A Summer in New York*, in the August BOOKMAN, wrote:

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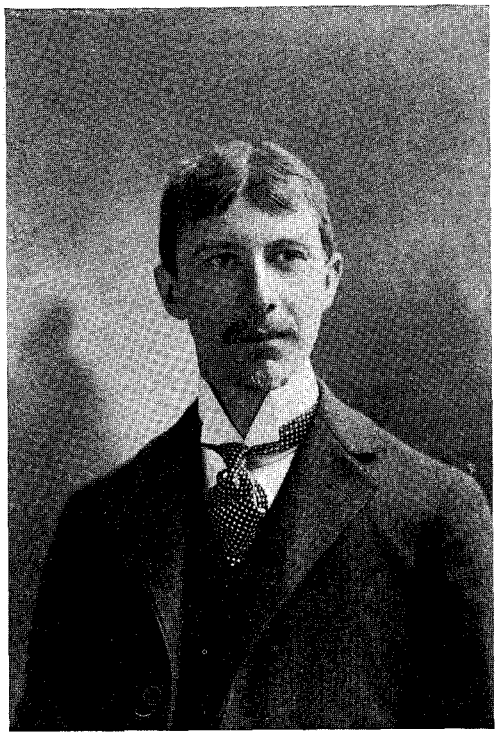
"Alice is introduced at Claremont to 'such a breakfast as we used to have at Paris,' and—shades of Le Grand Vatel! —the repast begins with Petite Marmite!"

One evening in Paris, while dining at Joseph's, that inspired chef with his own hands, and in the presence of the diners, prepared for me a course which he described on the signed menu I still cherish,



ELLIS P. OBERHOLTZER.

as "La sole à Breteuil with osters." Joseph had been in this country for a time presiding over the cuisine of a Vanderbilt, before he returned to Paris and opened the Restaurant de Marivaux, and was proud of his English—hence "osters." After dinner Joseph invited me to breakfast at noon on the following day. I had an engagement, but Joseph insisted, "Because," said he, and the pride in his eyes would have made Mr. Vielé's despair, "because, for to-morrow's breakfast I shall prepare the *petite marmite myself!*" Poor Joseph! I am glad that he passed to a better place than even Paris before I had been exposed by Mr. Vielé. In Paris, also, I sometimes breakfasted at Frédéric's, which, as Mr. Vielé knows, is at the sign of La Tour d'Argent, 15 Quai de la Tournelle. I noted that on a certain day of the week there breakfasted there several men whom Paris—still groping in mists of ignorance which Mr. Vielé should long ago have dispelled—thought well of as *bons vivants*. "Why," I inquired, "do these men make a habit of breakfasting here on this day?" "Because," answered Frédéric of the side whiskers, proudly, "on this day the *petite marmite* is of a grand excellence."

Mr. Vielé summons the shade of Le Grand Vatel to bear witness to my ignorance, and I therefore am led to wonder if the cause of Vatel's suicide has been correctly stated in history. Is it likely that because the chef of the Prince of Condé did not have enough *fish* for breakfast he threw himself upon his sword? Has not Mr. Vielé exclusive information that Vatel died because he did not have enough *doughnuts* to serve Louis XIV. at *déjeuner à la fourchette?*

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Robert Morris: Statesman and Financier

Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer's *Robert Morris: Patriot and Financier* will be a biography of one of the great men of the Revolution and the early days of the United States. Morris has been comparatively neglected by historians and biographers. Of late a good deal of new material about him, in the form of a large mass of unpublished and unused correspondence, has come to light. With its aid Dr. Oberholtzer has been enabled to write his biography. The author is a Philadelphian of considerable experience in historical research, who has devoted a good deal of time to collecting information from various sources about the career of his subject.

A portion of this new material is derived from sixteen manuscript volumes of papers which were acquired by the Library of Congress from the John Meredith Read estate. The adventures of these manuscript volumes would almost make a romance; the point at present is that they have been at length rescued from obscurity and put to their proper use. Of these sixteen volumes, three comprise Morris' official diary. The

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entries extend from February 7, 1781, to September 30, 1784, and embrace his entire term of office as Superintendent of Finance. The next seven volumes are his official letter books, covering about the same period. The next three volumes are private letter books, and two others contain official copies of the journals of Congress; while the last is a transcript of the accounts rendered to Congress by Beaumarchais. It seems probable that this biography of the man who brought the budding country through its financial straits will rouse fresh interest in a man whose splendid services have been allowed to suffer undeserved neglect.

The Late Phil May

The death of Phil May was not only a serious loss to English comic art; it was an unexpected loss, for the artist was not yet forty years of age. It was different in the case of Du Maurier, whose successor May became in the pages of *Punch,* for when the author of *Trilby* died it was after long years of yeoman service to British humour; and while his loss was universally regretted, it was felt that he had done all of his best work, both with his pencil and with his pen. To Phil May, however, we had looked for twenty-five or thirty years more of varied achievement. Born in Leeds, in 1864, after a brief schooling he was apprenticed to a lawyer, but he did not stay there very long, joining a theatrical company, to which he was exceedingly useful as a designer of posters. Then he married and went to Australia to work for the Sydney *Bulletin.* On his return he speedily won recognition in London, doing work for the *Graphic Sketch* and other periodicals until finally his sketches began appearing in London *Punch* and in February, 1895, he was invited to take his seat at the famous *Punch* table. After Mr. du Maurier's death in 1896, Phil May became *Punch's* leading artist in social pictorial satire. Yet it was a far cry from the Belgravia and Bohemia in which du Maurier found his inspiration to the East End types among which May's best work was done. His publications include *Phil May's Gutter Snipes,* from which the accompanying illustration is reproduced, and *Phil May's Sketch Book,* which contained many of his drawings for *Punch* and *Black and White.*

THE LATE PHIL MAY.

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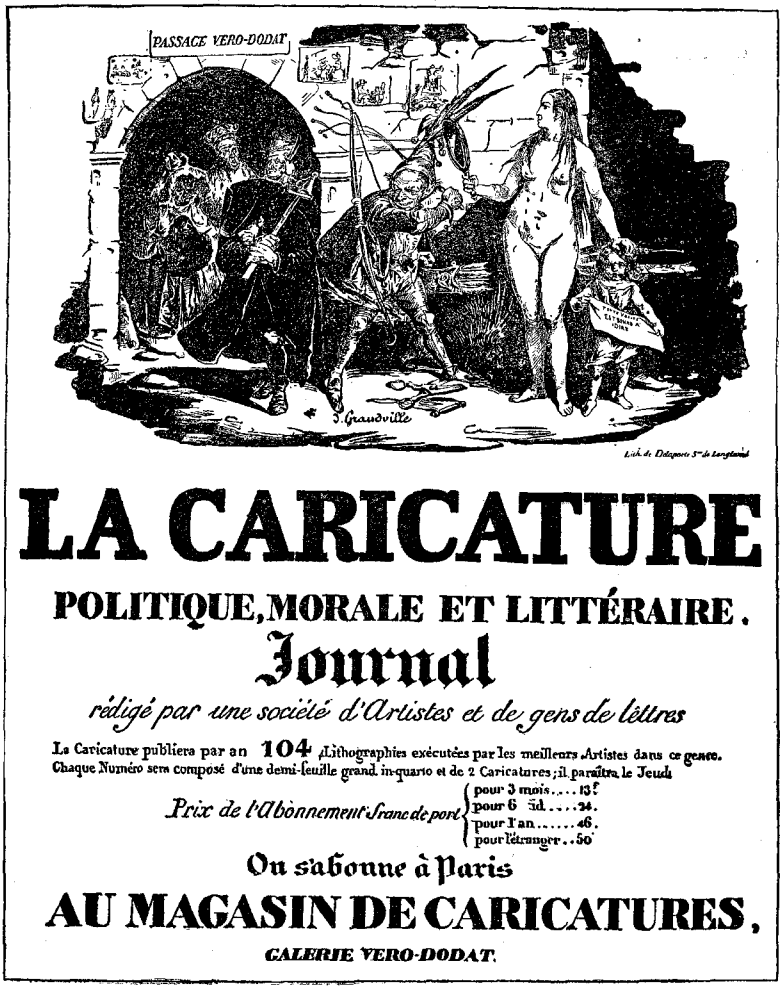
Some Famous French Comic Papers

We believe that it will be news to most people that there was at one time a Paris Punch modelled on the lines of the famous London Weekly. Such a paper, however, had a brief existence, and how closely it resembled the publication founded by Mark Lemon will be seen from the accompanying reproduction of its cover. *Punch à Paris* was illustrated by no less an artist than Cham. Six numbers were printed, beginning in February, 1850, and ending in June of the same year.



THE FIRST POSTER OF LA CARICATURE, 1830.

Punch à Paris naturally suggests the subject of the comic weekly in a country where it has flourished so well. Passing over the *Nain Jaune* of the reign of Louis XVIII. we come to the famous *La Caricature,* which played such a part in the reign of Louis Phillipe. Established in 1830, and suppressed in 1835, *La Caricature* did much to stimulate pictorial satire. It was admirably edited by Philpoen; it had Balzac as a writer on its staff; and among the eminent artists it employed were Daumier, Grandville, Henry Monnier, David, Wattier, Pigal, and Traviés. The illustration which we present is a reproduction of the poster of this paper's first number in 1830. *L'Eclipse,* which was founded early in 1868, suspended publication from September, 1870, until June, 1871. But during these nine months of national disaster the jour-

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nal issued five supplementary sheets with drawings by Gill. The old *L'Eclipse* ceased to exist in June, 1876, and in July of the same year the later *L'Eclipse* came into existence. Among comic papers which have been associated with the name of some individual artist were: The *Musée Philipon,* published in 1842; *La Parodie,* which bore the name of Andre Gill on the cover; the Parisian comic journal, the most widely circulated outside of France. *La Vie Parisienne* was established in 1863. Its first director was Marcelin. Grand-Carteret in his important work, *"Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France,"* refers to this journal as "the most important, the best conceived, the best executed of journals of worldy fantasy and light illustrations—light in the spirit of good society, and, above all, in the note of the Second Empire.

The Smoking Room in Fact and Fiction

Last month we were discussing at some length the subject of the sea in fiction and the admirable treatment which the man before the mast has received in recent fiction. Now since the forecastle is receiving so much discriminate attention is it quite fair that another side of life on the ocean, that dealing with those persons to whom Kipling's dour Scotch engineer, MacAndrews, refers contemptuously as "them first-class passengers," should be entirely ignored? The sailors in the rigging and the stokers down at the mouths of the furnaces may lead more exhausting and exciting lives, but is there not a little bit of romance to be found in the dining saloon, on the promenade deck and in the smoking-room? Occasionally a novelist brings in an ocean greyhound as the background for a deck-chair courtship, but the sea really has nothing more to do with the matter than if the game were being played out at Trouville or Narragansett. Typical books of this kind were Marion Crawford's *Dr. Claudius* and Richard Harding Davis's *The Princess Aline.* Mr. Davis brought in a real touch of the sea in the last chapter of *Soldiers of Fortune,* but it is a side of life which is particularly suited to his method of work, and one of which he has not made nearly enough use; so, after all, there remains only Mr. Kipling to whom one may turn for a glimpse of the adventurous in the lives of the passengers, and even then it is but a glimpse confined to A Matter of Fact which deals with three journalists on a tramp steamer in the South Atlantic, a few tales about Hans Breitman and the opening chapter of *Captains Courageous.*

The first chapter of *Captains Courageous* stands at present as the most complete picture of the smoking room of an ocean liner that has yet been shown in fiction, and any one who has ever spent many hours of an ocean voyage in that part of the vessel must have immediately been struck by the absolute and happy ac-

PARIS PUNCH, 1850.

curacy of the types of its frequenters. There were so many true touches in so brief a space that one felt instinctively that it was only Mr. Kipling who could have done it. Harvey Cheyne was by no means an essential of the picture, although there is hardly an ocean trip but what some badly disciplined American child of one sex or the other will be found to thrust himself or herself noisily in, but who does not recognise the stout German who gave Harvey the big black cigar? Turning again to the book we are amazed to find that so little of him

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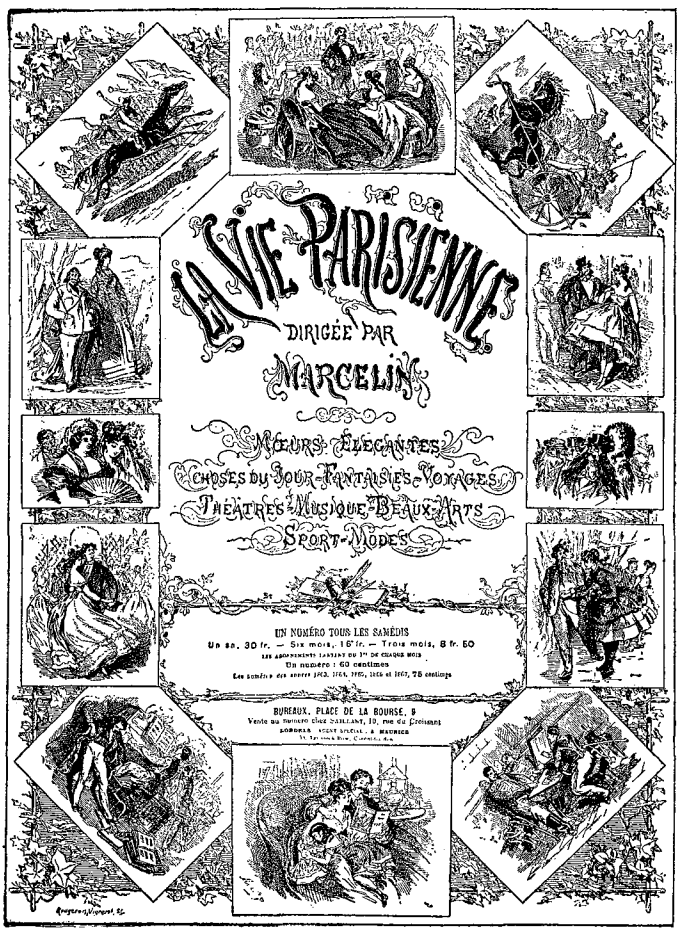
has been put down in cold type, for we certainly know him as well as if we had spent six hours a day in his company during a eight day trip. He is in business some where in Brazil or one of the other South American Republics; he has crossed the Atlantic thirty odd times and the Pacific four or five; he can tell you off-hand about the hotel accommodations in Singapore and the best way to establish railway connections between Calcutta and Bombay. And above all he does not realise that he is travelling; somehow he looks upon all this globe trotting in the same spirit that the commuter regards his morning and evening journey, in which respect he differs very much from the gentleman opposite who is taking his first trip abroad, who hails from Evanston, Ill., and who will genially impart that information wherever he may go in Europe.

Over in another corner of the smoking room, his head covered with a nautical cap of wondrous design, is "Pa," who may be briefly described as the husband of "Ma." "Pa" does not spend a great deal of time in the smoking room; in fact, he looks upon the place, its atmosphere, its card playing, and its fondness for sherry and bitters and Scotch soda, with an eye of stern disfavour. It is the first time that he and "Ma" have ventured to cross what they call "the big pond," and for months they have been labouring under tremendous excitement. Two weeks later you will perhaps run across him in the smoking-room of some London hotel. They have already done the Trossacs, Edinburgh, and the English cathedral towns, and lacking "Ma's" iron will and determination to take in everything, he is tired of sight-seeing and yearning for



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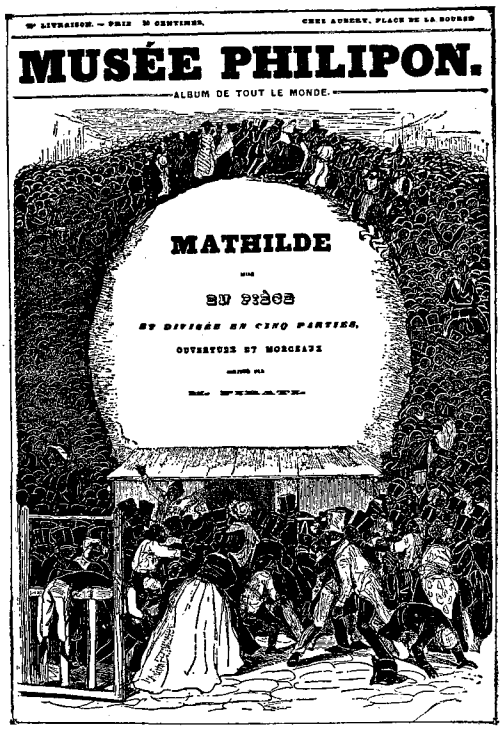

home. He has cornered the smoking-room waiter and is explaining to him, enthusiastically how they work the Volunteer Fire Department in his native town in America. The waiter is saying "Yes, sir; yes sir; quite so, sir!" and struggling to escape. "Pa" does not realise this; he is human; he is lonely, and he belongs to that certain class of Americans of which more experienced compatriots cannot always be proud abroad. On the ship "Pa" and "Ma" insist on sitting at the Captain's table, right next to the Captain. At every meal throughout the voyage they ply the genial officer as to the prices of the various hotels in Europe. They are astonished and disappointed beyond measure at his lack of specific knowledge.

"Pa's" belief in the iniquity of this portion of the ship becomes positive conviction as he looks sternly across the room to a corner where two gentlemen are dozing uneasily. In a few minutes they will awake and will immediately touch the electric button that calls the smoking-room steward who will bring them more whiskey and soda, of which they have already had a little too much. They will generously invite every one in the smoking-room to join them, and will beam amiably on "Pa," utterly oblivious of that worthy's disapproval. Despite appearances they are not the hardened reprobates that one might imagine. They are simply, at too late an age, making their first trip abroad. In his own town at home each is a worthy, respected, and industrious citizen; but this is a new experience to them, and it has somehow got into their heads that it is to be accompanied by an entire upheaval of established habits. A common friend brought them together just before the beginning of the voyage and they decided to share the same stateroom. If you will believe either of them implicitly you will reach the conclusion that neither has been thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement. Each will take you aside confidentially, refer apologetically to the other as "the old fellow," deplore in hazy accents the other's fondness for tippling, and characterise his behaviour in general as "disgraceful." Each will assure you twenty times a day that he never knew the other before this trip. Nevertheless they will beam at each other for hours every day over their glasses, each will play on the

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other countless practical jokes, and to-morrow morning each will take you aside confidentially and tell you of the trouble he had getting the other to bed the night before. The London that they will see will be the Criterion American bar; their knowledge of Paris will be confined to Henri's with a hazy evening at a café chantant, and another in company with a *guide, interprête,* with an account of which on their return they will regale their friends to the end of their days.

❧

The farce element is there, and the tragic element is not lacking. There is nothing in the demeanour of that wizened yellow Brazilian who is forever rolling cigarettes dexterously with his trembling fingers that leads you to suppose that in his head there is the certain knowledge that thirty days hence he shall have ceased to live. But coldly, impassively, he has just imparted that fact together with the story of his life to a compatriot. Inheriting a great fortune at an early age he rushed into vice and dissipation with the evil precocity of the South American, and after fifteen years of lavish and hideous debauch had found himself shattered in body and with but a pittance of his great fortune left. One day, about three weeks ago, he felt a strange thumping in his chest, and went to his physician. The physician examined him with a face of darkening gravity, and then bluntly told him that he had less than two months to live, and that there was no power on earth that could save him. The Brazilian took the news calmly, and sat down to ponder the matter over. He found that he had just enough money left to take him to Paris and to live there for one month in that shameless depravity which he had come to love so well. His mind was instantly made up. He had to die; he would die in the manner he would have liked to live, surrounded by those scenes which appealed to the evil which was paramount in his nature and which alone could stir his jaded imagination.

❧

There is nothing about the smoking-room of an ocean liner that should suggest Mr. Henry James' *Daisy Miller*—beyond the fact that we recently re-read that book in such a place—and yet the two together start us wondering why no American novelist of recent years has seriously taken up as a theme the idea of the New Americans Abroad. Now *Daisy Miller* was all right. It belonged to a period when all Americans abroad were supposed to be eccentric and rich. American men were thought by Europeans to be all Hirams and Joshuas and when they crossed the water in search of their spouses and daughters they delighted Europeans by their lavishness and their manner of saying "I reckon," "you bet," and "to hum." This type has given way to another which is much less popular, and if Miss Daisy Miller is still to be found along the shores of Lake Geneva or about the Colosseum by moonlight, all we can say is that she is a very much changed young lady. Europeans have ceased to associate us with the ideas of vast wealth and eccentricity; and unfortunately have had too much occasion to think of us in connection with dishonest and undisciplined American jockeys, the schemes of wily American confidence men, and the successes of American millionaires who have pitted their rouleaux against the bank of Monte Carlo. Of course this charge is unjust, but it is suggestive. It is a certain phase of the new American abroad.

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THE POEMS IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

Fifty years ago the child world was made glad by the appearance of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. It is a universal story and so belongs to all time. It has never gone out of fashion and never will as long as children love wonder-stories and grown-ups have young hearts.

But those who read the book when it was first published found in it a delight which the child of to-day misses. Fifty years ago certain poems appeared in every reader and were read over and over again until the child was stupid indeed who did not unconsciously learn them by heart. To-day there is a new fashion in literature. Children are whirled from one supplementary reader to another, conning graceful rhymes and pretty stories all illustrated with artistic pictures, but the old things have passed away.

All the poems in *Alice in Wonderland* are parodies upon these once familiar rhymes. Scattered lines of the poems cling to the minds of older people; they remember being once familiar with them; they recognise the metre and can sometimes repeat two or three opening lines, but the complete poem eludes them, and the author they probably never did know. The children of to-day do not know the verses at all, and as a parody ceases to be a parody without the original poem as a background, the trouble of gathering these originals seems worth while.

After Alice had fallen down the rabbit hole and had passed through her first transformation, when she shut up like a telescope until she was only ten inches high and then grew bigger and bigger until "her head struck the roof of the hall," she became confused as to her identity. To make sure of it she tried to repeat a little poem which everybody in those days knew by heart, and to such children it was very funny when it came all wrong and she says,

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,"

when she thought she was repeating that highly moral poem by Isaac Watts,

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Again, in her conversation with the Caterpillar, Alice told him that being so many different sizes in a day was very confusing, as he would find when he changed into a chrysalis and then into a butterfly. She confessed that she could not remember things and told her experience with "How doth the little busy bee." The Caterpillar, wishing to test the matter, ordered her to say, "You are old, father William." How well she succeeded will appear from comparing what she said with what she thought she was going to say.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are grey;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

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"You are old, father William," the young man
cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are
gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William
replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man
cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon
death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William
replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my
God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Duchess's song to the pig baby,

"Speak roughly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes,"

is an absurdity in itself, but a much greater one when contrasted with its serious parallel. There is evidently some uncertainty as to the author of this poem, for it occasionally appears as anonymous, but is generally credited as below.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
Whose sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently; Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. LANGFORD.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat," which the Hatter said that he sang at the concert given by the Queen of Hearts, is the most familiarly suggestive of them all.

Jane and Ann Taylor were two English sisters who wrote together, publishing their poems under such titles as "Original Poems for Infant Minds" and "Hymns for Infant Minds." Jane was supposed to have written most of them, and this one carries her signature.

THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

Mary Howitt wrote "The Spider and the Fly," the first stanza of which originally read,

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the
spider to the fly,
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you
did spy.

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The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've got many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

This poem has suffered various modifications and several versions appear in print, but the quoted stanza is doubtless from the original one. The beat of the metre is very perfectly kept in the Mock Turtle's "Will you walk a little faster?"

" 'Tis the voice of the lobster" which Alice repeats at the gruff order of the gryphon, returns to Isaac Watts. Probably no poem in the book is further removed from modern thought and modern literary ideals than this one.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number,
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hung on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking:
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me:
This man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

"Beautiful Soup" is a very funny parody upon a popular song of the time and runs as follows:

STAR OF THE EVENING.

Beautiful star in heav'n so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

CHORUS:

Beautiful star,
Beautiful star,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

In Fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away.
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.

Shine on, oh star of love divine,
And may our soul's affection twine
Around thee as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

JAMES M. SAYLE.

The most delightful part of the parody is the division of the words in the refrain in imitation of the approved method of singing the song, with its holds and its sentimental stress upon the last word.

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
"Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

The poem upon which the last parody is based is not as well known as most of the others, the first two lines being the only ones often quoted.

ALICE GRAY.

She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine,
But her heart it is another's, she never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man never loved, a love without decay,
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er a brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes, now flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me, the eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, and trembled in the blast,
But my pilgrimage is nearly done, the weary conflict's past;
And when the green sod wraps my grave, may pity haply say,
Oh, his heart, his heart is broken for the love of Alice Gray!

WILLIAM MEE.

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Carroll's first writing followed the wording in the original first stanza and began:

"She's all my fancy painted him
(I make no idle boast);
If he or you had lost a limb,
Which would have suffered most?"

But for some unknown reason he dropped the first stanza, beginning with the second, thus obliterating all evident resemblance between parody and original.

The parody is not the highest form of wit and not the most skilful form of verse, but Lewis Carroll has done these eight so well that doubtless some of them will live after the originals are forgotten. Even now, in order to search them out, it has been necessary to beat the dust from many a forgotten volume in a library's unmolested corners, but the nonsense rhymes they suggested are jingling upon the tongues of children the wide world over and mingling with their happy laughter.

Florence Milner.

A VISION OF TRUTH

Truth stood upon the border of her well,
Naked she was, her cloud of sunlit hair
Caught the warm rays that kissed her shoulder bare,
And passed caressing downward to her feet.
Most still she stood, her body flushed and fair,
Her head was bowed, her lips, surpassing sweet,
Smiled softly as the sunshine round her fell.

In the cool water she is mirrored clear.
There shines the blue unclouded of the skies
Deep in the heaven of her downcast eyes.
Its very likeness, rarer far is seen,
And where the ripple on the water lies,
Around her close the walk of tender green,
And trembling clasp her, living warm and dear.

And he who sought her saw the wondrous light
That round her glows and stayed his steps in awe,
And while the perfect vision raft he saw,
A mist arose wherein she slowly sank,
Nor might he to his arms her beauty draw.
Yet of the living water deep he drank,
And still in dreams she stands before him bright.

John Curtis Underwood.

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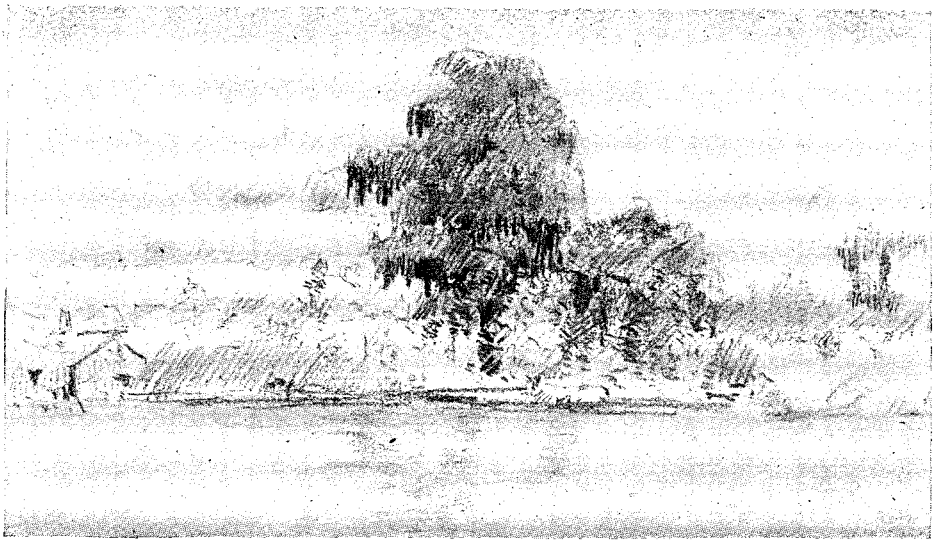
THE REAL EVANGELINE

The completeness with which the spell of Longfellow's "Evangeline" has fallen on a large part of the Bayou Teche country in Louisiana is an illustration of how a people may rise to an ideal. With no direct knowledge of the country, or of the bayou that figures so prominently in the poem, Mr. Longfellow yet framed a number of sonorous and apt descriptive generalities that are now more often used than the real facts. Stranger yet, the fiction of the poem has almost become a reality. At the very mouth of the Teche "Evangeline" oaks are pointed out. In the town of St. Martinville are more "Evangeline" trees. In the same town the site of the home of "Basil the Blacksmith" is fixed near an oak bearing his name. The village priest does not hesitate to say that he can no longer show you "Evangeline's grave," because the rebuilding of the old Acadian church forty years ago extended a corner of it over the tomb.



EVANGELINE OAKS, MOUTH OF THE TECHE.

Throughout the country, in the yet extensive Acadian settlements, the "Evangeline" sentiment is as pronounced. Weavers of homespun like to designate their products as "Evangeline" blankets or "Evangeline" portières, and antique buyers from New Orleans never fail to dub quaint desks and chairs "Evangeline." A few citizens will even point out the old plantation where the poet was entertained when he visited this country.

Although there is nothing to show that Longfellow was ever in Louisiana, his description of the Teche and the Atchafalaya lakes was not builded altogether on fancy. There is reason to believe that his knowledge of the region came from a well-known citizen of that State. There is even more reason to believe that he was told at the same time the story out of which came the poem itself; not the story as he told it, but the tale of the "real Evangeline."

One of the honoured names in Louisiana history is that of Alexander Mouton, Governor of the State in 1842 and a United States Senator subsequently, Governor Mouton was an Acadian and was born in the Teche country. His nephew is now a prominent citizen of the town of New Iberia, and this gentleman has no hesitancy in saying that Senator Mouton, while in the East, met and be-

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came the intimate friend of Longfellow. Senator Mouton was a scholar of taste, and particularly felicitous in descriptive writing. In him the story of the exiled Acadian was a part of his family history. His grandmother, an exile herself, had come as a girl to Louisiana, and out of her participation in the Nova Scotia tragedy arose the tale that Senator Mouton is said to have given to the poet along with his description of the natural beauties of the "green Opelousas" in this "Eden of Louisiana."

The fact that the poem differs widely from the legend as it was handed down in the Mouton family is not significant. A variation of the tale may have best suited the poet just as the essence of the topography of the country sufficed him. The details of the story, as told by Senator Mouton's grandmother, may have been altered to suit the demands of a fresh conception, just as the poet failed to reconcile dates and distances in writing of a land he had never seen.

If the family legend, which is well enough known in the town of New Iberia, was really the inspiration of "Evangeline," it is a curious literary fact. Perhaps the good priest in the near-by St. Martinville—the St. Martinville of the poem and the old Poste de Attakapas of that century-old day—has reference to the Evangeline of Senator Mouton's family, when he tells of the grave beneath the walls of his church. If he does, the grave confirms the tale and makes doubly sure that which, it would seem, no one has a right to question.

Present-day names might be quoted, but the Acadians are as little fond of publicity as are the better-known Creoles—one of the reasons, perhaps, why the story of the "real Evangeline" has not gone far beyond the family which has been glad to record it in its archives.

Senator Mouton's great-great-grandfather was a Robichead, and one of those who suffered at the hands of the English in 1765. His daughter, Mademoiselle Robichead, after being carried to Baltimore in an English vessel with many others of her race, set her face toward Louisiana and made her way to that country on foot by way of the Carolinas and Georgia. This resolute woman married a man of the name of Bordea, and from her three daughters came three families whose names are easily enough traced in the parish registers of Iberia and St. Mary when they are not found in the records of Louisiana history. A descendant of Madame Bordea has preserved the story of the original Evangeline as he had it from his mother, who was a granddaughter of the Nova Scotia victim.

OLD CHURCH "POSTE DE ATTAKAPAS," NOW ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.

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The story of the exiles is well enough known; how they were driven from their homes in the not too salubrious Nova Scotia by the English to be dispersed in many places; how some of them plucked up new spirit eventually and made their way by the Mississippi, the sea, and even on foot, to their fellow-countrymen in Louisiana, and how they found an asylum there on the German coast, near Baton Rouge, or on the banks of the Teche still further westward. The fertility of the Teche land and the "fair Opelousas" was not unknown even in those days of 1765, and having gone up the Mississippi in pirogues and rude batteaux to the mouth of the Plaquemine, it was a voyage with the current down the wide-spreading Atchafalya and its lakes to the mouth of the Teche.

Brisk, fish-packing Morgan City is now opposite the opening of this almost currentless, winding, canal-like stream, up which the Acadians in their day turned their boats. Eighty miles further into the wilderness, where the live oaks came closer together overhead, the smiling soil of the Opelousas told them that their journey was at an end. At the village of St. Martin, already a settlement for some thirty years, they landed, and in that vicinity they have since lived their peculiarly distinctive lives.

The French *emigrés* who came to St. Martinville a little later, driven from noble homes in France, made for a time the glamour of La Petite Paris, as the town came to be known. After them came the men who made wealth and caste for the wide-acred sugar grower; but behind them all the Acadian, or "Caygan," as he was known in later days, has maintained his identity. Conservative he has been to his own detriment, but his pride is not the less because of that.

HOME OF "LE MAIRE DE VILLE," ST. MARTINVILLE, LA. THE ONLY STRUCTURE OF PRETENSIONS IN THE TOWN.

A well-known writer who visited the vicinity of New Iberia a few years ago, and who was misled, perhaps, by the term "Caygan," met a representative citizen of the town.

"Mr. ——," he began, "I want to meet a genuine old 'Caygan.'"

The man addressed took off his hat, and drawing himself up, replied:

"Look at me, then. I'm a genuine 'Caygan.'"

The visitor, in some confusion, exclaimed:

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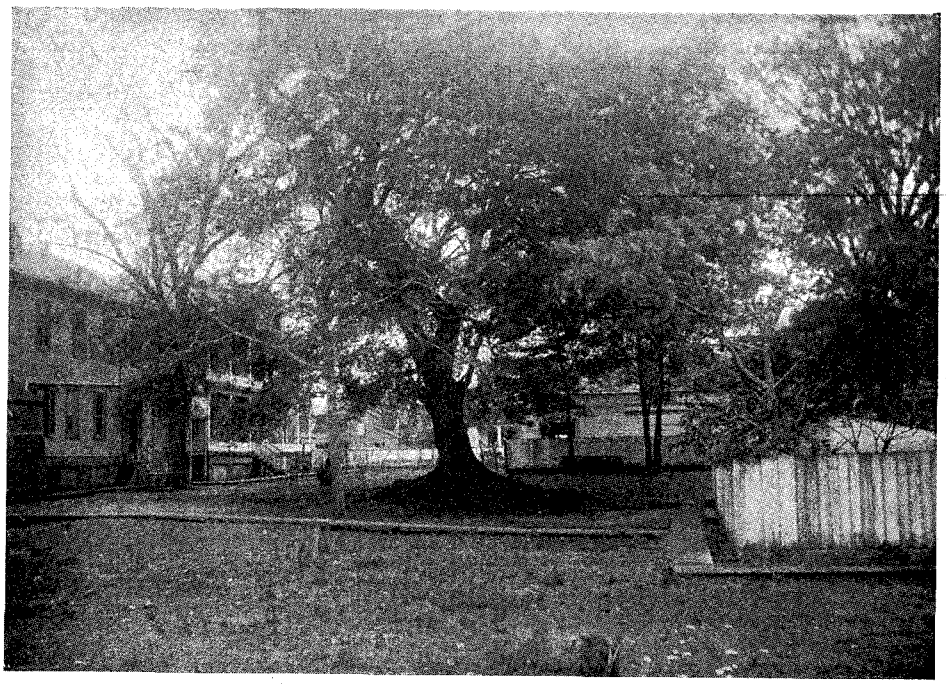
"I don't mean that, of course." I mean an uneducated 'Caygan.'"

"I am, perhaps, the least educated Acadian in the parish," retorted the citizen.

This was hardly true, but it shows that some of the spirit which brought this man's ancestors several thousand miles in search of a home yet maintains a distinctive racial pride. The Acadians are scattered throughout a country the limits of which are not very exactly defined. Morgan City is eighty miles west of New Orleans. Beyond that town the Teche country is generally the firmland between the gulf marshes on the south and the bayou on the north. (Weeks Island and Avery's Island on the Gulf shore are really parts of the mainland and of the "Caygan" country.)

On the banks of the Teche one comes first to the town of Franklin, which, in spite of its patriotic name and an overshadowing negro population, has a good many hints of the older days. The morning bedside cup of black coffee is not now so common in Louisiana as it used to be, but in Franklin it yet prevails even in the hotels. Several old, white-columned houses tell of antebellum prosperity, and a rambling, comfortable-looking building low on the banks of the bayou is a testimonial of the days when travel by water demanded protracted and prodigal entertainment. Hereabouts the humble farmer is apt to be a "Caygan."

Twenty miles further up the bayou is New Iberia. A house here of brick, in a grove of oaks, dates to the earlier years of the last century. In this town are citizens who are proud to be of Acadian descent. "Caygan" farmers are plentiful round about, and more than one old *armoire* in the place is burdened with the homespun handiwork of Acadian looms.



"EVANGELINE'S OAK," ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.

It is another twenty-five miles along the bayou before St. Martinville is reached. Here the flavour of the older days is over all—here the Evangeline legend lives. The sign of the cistern-maker is in French. In the unobtrusive church are parish records dating back to 1765; birth, death and marriage entries in French, Spanish and English. Here, just before the last century was born, the French fugitives amused themselves with an opera—the first in America, perhaps

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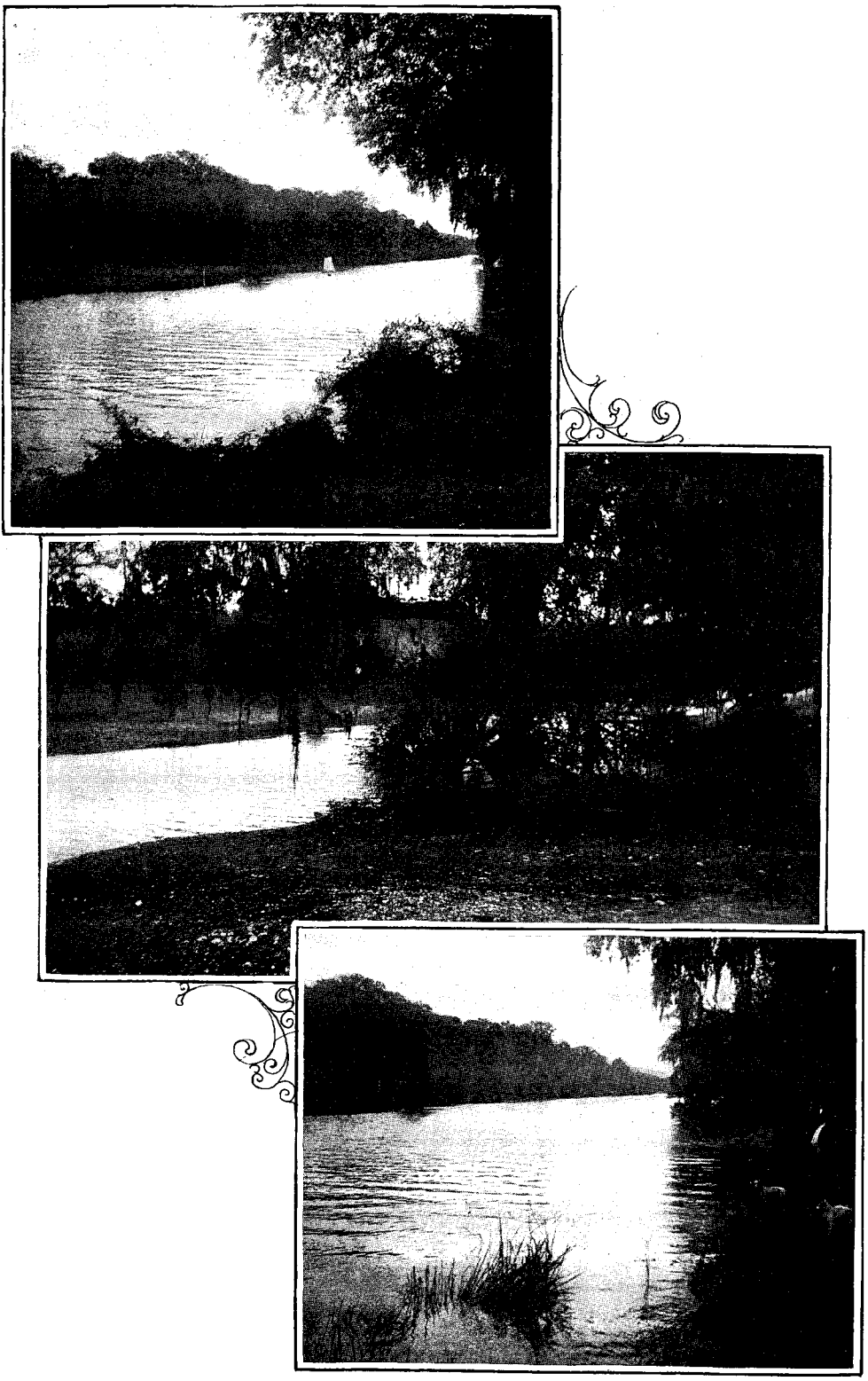

ALONG THE BAYOU TECHE.

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—and here they left the imprint of noble names that read like lists compiled in Revolutionary days in France. Here live "Caygans" whose wants are yet elemental and whose *patois* is a thing of itself. Their world is the prairies of the Opelousas, into which the railroads have only recently come, to the terror of flocks and herds. Here came Mademoiselle Robichead and Emmeline Labiche—the Evangeline of history—in the year 1765. And down beyond the low tree-shaded row of little shops; beyond the church and the convent school on the banks of the Teche, where the big oak spreads its arms, was enacted the tragedy of the "real Evangeline."

"In Longfellow's poem, Evangeline Bellefontaine and Gabriel Lajeunesse, lovers in the snowy Nova Scotian Acadia, were separated by the expulsion that made tears of Grand Pré's smiles. In time Gabriel makes his way to Louisiana and the land of the Attakapas. After long inquiry the faithful Evangeline learns this, and with a few companions sets out to follow him by way of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Down the latter the little party floated until the mouth of the Bayou Plaquemine was reached. Entering this, she rested on the second night amid "numberless sylvan islands, embowered with blossoming hedges of roses." Here, while Evangeline and her friends slept —"under the boughs of the Wachita willows"—Gabriel, who had at last been moved by the same spirit that had carried Evangeline to him, passed by on the other side of the island that was Evangeline's camp, voyaging to the north in search of his sweetheart. Ignorant of this, Evangeline continued her journey the next day, and that evening reached and entered the mouth of the Teche (a three-days' journey from the river, which in reality often required several weeks). Here, near the banks of the stream, "stood, secluded and still, the home of a herdsman, rose-wreathed, vine-encumbered, of broad and spacious verandas" —the home of "Basil, the Blacksmith." So far the Evangeline of poesy ascended the Teche. Basil's tree in St. Martin, eighty miles away, cannot have the excuse that Evangeline's tomb has, for the Robichead legend of the Acadian maiden has no Basil in it.

Evangeline lingered but a day or two to learn the truth, and then, after only this step into the edge of the Teche land, she hurried back in pursuit of her lover. This fruitless quest is one of the pathetic tales of literature; the journey with Basil through the Atchafalaya lakes, up the Wachita into the Indian country of the Arkansas; the agony of close approach, wherein hopes of certain overtaking are cruelly dashed over the yet warm embers of Gabriel's camp-fires; the renewed pursuit over many weary miles in which happiness is always just within reach, but always just beyond, is the pathos of the poem, as the tragedy of it is the final recognition in death.

The Evangeline who lived in the flesh has a story of her own not less pathetic. Madame Bordea, who has much to tell of it, is voiced now by a living descendant who puts many words into a few.

"Emmeline Labiche, the real Evangeline," she says, "was an orphan girl of Acadia whose parents died when she was yet a child, and who was taken into my great-great-grandfather's family and adopted." For the rest he tells the story as his ancestor might have told it, and, as he says, it was told to Longfellow many years ago by Senator Mouton, a member of his family.

"She was sweet-tempered, loving and grew to womanhood with all the attractions of her sex," runs Madame Bordea's narrative. "Although not a beauty in the sense usually given to the word, she was looked upon as the handsomest girl in St. Gabriel. Her fine, transparent, hazel eyes mirrored truthfully her pure thoughts. Her bewitching smile, her dark-brown hair, her symmetrical shape, all combined to make her an attractive picture of maiden loveliness. Emmeline had just completed her sixteenth year and was on the eve of marrying a deserving, laborious and well-to-do man of St. Gabriel, named Louis Arsenaux. Their mutual love dated back to their earliest years, and was concealed from no one. . . . Their bans had been published in the village church, the nuptial day was fixed and their young love dream was about to be realised, when the barbarous scattering of our colony took place. Our oppressors had driven us toward the seashore, where their ships rode at anchor, and Louis, resisting with rage and de-

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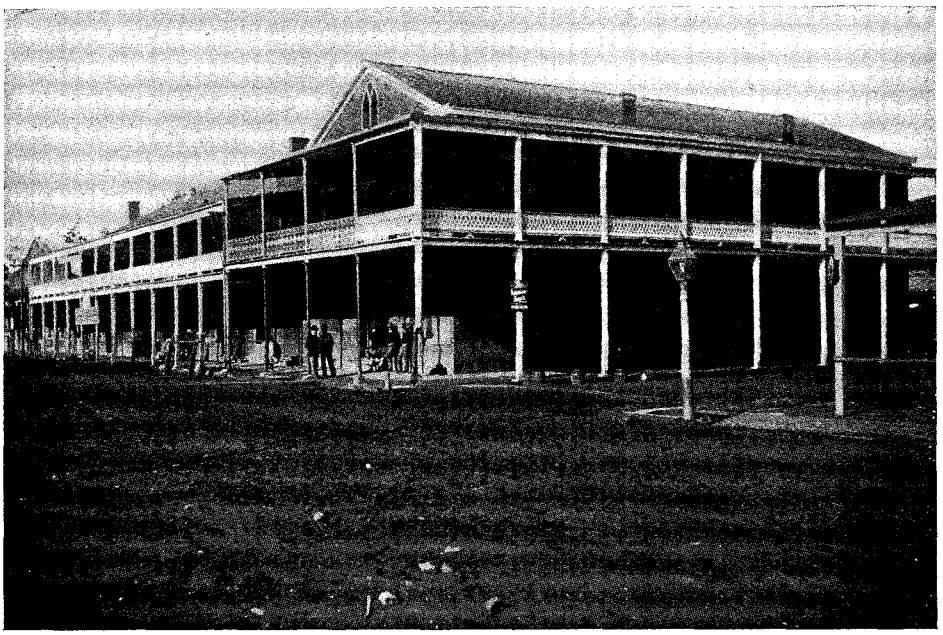
spair, was wounded by them. Emmeline witnessed the whole scene. . . . Tearless and speechless, she stood fixed to the spot. . . . When the white sails vanished in the distance . . . she clasped me in her arms, and in an agony of grief sobbed piteously. By degrees the violence of her grief subsided, but the sadness of her countenance betokened the sorrow that preyed upon her heart.

"Henceforward she lived a quiet and retired life, mingling no more with her companions and taking no part in their amusements. The remembrance of her lost love remained enshrined in her heart. When we reached the Teche country at the Poste de Attakapas we found the whole population congregated to welcome us. When we landed from the boat Emmeline walked by my side. . . . Suddenly, as if fascinated by a vision, she stopped, and then the silvery tones of her voice vibrating with joy, she cried: 'Mother! mother! it is he! It is Louis!' And she pointed to the tall figure of a man standing beneath an oak. It was Louis Arsenaux. . . . She flew to his side, crying out in an ecstasy of joy and love. He turned ashy pale and hung his head without uttering a word. . . .



THEATRE AT ST. MARTINVILLE, LA. SITE OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST PLAYHOUSES IN AMERICA, WHEREIN IT IS SAID THE FIRST OPERA WAS PRODUCED IN AMERICA BY FRENCH EMIGREES.

. . . Thus she lived in our midst, always sweet-tempered, with such sadness depicted on her countenance and with smiles so sorrowful that we had come to look on her as not of this earth, but rather as our guardian angel. Thus it was that we called her no longer Emmeline, but Evangeline, or 'God's little angel.'

"The sequel of her story is not gay, my children. My poor old heart breaks when I recall the misery of her fate. . . . Emmeline had been exiled to Maryland with us. . . . She followed me in my long overland route from Maryland to Louisiana. 'Louis,' she said, 'why do you turn your eyes away? . . . I am still your Emmeline . . . your betrothed!'

"With quivering lips and trembling voice, he answered: 'Emmeline, do not speak so kindly to me. I am unworthy of you. I can love you no longer. I have pledged my faith to another. Tear from your heart the remembrance of the past and forgive me.' Then he wheeled away and disappeared in the forest. . . .

"I took her hand. It was icy cold. A pallor overspread her countenance and her eyes had a vacant stare. . . . She fol-

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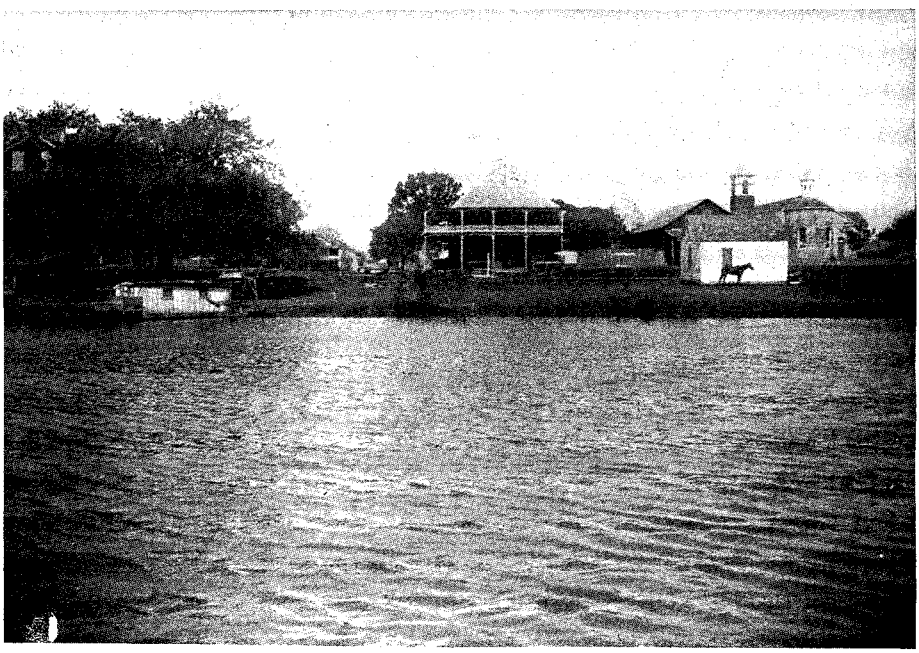
STORES IN ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.



ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.

A view across the bayou Teche. The church to the right; the theatre in the centre background; the tree of "Basil the Blacksmith" beyond the house boat. In the rear of the building, behind this tree, is "Evangeline's oak."

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lowed me like a child, without resistance. I clasped her in my arms and wept bitterly. 'Emmeline, my dear, be comforted. There may yet be happiness in store for you.' 'Emmeline, Emmeline,' she muttered to herself, as if to recall that name, and then: 'Who are you?' She turned away, her mind unhinged. This last shock had been too much for her broken heart and she was hopelessly insane. . . . Emmeline never recovered her reason and a deep melancholy ever possessed her. Her beautiful countenance was lighted by a sad smile which made her all the fairer. She never recognised any one but me, and nestling in my arms . . . she would bestow on me the most endearing names. . . . She spoke of Acadia and Louis in such terms that one could not listen to her without shedding tears. She fancied herself still the sweet girl of sixteen, on the eve of marrying her chosen one, whom she loved with so much devotion and constancy. . . . Sinking at last under the ravages of her mental disease, she expired in my arms. . . . She sleeps in her quiet grave by the tall oak near the little church at the Poste de Attakapas, and that grave has been kept green as long as your grandmother has been able to visit it."

H. L. Sayler.

THROUGH WALLED WINDOWS

ONE might have imagined the good ship Morro Castle a great, amiable leviathan, as she permitted herself to be pulled heavily about, upbraided with ear-splitting whistles, and finally pushed to a resting-place on the Brooklyn side by a couple of pert, imperious tug boats. From her lofty deck and the pier front, opposing lines of humanity stared somewhat stolidly at one another, until, with the accompaniment of occasional shouts of recognition and exaggerated salutes, a good-natured shove from the sea monster, answered by a creaking protest on the part of the wharf stringers, announced the voyage truly ended.

Leaning against the ship's rail were two young men, who were suddenly left alone as the boat's line of spectators rapidly dissolved. They had watched the operation of warping the vessel into her slip with an indifference which might have argued that this was not a homecoming for them. Apparently neither had expected a personal greeting at the wharf, for the younger man was plainly startled when his comrade suddenly threw out his hand, calling out as he did so: "Here I am, Bronson, if I'm the man you are looking for!"

Following his gesture, the other saw a portly, dignified-looking gentleman, well past middle age, with a rosy complexion, white side whiskers closely cropped, and the whole crowned by a top silk hat—a hat of that degree of dinginess that is forbidden save to a man very sure of his position in life.

The man on the pier answered the salutation with a jerky wave of his hand, but did not make an audible reply. Instead, he turned and made his way to where some men were elevating a gangplank to the ship's side, placing himself where the disembarking passengers would soon swarm by him.

"Well, Trevor," said the younger man, "one friend has taken the trouble to greet you—that is, if the old boy in the shocking hat is a friend."

"While Bronson may have a bad hat," replied Trevor, rather soberly, "it covers a great head; the important thing about it all is that the legal affairs of our family have long reposed in his somewhat pudgy hands."

Then, looking behind him, and seeing that his man was ready with their hand baggage, Trevor took his friend by the arm. "Come," he said, "let's hear the worst."

"You seem to have a premonition, old man."

"Perhaps. You see, Raeburn, family lawyers don't usually run around the docks from pure joy of living."

To the mental attitude of his friend

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Raeburn demurred, as they went along, reminding Trevor that in the bunch of correspondence received at Havana three days before, there had been no disquieting word. However, this only proved him to be totally lacking in the gift of prophecy; for Bronson, after clasping Trevor's hand, announced a serious and possibly fatal seizure of Major Trevor.

"Your uncle is at Highmere," went on the lawyer.

"Highmere!" exclaimed Trevor, with evident surprise. "Did he have the stroke there?"

"No," replied Bronson, "or, rather, he has had two attacks. After he had recovered consciousness—that was in his city apartment—he insisted on being taken to Highmere, and he had the second stroke after we had been there two days. He knew, of course, that you were nearly home, and he had shown so much anxiety to see you that I decided to meet your boat myself and make sure that you would go up to-night. I was at Highmere with him—he wanted me to go over some of his business affairs."

"But when was this?"

"Only yesterday—the second one. And frankly, Mr. Trevor, I do not think my old friend can recover. I can be of no further use, and will not go back."

After a little further talk Bronson started for the New York side, and while the young men waited for the customs officials to release their baggage, Trevor pleaded strongly with Raeburn to accompany him.

"Come, old man," he said, "a day or two more will make no difference to your people, and after two years' absence the rest of Chicago has certainly forgotten that you ever lived. Highmere is a ghastly enough place at any time; no one has stayed there for ages except a few servants, and I wonder Uncle keeps it. You heard what Bronson said—the end is near, and save for the major I have neither kith nor kin above ground. Come; it's in the Highlands, less than two hours away—don't desert me now."

To this appeal there could be but one answer. Trevor and Raeburn soon afterward landed from a Wall Street ferry, and late in the afternoon were speeding northward on the east side of the Hudson; Raeburn doing entire justice to the menu afforded by the buffet car, while Trevor, eating less and smoking more, gazed sad-eyed at the beautiful panorama unrolled before the broad window.

And yet, though he had never seen Major Trevor, Raeburn keenly felt the striking down of his friend's relative; for, since they had formed a friendship two years before, he had, unknowingly, often proved both a guardian and a sponsor to the travelers.

The meeting had taken place on the deck of a steamer outbound from San Francisco to Hawaii. Each was starting on a pleasure trip, which was to be limited only by the circumference of the globe, and being nearly of an age, and discovering in each other many mutual likings, they soon struck hands upon a uniting of their routes.

Raeburn remembered that one of Trevor's first remarks introduced the Major. "We have a great country, my boy," Trevor had quoted him as saying; "you have to go around the world to see it all now. Go and see it for both of us."

On the first day out, they had found the gruffness of a fellow-passenger—an elderly army officer—quickly turned to fatherly attention when Trevor's identity had been learned. It was by means of Major Trevor's letters of introduction that the quartermaster in charge of an army transport found it possible to carry them from Honolulu to Manila; that they were invited on 'hikes,' and given delightful water trips about the islands. Through the efficacy of the same documents they had been warmly greeted from Hong Kong to the headquarters of the Legation Guard at Peking, and afterward speeded—through Asia, India, and Europe—by every grade of their country's representatives; for in each abode of diplomatic or consular dignitary, they always found some one who knew, respected, or loved Major James Trevor, Retired, U. S. A.

From England they had loafed through Spain, and this was an especial pleasure to Trevor, for he had been a lieutenant in a New York Volunteer regiment, and, though he had missed the fighting, he had seen a little of Cuba in the Army of Occupation, and Spain had thus gained new interest for him. Puerto Rico had been reached by a Spanish Royal Mail steamer, and from that island Trevor had led his friend through Cuba, finding new

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delight in sharing his already acquired knowledge of cosas Cubanas, and in again meeting army folk who had not forgotten his family name.

It was in the midst of a flood of such memories that Raeburn was touched on the arm, and followed Trevor out upon a little station platform, beside which a ramshackle trap, in charge of a shock-headed retainer, was in waiting. As no one had counted, apparently, on so large a party, nor on half the amount of plunder that accompanied it, Trevor left the heavy trunks with the station master, and picked out such small baggage as was likely to be needed for the night.

"I'll send back for the rest this evening, no doubt," he remarked, "but we will be on the safe side."

After discovering that little new could be learned from the driver as to the patient's condition, the three-mile ride to the estate was made in silence. Trevor's preoccupation seemed to increase as the distance lessened, while Raeburn, with patriotic pride, drew a mental contrast in which Cuba's rank guinea grass, Spanish bayonet, and even her stately royal palms were found wanting, when weighed against the Highland landscape with its trimly-kept farms and velvety verdure. Fresh from the abrupt nightfall of the tropics, there was a delightful, almost magical witchery in the way the soft twilight tints were prolonged. He remembered afterward that the rose lights changed to grey and the heavens grew ashen just at the moment when they turned in at a tenantless lodge, and their wheels grated harshly on the long, unkempt gravel path leading to Highmere.

"Peculiar old pile, isn't it?" asked Trevor, shaking off his mental lethargy. "Locally it's more often called the Hacienda than Highmere; and with some reason, as you will find when you look about the place. Grandfather was the builder, and you will discover architectural lines that may be traced to his extended army service in New Mexico and Arizona.

"It was a sort of retreat for the old gentleman, and when Uncle James married he began life here—with—with his young wife——" ending the sentence with a little shiver that his companion attributed to the chill of approaching night.

"I have told you," Trevor continued, "that he was the elder son. This place was made over to him several years before he married, and he spent a good deal of time here when he was stationed near enough. He married after a four years' tour of service—utilised his accumulated leave to set up a household——" again Trevor checked himself, but soon added, in a livelier tone, "I believe he loved this old spot in his academy days—West Point is not far away—across the river—and it was not a half bad place at that time. Some very good families had country houses hereabout, and there were exceedingly gay times, I have been told. In fact," he concluded, after a slight pause, "that was conclusively proved."

By this time they were approaching the building, and Raeburn was studying, through the gathering gloom, its heavy outline. The Hacienda was a long, one-story building, with a semi-circular porte cachère jutting out from the centre of a broad veranda; the latter reaching across the building's front and along the west side. To the east he caught a faint sheen of water, and could just define a small lake spreading through a little valley, and which seemed to approach within a hundred yards, or less, of that side of the house.

As the porte cochère was reached the great front door was opened, and a man bearing a lantern stepped upon the veranda.

"That you, Dawley?" called Trevor.

"Yes, Mr. Frank," replied the man addressed, holding up the light and thus revealing the face of an elderly servitor, whom Raeburn later learned was the long-time body servant of Major Trevor.

"It's a sad welcome I'm giving you, sir," continued Dawley. "The major hasn't spoken since yesterday's attack; I'm fearful of the worst. And he was so anxious to see you again."

"Well, let's hope while there is life, Dawley," replied Trevor, as they entered the hall, and were greeted anew by another oldish man, who was attired as a butler—though the garb showed long disuse—and a sweet-faced, little old woman; the twain, Raeburn learned, being in charge of the house, and the

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grandparents of the tousle-headed driver.

It was soon apparent, also, that Raeburn's advent was not only unexpected, but disconcerting; for while there was no lack of rooms in the old pile, it appeared that few were fit for immediate occupancy.

"I shall put your friend in the second room of the east wing, Mr. Frank," said the housekeeper, hesitatingly—almost inquiringly—"if you will give me a few moments to make it ready."

To this Trevor demurred, but Raeburn stopped him, begging him to go to his uncle and not bother over rooms.

But Trevor was plainly in two minds. "Oh, very well," he said, after a moment of indecision. "Martha can find you another place to-morrow, if that one is—not satisfactory. Make yourself at home till my man comes for you," and with that he departed toward the west wing with the butler.

Trevor's valet had seemed to be in no uncertainty as to where his master would lodge, for he had already led the way in the direction taken by the butler. Martha hurried off to attend to the room designated for Raeburn, and the latter rambled on through the wide central hall-way to see what manner of place the Hacienda might be. As he did so he felt himself inwardly approving that local title. Low, almost squat, with very thick walls, he felt as he reached a tiled patio at the end of the hall, that the place was so thoroughly Southwestern that by the addition of a round-domed tower with its cluster of silver-throated bells, or the installation of a few spindly-mounted brass cannon, Highmere transported to the valley of the Rio Grande could serve as a typical mission or fort—as circumstances might direct.

Imagine a great E, with its upright double thick, and the centre arm removed, and it will give you the floor plan of Highmere. Place the longest side to the south, so that the two wings will run northward, and there is little to add to the description except to say that the central hallway referred to exactly divides the building into east and west halves.

Raeburn found that to the east the main portion of the building contained a front and back drawing-room, and on the west, similarly located, a library and dining-room. At either end of the building, he later learned, were great bed chambers. To the rear of these apartments, in either wing, were all the other sleeping-rooms of the house; and these, with the exception of the two corner chambers, had their entrances from the central court. This patio struck Raeburn as typically Spanish. It had a fountain—now dismantled—in its centre, and flower spaces, empty save for a few humble garden blooms, were arranged conventionally about the enclosure.

Returning to the library he glanced along the dusty shelves until Martha came to escort him to his room, where he found Trevor's man already unfastening his hand baggage. The apartment, the full width of the wing, was a commodious one, with two windows and a door giving on the patio.

Raeburn crossed the room and idly drew away the heavy curtains which seemed to cover a window space in the eastern wall, only to find himself staring at a blank surface. Somewhat puzzled, he tried the other pair of curtains on that side, and found a second blind window.

Turning inquiringly to the valet, Raeburn learned from him that there were no windows on that side. "Leastways, never in my time," he added. But the two on the patio would be ample for light and air, the man suggested. He further said that a doctor from New York was in attendance, and that he was lodged in the large corner room adjoining, while Major Trevor was lying in the corresponding apartment at the other end of the building. The man also volunteered the information that Trevor's bed-chamber was the counterpart, in the other wing, of Raeburn's, and that he and his uncle had always occupied those rooms upon the rare occasions when they had visited Highmere.

"And what about our trunks?" Raeburn inquired, after the man had arranged clothes and toilet articles, and was leaving the room.

"If the boy has not started by now, I am afraid you will not get them till morning, sir, for it will soon be raining."

This surprised Raeburn, and he walked to the front veranda to take a peep at the weather. Sure enough, the sky was heavily overcast, and there was that tense

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calm in the air that so often precedes a summer storm. Off on the horizon lightning flashes were already showing luridly at short intervals.

Lighting a cigar Raeburn sat down on a broad settle, and was watching the storm gather with the disinterested delight one feels if he has but recently left the deck of a ship when Trevor joined him.

"Poor old man," he said, "the doctor gives us no hope. It's paralysis of a most thorough sort, and really the third attack, for it seems he had a slight one six months ago."

"Did he recognise you?" asked Raeburn, for want of a more sympathetic remark.

"Not at all. He is a man in a stupor. He may die at a moment's notice, or he may live a day or two and rally a bit before the end. Please God, it will be the latter; for it would be a comfort to me, and, I hope, to him, if he might feel the clasp of my hand again. I owe so much to him, you know——" he ended, tenderly.

Together they sat in silence till the rising wind brought a few rain drops splashing in their faces, and they decided to go in, and to bed.

Raeburn's room was lighted by a student lamp of a large size. It might be more correct to say that a lighted student lamp was in the room; for, even after he had removed the upper opal shade, the great apartment was gloomy almost to an oppressive degree. Looking about, Raeburn decided that the dull, lustreless Indian stuff with which the room was hung made it a hard place to illumine, for the hangings seemed fairly to absorb the light beams, exhausting rather than reflecting such brilliancy as reached them. Double doors separated the room from the larger corner one, indicating that they had at one time been arranged as a suite. On the north wall was a mantel of dark oak, matching, sombrely, the door and window finishing.

At the right of the mantel hung the full-length portrait of a beautiful woman, in what was apparently a bridal costume. The face, he thought, was a good one; round rather than oval, with soft, fair curls accentuating its girlishness. The lips were slightly parted, as though the happy, smiling young wife were just about to speak. This idea was heightened by the eyes, which were painted in so true a line that they seemed to follow him about the room.

The effect was not only repugnant but disconcerting to Raeburn, for he was of that not inconsiderable class that finds in this old trick of portrait painters a cumulative eerieness that is disagreeable —and trying. Indeed, he thought for a moment of veiling, in some fashion, those brilliant, searching orbs, but decided to resist the impulse.

On the corresponding space to the left of the fireplace was the companion portrait of a young man, thirty or thereabouts, in the uniform of a captain of artillery. That the couple were the elder Trevor and his wife Raeburn made no doubt, and taking up the lamp carefully studied the counterfeit presentiment of the man whose life was slowly ebbing, only a few paces away.

In the heydey of his youth, Raeburn had promptly judged, the Major had been good to look upon, if the artist were no flatterer. There was something hawk-like about the nose, but Raeburn recalled that Wellington and Sir Charles Napier had set a good fashion for soldiers in that respect. He smiled to himself as Martial's saying came to him, "Not every man is so lucky as to have a nose." The mouth seemed good, but as he scrutinised its level line and thin upper lip more keenly it seemed to develop a shade of cruelty; yes, and not a little of what might be haughty pride or infernal insolence, according to occasion. He stepped back and saw the face lose its hardness as the light receded. Then forward again, with the lamp closer still, till he distinctly saw the face grow cold, set and merciless as the illumination brought into high relief those characteristics which the strong light—or his fancy—emphasised.

But the eyes were not turned on him: their gaze was directed toward the smiling bride. Trevor had never mentioned his aunt before that evening, and he fell to wondering whether his divination were true sooth. Did she laugh and look away with eyes that unceasingly challenged admiration; and did her soldier husband's gaze change at last from pride to hate—with that hard, malignant sneer?

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"Come, come, old man," he finally said to himself, "it's bad manners at the very least to be searching for soul traces in these dusty old canvases. Set the lamp down — that's better — and get some sleep.

As he placed the lamp on the table he noticed a small curtained bookcase standing under the picture of the Major, and drawing back its hangings glanced at the shelves for some volume which might be sipped luxuriously for a little time, with the lamp close to the head of his couch. But there were more odds and ends than books. Indeed, shelves and their contents seemed to have been deposited there by some domestic high waters, rather than through some definite arrangement. He quickly discovered that those books which were not devoted purely to military science were paper-backed publications of the War Department, and one of the latter was picked up gingerly, and enough dust brushed from its outer page to allow him to read its title. It was an Army Register for 1888, and curiously he turned the pages for some mention of Major Trevor. After finding him in his place on the retired list, Raeburn was about to throw the book back, when his eye fell on the list of officers upon whom brevet rank had been conferred. Among the T's he was pleased to find the name of his involuntary host, and to note that he had been thrice honoured, the three commissions and the reasons for their bestowal being set forth thus:

> First Lieutenant: Gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Battery Wagner, South Carolina.
>
> Captain: Specially gallant and meritorious services in the Atlanta campaign.
>
> Major: Gallant services in action against the Indians at the Clearwater, Idaho, where he was severely wounded.

Here was food for pride but not for extended thought, so he tossed the book on the table and turned to his bed; a brass, camp-like affair that had doubtless been trundled in that very night for his accommodation. Soon he was resting easily, undisturbed by the storm which was steadily rising in its intensity. In fact, lulled by its very croon he fell asleep.

It seemed to Raeburn that he had hardly closed his eyes when he found himself awake and on the floor, standing with his hands on one of the heavy window curtains at the east wall of his room. He was faintly conscious that some unusual sound had roused him, and very thoroughly at that. But as his senses quickly cleared, and he listened to the shrieking wind and lashing rain he was very sure that no disturbance of the elements had taken him from his bed, though the noises were certainly enough to disconcert any one but a well-seasoned traveller.

As he stood, each nerve alert, to catch again some sound, he knew not what, there came a distinct tinkling, as of metal on glass, and it seemed that some one was tapping on the window in such a manner that a ring, or other hard substance, was producing the dominant tone. Quickly he threw back the hangings, but all was dark. At that moment a flash of lightning flooded the chamber sharply, and he saw the wall, which brought to his mind what he had forgotten for the time being: that there was no window on that side of the room.

A strange, gruesome sensation spread over his body, and he felt his flesh tingle as the sound came again:

"*Tap, tap, tap, tap,*" in quick, impatient time.

Why he should be so uncannily impressed he knew not; but the sensation was not unlike that given by a telephone, in this, that the call was to him in so individual a sense that he felt another, though standing but a few feet away, could not have been conscious of that clear, vibrant alarm. Then he heard, or rather, was conscious of a voice: a woman's. It was low, intense, but with such a despairing, beseeching quality that each word fairly tugged at his heart.

"Open the window, James . . . do . . . in God's name . . . let me . . . come back to you. . . think, beloved, of the many, many times it has opened for you . . . forgive . . . your faithful wife. . . . Forgi . . ."

The voice was lost—or blended—in so weird and terrifying a wail from the storm that Raeburn's blood ran chill. Another vivid flash filled the room with its baleful glare, and by it he caught again those painted eyes and saw once

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more the parted lips of the bride. But the face photographed on his retinea in that instant was drawn and piteous; there was a yearning, imploring look in the eyes, and the lips seemed to be forming that last word, "forgive."

And so he stood while one might have counted a score, and then with dry mouth and uneven footsteps, turned to the dressing-table and groped about for his watch. No other flash coming quickly to his aid, he noted the time by the help of a match. It was 12:05.

For a few moments he revolved in his mind the idea of dressing and going outside; or, if not that, the calling of some one who would do so. But each impulse was instantly met by a thought which seemed to reach him, rather than be evolved, and which convinced him that no living creature was beyond that walled window.

Morning was long in coming; for, though the storm had reached its height at midnight, he was restless and wide-awake, scarcely closing his eyes until a servant knocked to let him know that it was seven o'clock. Trevor joined him at breakfast, at which meal they were served by the butler alone, and Raeburn was informed that there had been no change in the patient. Dawley had watched with his master, and during the greater part of the night Trevor and the doctor had slept well. Raeburn's own unrefreshed appearance was not noticed, to his great relief, and when he found that Trevor wished to put in the morning going over his uncle's papers, he suggested that he be allowed to pilot himself about Highmere.

"Go ahead, old man," said his friend, "and its kind of you to let me have the morning. You will not find much of interest about the place, I fear. Nearly all of the ground has been put under cultivation except the small demesne. Our farmer lives on the other side of the place, and the crops go out by a different road than the one we used last night."

Naturally Raeburn's first wish was to see the outer wall of his room; and he was not greatly surprised to find that while there had been windows there at one time, as the copings indicated, they had been bricked up, leaving no sign of glazing. That the closing of the windows had been done after the building was finished was shown by the line of demarcation between the old and new material, but it was all so weather-stained that it required a close inspection to detect even this.

Pondering on the events of the night, he turned to the little lake, whose surface was now smiling and dimpling in the morning sunlight. It was a narrow sheet of water, though of some length; meandering between low hills, so that he could not see its full extent. On either bank the place was well wooded, but it had the appearance of a natural forest, or the remains of one, rather than the more park-like aspect to have been expected in a grove so near a dwelling.

Raeburn wandered along the north bank toward a small summer-house among the trees, and, taking out a cigar, strove to recount, chronologically and definitely, the matter that was uppermost in his mind; but in that brilliant sunshine he found it difficult to assume an adequate mental poise. It did seem just a trifle absurd, he confessed to himself, and not within a couple of centuries of ready credence. After a moment he became aware of a monument some little distance further on, and walking toward it saw that a place had been cleared for a tiny burying-ground, and enclosed by a low stone wall. Within was a single shaft, and as he drew closer he read the simple statement that Miriam, wife of James Barfield Trevor, and daughter of Colonel George Barry Plimpton and his wife, Alice, had departed this life, July 12th, 1872, in the twenty-first year of her age.

Raeburn was conscious of the fact that the grave was strewn with fresh flowers, but it was not until he had re-read the inscription that the thought came to him that it had been precisely thirty years since this young life had gone out, and he was musing over the coincidence of the anniversary; wondering vaguely if that might bear somewhat on the mystery of the previous night, when he saw Trevor coming toward the little graveyard.

"What strange influence has led you to this spot to-day?" began Trevor, and then, as Raeburn stammered some unintelligible reply, he went on, "Almost the first paper I touched reminded me of the date, and I felt that I must come here, if only for a moment." Then, as he saw

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the flowers, "but dear old Martha has been here before us both. She has visited the tomb of her beloved 'very early in the morning.' Come back to the summer house, Raeburn, and I will tell you the story.

"I hardly know where to start, or why I feel called upon to tell you of this tragedy," Trevor began, "except that there is a curious weaving of this date into my uncle's life. Sixty years ago to-day he was born; thirty years ago his wife—met her death, and on July 12th, 1903 he lies dying. And she who passed away at that middle milestone sought her own death—and found it in the little lake before us. Her body lies within a stone's throw of where it was recovered. It is not for me to judge that old man; and yet a word from him would have averted the catastrophe."

Trevor arose and paced the little platform several times before he resumed. "I have told you that my uncle frequently visited this place before he married. There were bad men and worse women for his neighbours, whose influence harmed him in many ways. Doubtless it was a mistake to bring his young wife here, and my grandfather must have realised the fact, for he came up to visit the young people before they had been here a month. Ten years older than his young wife, the gay young captain of artillery had by no means finished sowing his wild oats, and my grandfather's whole heart was set upon the idea that marriage would work a reform. My aunt had been grandfather's ward; the orphan child of old army friends—we Trevors have all been army people until my generation—and she was brought up in our old home. That, therefore, the marriage had for years been an event fixed will not surprise you, and I grieve to say that while uncle had long been the girlish ideal of my Aunt Miriam, there was more tolerance than love on the other side.

"Poor young thing, she was neglected before my grandfather came here, and after that; for, though his servants unostentatiously watched the doors, he still slipped out nightly to join his carousing friends. The windows of his room—your room last night, where her picture still hangs—were secretly opened to let him ride away——"

"The windows in my room?" exclaimed Raeburn.

"Yes; I will soon explain. Many a night the young wife locked the casement behind him as he rode off on his horse, and softly admitted him again in the early hours. We know that she begged—entreated him to give up his evil associates, and yet she shielded him for very pride's sake until after grandfather had gone back to New York.

"Then came the serpent—though this was scarcely an Eden—in the guise of one of uncle's friends. The man lived near, and became a daily visitor. He made much of her neglected condition. Finally, one afternoon, he persuaded her that a party of young people, mutual friends, were to meet at a town some ten miles away. Martha heard a portion of their conversation, and has always maintained that my aunt was given to understand that she would later meet my uncle, and be brought home by him that night.

For a wonder uncle came home early that evening, and of course there was a terrible scene. Martha stoutly defended her mistress's motives, but uncle raged like a wild man. Later it came on to storm in a frightful fashion, and it must have been near midnight when she came alone and on foot to uncle's window and tapped for admission—but no answer came. Doubtless she felt that she must see him, and no other, before she would dare to enter the place. Then, heartsick, frantic, wearied in flesh and spirit, believing that she could never convince her husband of her innocence, she turned her tired feet down the hillside to the lake—and ended it all."

Trevor paused and looked toward the softly lapping waves, while Raeburn felt within him a strange sympathy for this broken-winged butterfly of a bygone day, and there was a lump in his throat as he pictured the laughing face, whose image he had studied on the previous night, lying cold in such a bitter death.

"In the morning," said Trevor, "uncle came from his room early, a picture of misery and remorse, and shortly afterward one of the work-people found the body. Her silken shoes were stained and torn with running along the road, so we know that she must have fled from the tempter when she found, too late, that she had been lured away by lies.

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Hard—hard it must have been to fight her way homeward in that blinding storm only to find her husband's heart locked against her.

"Of course all this came out at the inquest; it will come out anew when he is laid away, and I am telling you the story that my best friend may better understand the man who has shown me such love as few fathers bestow. Perhaps, behind a shield of cold, hard pride, few men have suffered more.

"Granted that the wrong was monstrous—I know, as perhaps none other knows, the pitiless meed of its atonement.

"That is all, I think—no, your windows. I am told that my uncle kept that apartment for a time after the tragedy. That those about him felt that he occupied rather than slept in it; for each morning he emerged more worn and broken, as though every night added a score to his years. Finally, he gave orders—we never knew why—that those two windows should be bricked up. He saw the masons begin; then left Highmere for ten years, and his evil ways forever."

"Why," inquired Raeburn, after a pause, "did you wish me placed somewhere else?"

"I can give you no reason, except that all my life I have had a horror of the very room itself. My uncle never entered it during our rare visits here, and so I grew up with an aversion to the place. Do you wish to change?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "I am very comfortable."

There was no perceptible alteration in Major Trevor's condition during the day. Raeburn wandered about the place, ending the morning in the library. He found that nearly all the books in that large room bore directly upon the art of war or the lives of the world's famous captains. One little book upon the life of Sir Charles Napier appealed to him in a whimsical fashion, when he recalled his thoughts of the night before upon the large noses of some great fighters. Taking up the book, it opened at a place where a newspaper clipping had been inserted. This was an excerpt from an old copy of the London *Times*, and contained an appreciation of Sir Charles's life. Raeburn's eye caught its keynote in the following lines: "High spirits, immense courage, great ingenuity, and prodigious egotism."

Here Trevor found him, and picking up a bound volume of the Army Register said, "I do not know that the stars fight for or against us, but I believe that there are climacterics to which heaven and hell lend their powers. My uncle won three brevets by personal valor——"

"Yes," interrupted Raeburn. "I have read the record."

"But they do not show one important point. Listen: Battery Wagner, July 12th, 1863; July 12th, 1864, he rendered the particular services for which he was brevetted a captain. July 12th, 1877, was the date of the battle at the Clearwater. There he received the wound that placed him on the retired list, and there he won our army's glorious guerdon, the Congressional Medal of Honour."

Rapidly turning the pages he found the record of men who wear that decoration, and read, with glistening eyes:

"Major James Barfield Trevor: For most distinguished gallantry in action at the Clearwater, Idaho, where he voluntarily and successfully conducted, in the face of a withering fire, a party which recovered possession of an abandoned howitzer and two Gatling guns, lying between the lines and within a few yards of the Indians."

"I feel—I know—he hoped for death that day with honour. But Fate said: "No; not now. Suffer yet many years." Turning to Raeburn he held out his hand and said, in a choking voice, "Come and see him."

Raeburn softly followed to the room from whence the master of Highmere was slowly drifting to meet the Great Mystery. He saw a face which seemed to bear little more than a family resemblance to the portrait, save in the hawk's bill nose. For the rest, the jaws seemed more square, the black hair had turned a frosty iron grey, and though he could not see the eyes, he did not need their evidence to tell him that firmness was the chief characteristic of that weather-beaten, martial countenance. As he gazed he wondered in how great degree that tragedy of thirty years ago was responsible for the presence at Highmere

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of the Major. Had he recognised the stroke in New York as a certain warning of death's approach, and had he then determined to face the Grim One where another had once sought surcease? Not much prospect of an answer to that riddle, Raeburn decided.

In the evening the two young men sat long on the broad veranda, consuming countless cigars, while they discussed their wanderings, their respective futures, and their ideals. Raeburn prolonged the conversation as long as possible, that he might go at a late hour to his room alertly awake—in such a mood that no drowsy senses should play him tricks—to listen for, and to calmly, consider, any unusual event.

And so it lacked but a few moments of midnight when he was standing at his dressing-table, slowly divesting himself of garments; gazing from time to time at the painted features of Major Trevor and Miriam, his wife. In fact, he had partly persuaded himself that he might have heard nothing on the night before but the rattle and wail of the storm, when, abruptly, out of the quiet night came the tinkling of light blows on a window pane.

"Tap, tap, tap, tap."

Again they seemed to impinge palpably upon bared nerves. Again that creepy, tense-fleshed sensation, and he was irresistibly drawn toward those blind, blank window places. Then came—appealing to his inner consciousness—a sob; an agonised, piteous burst of grief, and he sensed that pleading voice once more:

"Love . . . Oh, my love . . . forgive. . . ."

Tingling from his heart to the roots of his hair, he waited, listening, when suddenly the voice rang out clearly, and in its new tone were joy and recognition, thrilling through a single word:

"James!"

Raeburn caught his breath as though some glad tidings had suddenly been borne to him, as well, and stood, absorbed, until he heard a knock at the door.

"Well?" he called, rather brokenly.

"It's me, sir," came the butler's voice. "Mr. Frank wished you to know—the Major is dead."

William Harley Porter.

A DAY BETWIXT

A day betwixt—when nothing can be done
Until some great affair is fairly past
And folk are free to work or play at last
To suit themselves—that is a day to shun,
A weary day ere it be well begun!
Its only use, that we may it contrast
With some dear day that flitted all too fast,
Illumined with happiness but newly won.

Yet, while we wait, how great a joy to turn
The vision backward to the glowing hours
When we were young and little could discern
Between our passions and our native powers;
When, fearless of the future, love could burn;
When fame foreseen could gild our airy towers.

Charles Woodward Hutson.

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THE SCHEDULED NOVEL

There is great excitement in Iceland at this moment. Hall Caine is on his way there equipped with a large novel-producing plant, including cameras, sheep shears, filing cabinets, blank forms of affidavit, a hectograph, ten stenographers, and a barrel of ink. He will learn the language on shipboard so that no time may be lost. The matter is urgent, for punctually on the morning of Aug. 1, 1904, there is due from him a novel of great primitive passions, strong, deep, fresh and true, of which the scene must be laid in Iceland. It will be written with terrific force throughout, and with abundant evidence of first-hand impressions. Types studied on the spot, actual events in the life of the people, their very words, a background of ice, snow, Arctic twilight, penguins and walruses, a foreground of fierce primitive hate and equally fierce joy, all to be first seen, then snap-shotted, then dictated, then carefully revised, read back, punctuated, and filed —it will be a busy and a fruitful fortnight. But he will not fail. The elements will be there as per invoice on the morning of Aug. 1. "What will your next novel be? Religious?" asked a friend a year or two ago. "I've done religion," said Mr. Caine, calmly. "Social?" ventured the other. "I have finished the social problems," he replied with a touch of asperity. "Civilized man," he went on, "is complete in my books. Primitive man now awaits me. He will be ready on August 1; dramatized on October 15. I then turn to ideal love on a background of simplicity. I shall study it in the Vale of Cashmere, June 10 to June 20, both inclusive, 1905." Splendid executive ability, promptitude and push, head like a "dry-goods emporium," heart like a modern hotel, no costly whims or private prejudices, a man for the many and a publisher's delight, an inexpensive democratic Zeitgeist—we would rather own a hundred shares of stock in him than in any other industrial afloat. Ere this goes to print, Mr. Caine will have landed, and the berserker hum of the primitive passions confessing will be heard on all sides.

Speaking of "getting up" a novel, Mr. Henry James in his delightful essay in the August *Atlantic* has described the wonder he felt at some of Zola's attempts at it. He visited Zola twice, and his mind still dances at the recollection of the enormous horse-power of Zola's purpose. Once he asked him if his work left him any time for travel, and in particular if he had seen Italy—

> A country from which I had either just returned, or which I was luckily—not having the Natural History of a Family to count with —about to revisit. "All I've done, alas," he replied, "was the other year in the course of a little journey to the south, to my own *pays*— all that has been possible was then to make a little dash as far as Geneva—a matter of a few days." *Le Docteur Pascal,* the conclusion of *Les Rougon Macquart,* had appeared but shortly before, and it further befell that I asked him what plans he had for the future, now that, still *dans la force de l'âge,* he had so cleared the ground. I shall never forget the fine promptitude of his answer—"Oh, I shall begin at once *Les Trois Villes.*" "And which cities are they to be?" The reply was finer still—"Lourdes, Paris, Rome." It was splendid for confidence and cheer, but it left me, I fear, more or less gaping. . . . He was an honest man—he had always bristled with it at every pore; but no artistic reverse was inconceivable for an adventurer who, relating in one breath that his knowledge of Italy consisted of a few days spent at Genoa, was ready to declare in the next that he had planned on a scale a picture of Rome.

Like Mr. Caine indomitably sailing the northern waters, Zola never turned back, and at the time appointed the three books appeared, not so much books, though, as three huge blocks of frozen purpose. But there is a sense of waste here quite lacking in the other instance. If he had not tied himself down, art might have flown away with him as it did in *L'Assommoir,* and we should all have been happy. Among authors, great men are best when they forget; little men when they remember. If there is nothing more particular in a man than there is in the papers he clips from, where is the waste? In literature the main thing is the person; in the market the main thing is other people; and while it is sad to think of Zola "getting up" Rome, it is altogether pleasant and edifying to know that Mr. Caine is

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"doing" Iceland. Most novels, like most hats, are made for the average head, of definite constituents, and with no call for fantasy in the manufacture. There is no danger that art and industry will be permanently confounded, and for our part we are glad to hear about new blast furnaces, and opening mills, and increased shipments, and authors ploughing the Spanish main for a pirate atmosphere, taking notes on a mining hero underground, carting off Kentucky turf for a Blue Grass background, poets in tree tops writing their bird-notes on the spot, fishermen's lays draughted precisely while they fish, everywhere the buzz of honest toil, full dinner pail, better clothes, more shoes, more books, and new schools opening in the South for pickaninnies to learn to read them. Thrift and method may be bad for art and death to geniuses, but the steady hand and the business head are the things for current literature.

Frank Moore Colby.

The HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE

By Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

PART SEVENTH
THROUGH THE END OF THE CENTURY

IN looking backward over a century of caricature, it is interesting to ask just what it is that makes the radical difference between the cartoon of to-day and that of a hundred years ago. That there is a wide gulf between the comparative restraint of the modern cartoonist and the unbridled license of Gillray's or Rowlandson's grotesque, gargoyle types, is self-evident; that comic art, as applied to politics, is to-day more widespread, more generally appreciated, and in a quiet way more effective in moulding public opinion than ever before, needs no argument. And yet, if one stops to analyse the individual cartoons, to take them apart and discover the essence of their humour, the incisive edge of their irony and satire, one finds that there is nothing really new in them; that the basic principles of caricature were all understood as well in the eighteenth century as in the nineteenth, and and that, in many cases, the successful cartoon of to-day is simply the replica of an old one of a past generation, modified to fit a new set of facts. When Gilbert Stuart drew his famous "Gerrymander" cartoon, he was probably not the first artist to avail himself of the chance resemblance of the geographical contour of a state or country to some person or animal. He certainly was not the last. Again and again the map of the United States has been drawn so as to bring out some significant similarity, as recently when it was distorted into a ludicrous semblance of Mr. Cleveland, bending low in proud

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AT LAST!

A *Punch* slip: a cartoon published in anticipation of an event which did *not* occur—*viz.*, the meeting of General Gordon and General Stewart at Khartoum.

—BY TENNIEL, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.

"TOO LATE!"

Telegram, Thursday Morning, Feb. 5.—"Khartoum taken by the MAHDI. General GORDON'S fate uncertain."

—BY TENNIEL, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

humility, the living embodiment of the principle, *L'Etat, c'est Moi,* and again, showing a capital likeness to Uncle Sam, the Atlantic and Gulf States forming his nose and mouth, the latter suggestively opened to take in Cuba, which is swimming dangerously near. *Puck's* famous "Tattooed Man" was only a new application of an idea that had been used before; while the representation of a group of leading politicians as members of a freak show, a circus, or a minstrel troup, is as

THE CHALLENGE.

PENANCE!

"HIS HONOUR ROOTED IN DISHONOUR STOOD,
AND FAITH UNFAITHFUL MADE HIM FALSELY TRUE"—TENNYSON.

THE LONDON TIMES AND THE SPURIOUS PARNELL LETTERS.

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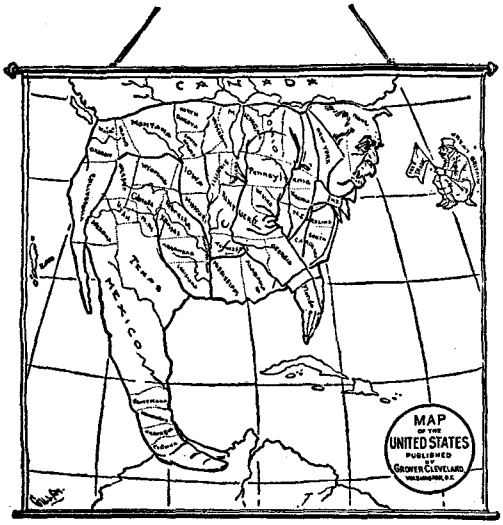

old as minstrels or dime museums themselves. Few leading statesmen of the past half century have not at some time in their career been portrayed as Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Richard III.; while as for the conventional use of animals and symbolic figures to represent the different nations, the British Lion and the Russian Bear, Uncle Sam and French Liberty, these belong to the raw materials of caricature, dating back to its very inception as an art. And yet, while the means used are essentially the same as in the days of Hogarth and Cruikshank, the results are radically different.

The reason for this difference may be summed up in a single word—Journalism. The modern cartoon is essentially journalistic, both in spirit and in execution. The spasmodic single sheets of Gillray's period, huge lithographs that found their way to the public through the medium of London print shops, were long ago replaced by the weekly comic papers, while to-day these in turn find formidable rivals in the cartoons which have become a feature of most of the leading daily journals. The celerity with which a caricature is now conceived and executed, thanks to the modern mechanical improvements and the prevailing spirit of alertness, makes it possible for the cartoonist to keep pace with the news of the day, to seize upon latest political blunder, the social fad of the moment, and hit it off with a stroke of incisive irony, without fear that it will be forgotten before the drawing can appear in print. The consequences of all this modern haste and enterprise are not wholly advantageous. Real talent is often wasted upon mediocre ideas under the compulsion of producing a daily cartoon, and again a really brilliant conception is marred by overhaste in execution, a lack of artistic finish in the detail. Besides, the tendency of a large part of contemporary cartoons is toward the local and the ephemeral. This is especially true of the caricatures which appear during an American political campaign, in which every petty blunder, every local issue, every bit of personal gossip, is magnified into a vital national principle, a world-wide scandal. And when the morning after the election dawns, and business settles down into its wonted channel, these momentous issues, and the flamboyant cartoons which proclaimed them suddenly become as trivial and as empty as a spent firecracker or roman candle.

DROPPING THE PILOT.

Tenniel's famous cartoon at the time of Bismarck's retirement.

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HORATIUS CLEVELAND AT THE BRIDGE. From New York Life.

But another change which the spirit of journalism has wrought in the contemporary cartoon, and a more vital change than any other, is due to the definite editorial policy which lies behind it. The dominant note in all the work of the great cartoonists of the past, in the English Gillray and the French Daumier, was the note of individualism. Take away the personal rancour, the almost irrational hatred of "Little Boney" from Gillray, take away Daumier's mordant irony, his fearless contempt for Louis Philippe, and the life of their work is gone. The typical cartoon of to-day is, to a large extent, not a one-man production at all. It is frequently built up, piecemeal, one detail at a time, and in the case of a journal like *Punch* or *Judge* often represents the thoughtful collaboration of the entire staff. In the case of the leading dailies, the cartoon must be in accord with the settled political policy of the paper, as much as the leading articles on the editorial page. The individual preferences of the cartoonist do not count. In fact, he may be doing daily violence to his settled convictions, or he may find means of espousing both sides at once, as was the case with Mr. Gillam, who throughout the Cleveland-Blaine campaign was impartially drawing Democratic cartoons for *Puck* and Republican cartoons for *Judge* at the same time.

THEY'RE OFF! From Puck.

The Presidential race between Harrison and Cleveland in 1892.

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THE END OF THE CHILIAN AFFAIR. From Judge.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE. From Puck.

The Baccarat Scandal at Tranby Croft in 1891.

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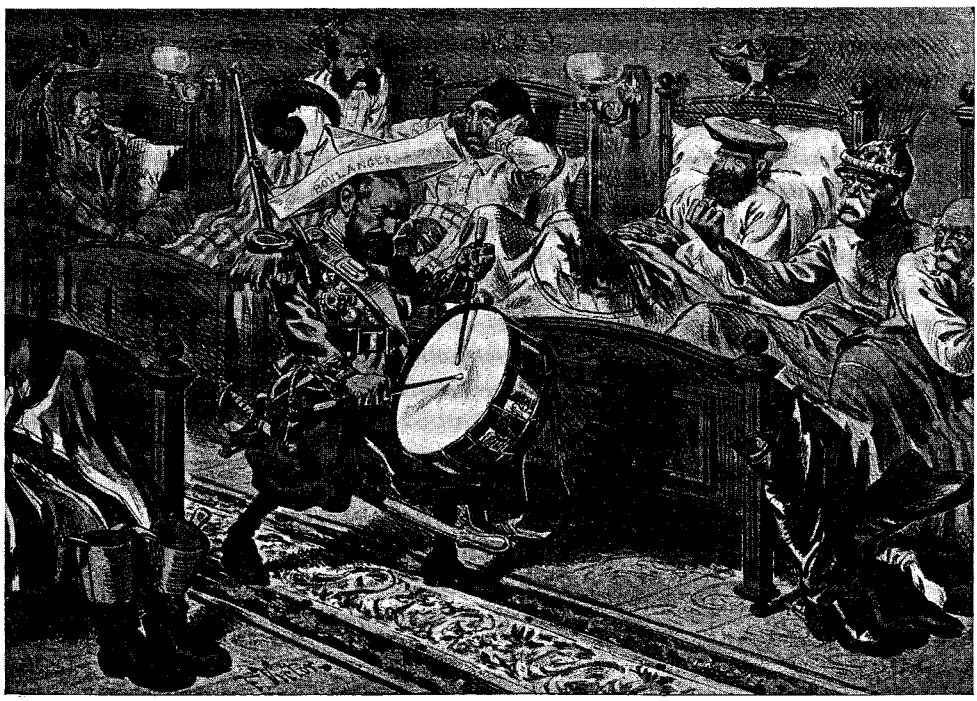
THE POLITICAL COLUMBUS WHO WILL NOT LAND IN 1892.
By Gillam in Judge. (For full description see page 56.)



THE BOULANGER EXCITEMENT.
The Noisy Boy in the European Lodging House.
From Judge. (For full description see page 50.)

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THE HARRISON PLATFORM.

By Keppler in Puck.

What the political cartoon will become in the future, it is dangerous to predict. There is, however, every indication that its influence, instead of diminishing, is likely to increase steadily. What it has lost in ceasing to be the expression of the individual mind, the impulsive product of erratic genius, it has more than gained in its increased timeliness, its greater sobriety, its more sustained and definite purpose. At certain epochs in the past it has served as a vehicle for reckless scandal-mongering and scurrilous personal abuse. But this it seems happily to have outgrown. That pictorial satire may be made forceful without the sacrifice of dignity was long ago demonstrated by Tenniel's powerful work in the pages of *Punch*. And there is no doubt that a serious political issue, when presented in the form of a telling cartoon, will be borne home to the minds of a far larger circle of average every-day men and women than it ever could be when discussed in the cold black and white of the editorial column.

Another interesting effect of the growing conservative spirit in caricature is seen in the gradual crystallization of certain definite symbolic types. Allusion has already been made, in earlier instalments of this work, to the manner in which the conception of John Bull and Uncle Sam and other analogous types, has been gradually built up by almost imperceptible degrees, each artist preserving all the essential work of his predecessor, and adding a certain indefinable something of his own, until a certain definite portrait has been produced, a permanent ideal, whose characteristic features the cartoonist of the future could no more alter arbitrarily than they could the features of Bismarck or Gladstone. And not only have these crystallised types become accepted by the nation at large—not only is Uncle Sam the same familiar figure, tall and lanky, from the New York *Puck* to the San Francisco *Wasp*, but gradually

RIP VAN WINKLE AWAKES AT LAST.

By Gillam in Judge.

(For full description see page 54.)

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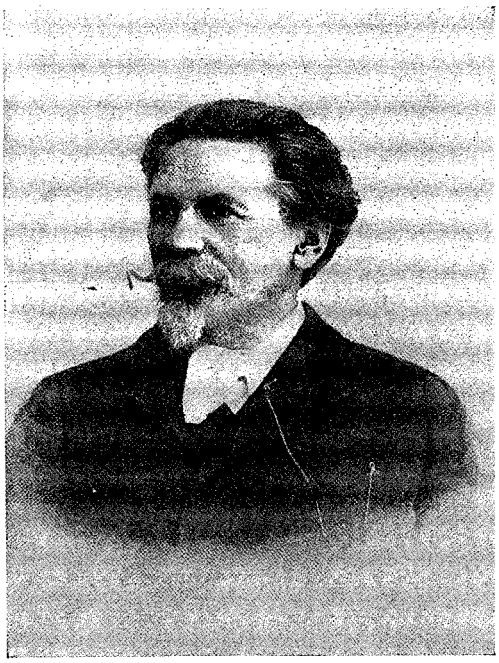
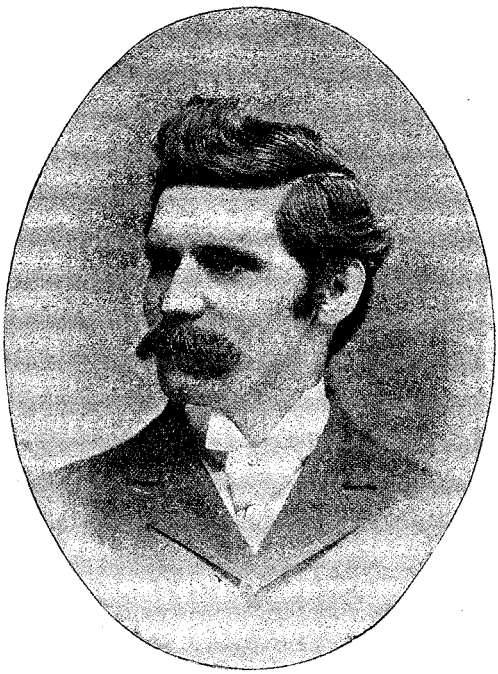


JOSEPH KEPPLER OF PUCK.



BERNARD GILLAM OF JUDGE.

THE CHAMPION MASHER OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Gillam in Judge. (For full description see page 60.)

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THE STABILITY OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.
From Il Papagallo (Rome).

these national types have migrated and crossed the seas, and to-day they are the common property of comic artists of all nations. John Bull and the Russian Bear, Columbia and the American Eagle, are essentially the same, whether we meet them in the press of Canada, Australia, Cape Colony, or the United States. And for the very reason that there is so little variety in the obvious features, the mere physical contour, the subtler differences due to race prejudice and individual limitations are all the more significant and interesting. There are cases, and comparatively recent cases, too, where race-prejudice has found expression in such rampant and illogical violence as prompted many of the Spanish cartoons during our recent war over Cuba, in which Americans were regularly portrayed as hogs—big hogs and little hogs, some in hog-pens, others running at large—but one and all of them as hogs. The cartoonists of the Continent, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians alike, have difficulty in accepting the Anglo-Saxon type of John Bull. Instead, they usually portray him as a sort of sad-faced travesty upon Lord Dundreary, a tall, lank, much bewhiskered "milord," familiar to patrons of Continental farce-comedy. But it is not in cases like these that race prejudice becomes interesting. There is nothing subtle or suggestive in mere vituperation, whether verbal or pictorial, any more than in the persistent representation of a nation by a type which is no sense representative. On the other hand, the subtle variations of expression in the John Bull of contemporary American artists, or the Uncle Sam of British caricature, will repay careful study. They form a sort of sensitive barometer of public sentiment in the two countries, and excepting during the rare periods of exceptional good feeling there is always in the Englishman's conception of Uncle Sam a scarce-concealed suggestion of crafty malice in place of his customary kindly shrewdness, while conversely our portrayal of John Bull is only too apt to convert that bluff, honest-hearted country gentleman into a sort of arrogant blusterer, greedy for gain, yet showing the vein of cowardice distinctive of the born bully.

II.

In marked contrast to the preceding lengthy period of tranquillity, the closing decade of the nineteenth century wit-

WILLIAM BLUEBEARD.
"My first two wives are dead. Take care, Caprivi, lest the same fate overtake you."
From La Silhouette (Paris).

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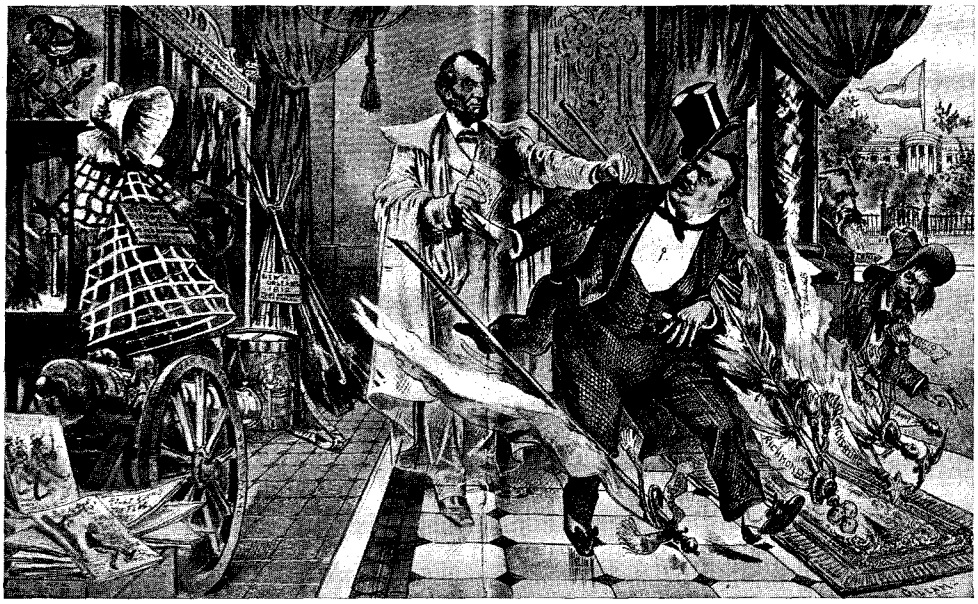
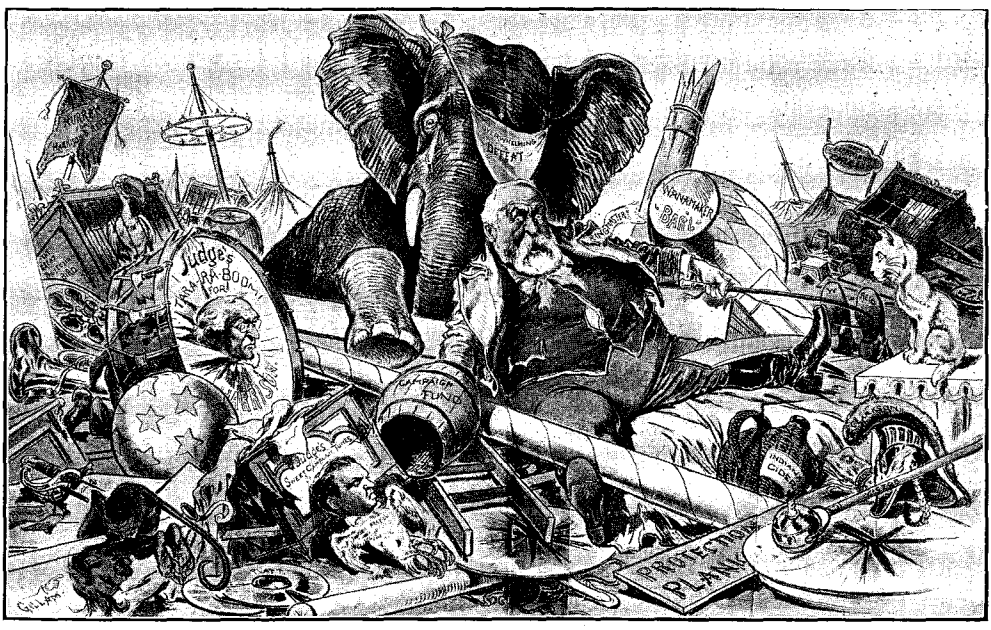


RETURN OF THE SOUTHERN FLAGS.

By Gillam in Judge. (For full description see page 58.)



"WHERE AM I AT?"

By Gillam in Judge. The famous redrawn cartoon which in its original form depicted Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic Party disastrously routed at the polls in 1892. (For full description see page 55.)

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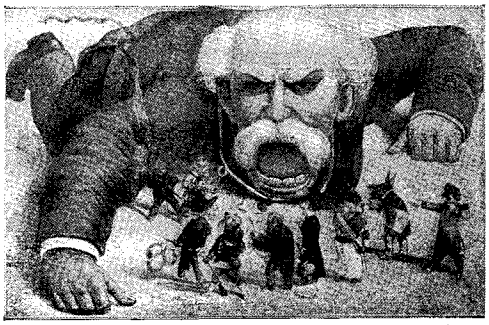

GULLIVER CRISPI.
From Il Papagallo (Rome.)

nessed a succession of wars and international crises well calculated to stimulate the pencils of every cartoonist worthy of the name. One has only to recall that to this period belong the conflict between China and Japan, the brief clash between Greece and Turkey, the beginning of our policy of expansion, with the annexation of Hawaii, our own war with Spain, and England's protracted struggle in the Transvaal, to realize how rich in stirring events these few years have been, and what opportunities they offer for dramatic caricature.

A cartoon in the August paper of this series, entitled "Waiting," showed General Gordon gazing anxiously across the desert at the mirage which was conjured up by his fevered brain, taking the clouds of the horizon to be the guns of the approaching British Army of relief. Early in 1885 the relief expedition started under the command of General Henry Stewart, and on February seventh there was published in *Punch* the famous cartoon "At Last," showing the meeting between Gordon and the relieving general. This was a famous *Punch* slip. That meeting never occurred. For on February fifth, two days before the appearance of the issue containing the cartoon, Khartoum had been taken by the Mahdi. The following week Tenniel followed up "At Last" with the cartoon "Too Late," which showed the Mahdi and his fanatic following pouring into Khartoum, while stricken Britannia covers her eyes.

The *Times* challenge to Charles Stewart Parnell was, of course, recorded in the caricature of *Punch*. The newspaper, it will be remembered, published letters, which it believed to be genuine, involving Parnell in the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in 1882. When these letters were proved to have been forged by Pigott *Punch* published a cartoon showing the *Times* doing penance. Both of these cartoons were by Tenniel. "The Challenge" appeared in the issue of April 30, 1887, and "Penance" almost two years later, March 9, 1899.

A cartoon which marked Tenniel's genius at its height, a cartoon worthy of being ranked with that which depicted the British Lion's vengeance on the Bengal Tiger after the atrocities of the Sepoy rebellion, was his famous "Dropping the Pilot," which was published on March 29, 1890, after William II. of Germany had decided to dispense with the services of the Iron Chancellor. Over the side of the ship of state the young Emporer is leaning complacently looking down on the grim old pilot who has descended the ladder and is about to step into the boat that is to bear him ashore. The original sketch of this cartoon was finished by Tenniel as a commission from Lord Rosebery, who gave it to Bismarck. The picture is said to have pleased both the Emperor and the Prince.

A HAND AGAINST EVERY MAN.
From London Judy, April 13, 1892.

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THE RHODES COLOSSUS
STRIDING FROM CAPE TOWN TO CAIRO.

By Linley Sambourne.

The baccarat scandal at Tranby Croft and the subsequent trial at which the then Prince of Wales was present as a witness was a rich morsel for the caricaturist in the early summer of 1891. Not only in England, but on the Continent and in this country the press was full of jibes and banter at the Prince's expense. The German comic paper, *Ulk,* suggested pictorially a new coat-of-arms for his Royal Highness in which various playing cards, dice, and chips were much in evidence. In another issue the same paper gives a German reading from Shakespeare in which it censures the Prince in much the same manner that Falstaff censured the wild Harry of Henry IV. The London cartoonists all had their slings with varying good nature. *Fun* represented the Prince as the Prodigal Son being forgiven by the paternal British nation. Point to this cartoon was given by the fact that the pantomime *L'Enfant Prodigue* was being played at the time in the Prince of Wales' Theatre. The *Pall Mall Budget* showed the Queen and the Heir Apparent enjoying a quiet evening over the card table at home. The Prince is saying: "Ah, well, I must give up baccarat and take to cribbage with Mamma."

Moonshine, in a cartoon entitled "Aren't They Rather Overdoing It?" took a kindlier and a more charitable view of the whole affair. His Royal Highness is explaining the matter to a most horrible looking British Pharisee. "Don't be too hard on me, Mr. Stiggins," he says, "I am not such a bad sort of a fellow on the whole. You mustn't believe all that you read in the papers." The nature of the American caricature of the scandal may be understood from the cartoon which we reproduce from *Puck,* on page 40. This cartoon speaks for itself.

The Emperor William and his chancellors inspired *La Silhouette,* of Paris, to a very felicitous cartoon entitled "William Bluebeard." William is warning Hohenlohe and pointing to a closet in which are hanging the bodies of Bismarck and Caprivi robed in feminine apparel. "My first two wives are dead," says the Emperor. "Take care, Hohenlohe, lest the same fate overtake you!"

The increase in European armament in 1892 suggested to Tenniel the idea of the cartoon "The Road to Ruin," which

JAPAN—"DOES IT HURT UP THERE?"
om Kladderadatsch. (For full description see page 50.)

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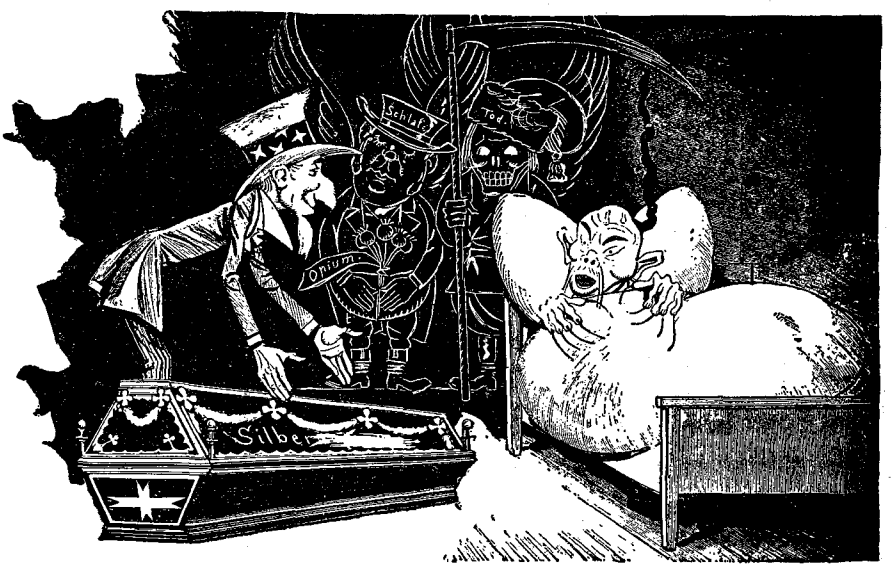
CHRISTIANITY AND THE BIBLE IN CHINA.

An exact copy of a Chinese native cartoon. Reproduced in the San Francisco Wasp, Jan. 2, 1892.

appeared November 5th of that year. It shows the figures of two armed horsemen, France and Germany, each burdened with armies of four million men, riding along "The Road to Ruin." Their steeds, weighed down by the burdens they bear, are faltering in their strides. A cartoon published shortly afterwards in the London *Fun* shows the figure of Peace welcoming the emperors of Germany and Austria, and urging them hospitably to lay aside their sword-belts.



BUSINESS AT THE DEATH-BED—UNCLE SAM AS UNDERTAKER.

From Kladderadatsch (Berlin). (For full description see page 49.)

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"Thanks, Madam," rejoins Kaiser Wilhelm, "but we would rather retain them —in your behalf!"

The brief war between China and Japan was necessarily of a nature to suggest cartoons of infinite variety. It was the quick aggressive bantam against a huge but unwieldly opponent, and one of the earliest cartoons in *Punch* utilized this idea in "The Corean Cock Fight." The big and clumsy Shanghai is warily watching his diminutive foe, while the Russian bear, contentedly squatting in the background, is saying softly to himself: "Ha! whichever wins, I see my way to a dinner." Every feature of Chinese life offered something to the caricaturists. For instance, in a cartoon entitled "The First Instalment," London *Fun* shows the Jap slashing off the Chinaman's pigtail. Now this idea of the pigtail in one form or another was carried through to the end of the war. For example the Berlin *Ulk* offers a simple solution of the whole controversy in a picture entitled "How the Northern Alexander Might Cut the Corean Knot." China and Japan, with their pigtails hopelessly tangled in a knot labeled "Corea," are tugging desperately in opposite directions, while Russia, knife in one hand and scissors in the other, is preparing to cut off both pigtails close to the heads of his two victims.

Punch characteristically represented the

TABLEAU.

End of the Chinese-Japanese War.

From Toronto Grip.

contending nations as two boys engaged in a street fight, while the various powers of Europe are looking on. John Chinaman has obviously had very much the worst of the fray; his features are battered; he is on the ground, and bawling lustily, "Boo-hoo! he hurtee me welly much! No peacey man come stoppy him!" The end of the war was commemorated by Toronto *Grip* in a Tableau showing a huge Chinaman on his knees while a little Jap is standing on top of the Chinaman's head toying with the defeated man's pigtail. *Kladderadatsch*, of Berlin, printed a very amusing and characteristic cartoon when the war was at an

THE START FOR THE CHINA CUP.

From Moonshine (London).

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Mr. Gladstone in the Valley.

end: "Business at the death-bed—Uncle Sam as Undertaker." This pictorial skit alludes to the proposition from the United States that China pay her war indemnity to Japan in silver. It shows a stricken Chinaman tucked in a ludicrous bed and about to breathe his last. Uncle Sam, as an enterprising undertaker, has thrust his way in and insists on showing the dying man his handsome new style of coffin.

Still another clever cartoon in which the *Kladderadatsch* summed up the situation at the close of the war shows a map of the eastern hemisphere, distorted into a likeness of a much-perturbed lady, the British Isles forming her coiffure, Europe her arms and body, and Asia the flowing drapery of her skirts. Japan, saw in hand, has just completed the amputation of one of her feet—Formosa—and has the other—Corea—half sawn off. "Does it hurt you up there?" he is asking, gazing up at the European portion of his victim. The same periodical a few months later forcibly called attention to the fact that while France and Russia were both profiting by the outcome of the war, Germany was likely to go away empty-handed. It is entitled "The Partition of the Earth; an Epilogue to the Chinese Loan." China, represented as a fat, overgrown mandarin, squatting comfortably on his throne, serene in the consciousness that his financial difficulties are adjusted for the time being, is explaining the situation to Prince Hohenlohe, who is waiting, basket in hand, for a share of the spoils. On one side Russia is bearing off a toy engine and train of cars, labeled "Manchuria," and on the other France is contentedly jingling the keys to a number of Chinese seaports. "The world has been given away," China is saying; "Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Yünnan are no longer mine. But if you will live in my celestial kingdom you need not feel any embarrassment; your uselessness has charmed us immensely."

The Boulanger excitement, which so roused France until the bubble was effectually pricked by the lawyer Floquet's fencing sword, was satirised by *Judge* in a cartoon entitled "The Noisy Boy in the European Lodging House." The scene is a huge dormitory in which the various European powers have just settled down in their separate beds for a quiet night's rest when Boulanger, with a paper cap

TO THE DEATH.

One of Thomas Nast's later cartoons.

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THE CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT.

From the San Francisco Wasp.

A GERMAN IDEA OF IRISH HOME RULE.

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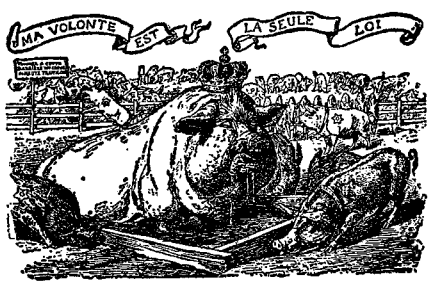
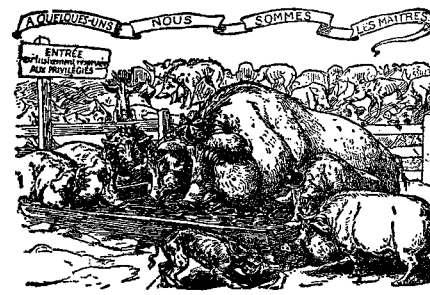
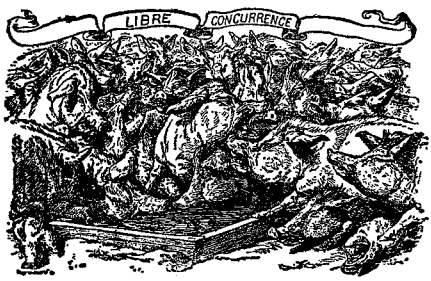
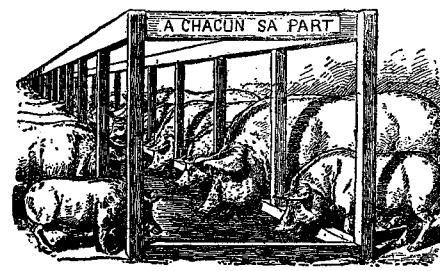
THE JOHN BULL OCTOPUS IN EGYPT.
From Il Papagallo (Rome).









I. ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.
II. CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.
III. MIDDLE CLASS REPUBLIC.
IV. SOCIAL REPUBLIC.

A PRESENT DAY LESSON.
From the Revue Encyclopédique.

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on his head, comes marching through loudly beating a drum. In an instant all is turmoil. King Humbert of Italy is shown in the act of hurling his royal boot at the offending intruder. The Czar of Russia has opened his eyes and his quarters, has joined in the popular outcry. The lodgers with one voice are shouting, "Drat that Boy! Why doesn't he let us have some rest?"

The old allegorical idea of Christian passing through the dangers of the Val-

A GROUP OF MODERN FRENCH CARICATURISTS.

features are distorted with wrath. Bismarck is shaking his iron fist. The Emperor of Austria is getting out of bed apparently with the intention of inflicting dire punishment on the interrupter of his slumbers. Even the Sultan of Turkey, long accustomed to disturbances from all

ley of the Shadow of Death in Bunyan's *Pilgrim Progress,* which has been appearing in caricature every now and then, since Gillray used it against Napoleon, was employed by Tenniel in a cartoon of Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule published in *Punch,* April 15, 1893. The old war-

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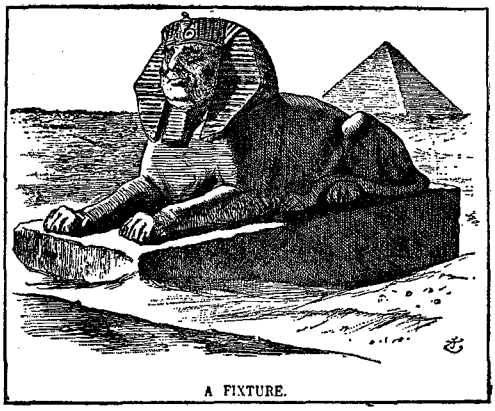


A FIXTURE.

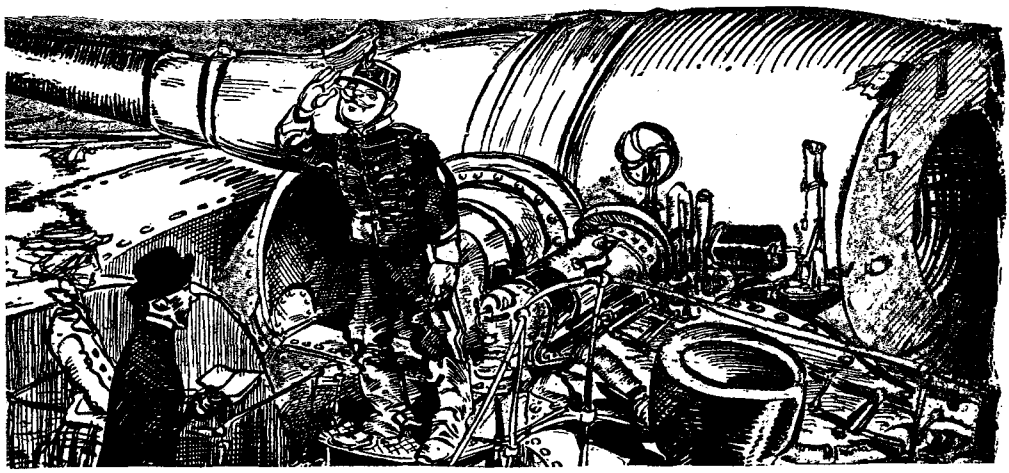
rior, sword in hand, is making his way slowly along the narrow and perilous wall of Home Rule. On either side are the bogs of disaster suggestive of his fate in case his foot should slip.

The Panama scandals in France and the ensuing revelations of general political trickery suggested one of Sambourne's best cartoons, that depicting France descending into the maelstrom of corruption. This cartoon appeared in the beginning of 1893. It shows France in the figure of a woman going supinely over the rapids to be hurled into the whirlpool below.

British feeling on the Fashoda affair was summed up by Tenniel in two cartoons which appeared in October and November, in 1898. The first of these called "Quit—Pro Quo?" was marked by a vindictive bitterness which appeared rather out of place in the *Punch* of the last quarter of the century. But it must be remembered that for a brief time feeling ran very high in both countries over the affair. In this cartoon France is represented as an organ-grinder who persists in grinding out the obnoxious Fashoda tune to the intense annoyance of the British householder. The second cartoon represents the Sphinx with the head of John Bull. John Bull is grimly winking his left eye to signify that he regards himself very much of "a fixture" in Egypt.

III.

The dangerous condition in which the United States found itself about the time we began the building of our new and greater navy was depicted in *Judge* by the cartoon entitled, "Rip Van Winkle Awakes At Last." It shows a white-bearded, white-haired Uncle Sam seated on a rock about which the tide is rapidly rising, looking round at the great modern armaments of England and France and Germany and Italy, and murmuring as he thinks of his own antiquated wooden ships of war and brick forts, "Why, I'm twenty years behind the age." In his old hat, with the broken crown, are the feathers of Farragut, Perry, Paul Jones and Lawrence, but these alone are not enough, nor will even the "Spirit of '76," which hovers over him in the shape of an eagle, quite suffice. He has his musket of 1812 and his muzzle-loading gun of 1864, but in the background are those huge cannon of European foes and above them is the



"YES, CITIZENS, SINCE THE DISARMAMENT THIS HAS BEEN MADE INTO A TELESCOPE. FORTUNATELY IT WAS NOT A MUZZLE-LOADER, SO THEY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PUT IN A LENS AT BOTH ENDS.
A French cartoon aimed at the Peace Conference.

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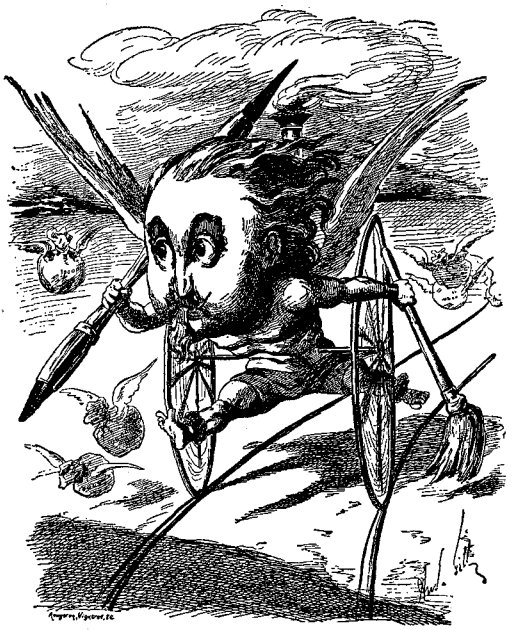

ANDRE GILL.

gaunt, grim figure of a helmetted Death. A little more and it would have been too late. Now there is yet time. Rip Van Winkle awakes at last.

An interesting variant upon the old type of "Presidential Steeplechase" cartoons appeared in *Puck* during the summer of 1892, after the Republican convention at Minneapolis and the Democratic convention at Chicago had respectively nominated Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. The cartoon is entitled "They're Off!" and is drawn with admirable spirit. The scene is a Roman amphitheatre, and the two presidential candidates, in the guise of charioteers, are guiding their mettlesome steeds in a mad gallop around the arena. Mr. Cleveland's horses, "Tariff Reform" and "Economy," are running steadily, and seem to be slowly forging to the front, while those of Mr. Harrison, "High Protection" and "Force Bill," are not pulling well together, and with ears pointed forward, look as though they might at any moment become unmanageable.

In connection with this campaign of 1892, there was no cartoon of more interest than that entitled "Where Am I At?" which Bernard Gillam drew for *Judge,* and this interest lies less in the cartoon itself than in the amusing story of its conception and execution. Right up to election day not only Gillam but the entire staff of *Judge* were perfectly confident of Republican success at the polls. To them the election seemed to be a mere formality which had to be gone through with, in order that General Harrison might remain in the White House for four years more. So a conference was held, after which Mr. Gillam began work on the cartoon which was to commemorate the Republican victory. The idea used was that of a general smash-up, with Mr. Cleveland in the middle of the *dêbacle* and the Republican elephant marching triumphantly over the ruins. Along these lines a double-page cartoon was drawn with an immense variety of detail, reproduced, and made ready for the press. Election Day came around, and a few hours after the polls had been closed it became evident, to the consternation of Mr. Gilman and his associates, that instead of the expected Republican victory, Mr. Cleveland had swept the country by overwhelming majorities. What was to be done? It was too late to prepare another cartoon, so that the plate already made was taken from the press, and the cartoonist set to work. To the discomfited countenance

CABAN D'ACHE.

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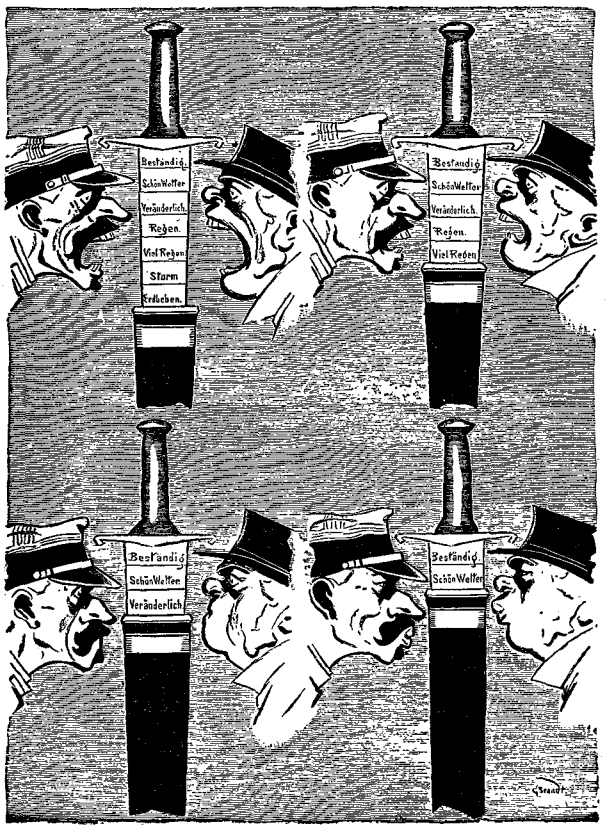
of Mr. Cleveland Gillam attached a beard which transformed the face into a likeness to that of the defeated Republican candidate. A huge patch drawn over one of the eyes of the Republican elephant changed its appearance of elation to one of the most woe-begone depression. Other slight changes in the legends here and there throughout the picture transformed its nature to such an extent that only the most practised eye could detect anything that was not wholly spontaneous and genuine. To cap it all, in a corner of the picture Gillam drew a likeness of himself in the form of a monkey turning an uncomfortable somersault. With a knowledge of these facts the reader by a close examination of this cartoon, which we reproduce, will undoubtedly detect the lines along which the lightning change was made. Nevertheless, it will be impossible for him to deny that the transformation was cleverly done.



THE ANGLO-FRENCH WAR BAROMETER.

FASHODA!!! FASHODA!! FASHODA! Fashoda.

From Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

Besides being the year of the presidential campaign, 1892 was a year when the thoughts of Americans were turned backward four centuries to the time when Christopher Columbus first landed on the shore of the Western Hemisphere. The original ships of Columbus's fleet were being brought over the water from Spain; the Columbus idea was being exploited everywhere in topical song and light opera; and it would have been strange indeed if it had failed to play some part in political caricature. Gillam in *Judge* made use of it in the cartoon entitled "The Political Columbus Who Will NOT Land in '92." It represents the ship of the Democracy with Mr. Cleveland as Columbus gazing anxiously and uneasily at the horizon. At the bow of the ship is the lion's head and the shield of Britannia in allusion to Mr. Cleveland's alleged pro-English sympathies. The sail upon which the ship is relying for its progress is marked "Free Trade" and is a woefully patched and weather beaten bit of canvas. The crew of the ship is a strange assortment which suggests all sorts of mutiny and piracy. In the front of the vessel and close behind the captain are Dana, Croker, Sheehan, and Hill. Beyond them we see the figures of Cochran, Carlisle, Crisp, Brice, and Mills and Flower. In the far aft are Blackburn and Gorman. Evidently crew and captain are animated by despair, although the gull, bearing the features of Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, that is circling around the ship shows that land is not so many miles away. "I don't see land," cries Cleveland-Columbus. And the despairing crew pointing to the Free Trade sail calls back, "And you never will with that rotten canvas."

In contrast with the vindictive and

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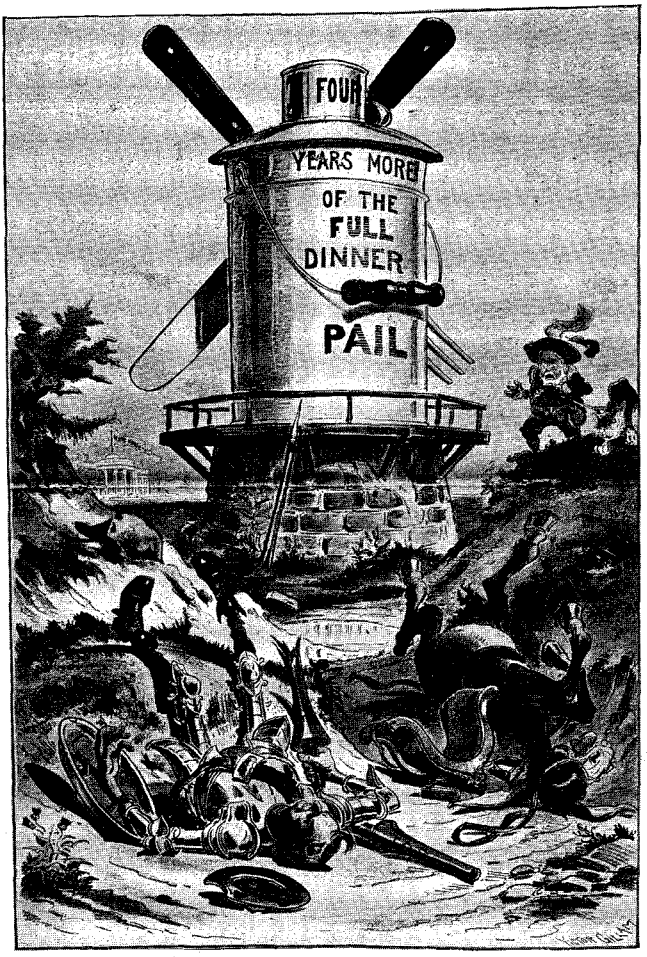
malicious character of the cartoons which heralded Mr. Cleveland's first election, there was a marked absence of unpleasant personalities in those which belong to the period of his second term. There was no disposition, however, to spare him in regard to the growing difficulty he had in holding his party together or his assumption of what Republicans regarded as an entirely unwarranted degree of authority. This autocratic spirit was cleverly satirized by a cartoon in *Judge,* to which allusion has already been made in the present article. It consists simply of a map of the United States so drawn as to form a grotesque likeness of the President. He is bending low in an elaborate bow, in which mock-humility and glowing self-satisfaction are amusingly blended, his folded hands forming the Florida peninsula, his coat-tails projecting into lower California. Beneath is inscribed the following paraphrase:

My country, 'tis of ME,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of ME I sing!

Mr. Cleveland's troubles with his party began early in his second administration. As early as April we find him depicted by *Judge* as the "Political Bull in the Democratic China-Shop." The bull has already had time to do a vast amount of havoc. The plate-glass window, commanding a view of the national capitol, is a wreck, and the floor is strewn with the remains of delicate cups and platters, amidst which may still be recognized fragments of the "Baltimore Machine," "Rewards for Workers," "Wishes of the Leaders," etc. An elaborate vase, marked "N. Y. Machine," and bearing a portrait of Senator Hill, is just toppling over, to add its fragments to the general wreckage.

The general depression of trade and the much-debated issue of tariff reform recur again and again in the caricatures of the second Cleveland administration, especially after the Republican landslide of 1893. Thus, in December of that year, a significant cartoon in *Judge* represents



DON QUIXOTE BRYAN MEETS DISASTER IN HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE FULL DINNER PAIL.
By Victor Gillam in Judge.

the leading statesmen of each party engaged in a game of "National Football," the two goals being respectively marked "Protection" and "Free Trade." "Halfback" Hill is saying, "Brace up, Cap; we've got the ball," and Captain Grover, nursing a black eye, rejoins disconsolately, "That's all very well, boys, but they've scored against us, and we've got to put up the game of our lives to beat them."

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In January the same periodical published a pessimistic sketch, showing Uncle Sam, shivering with cold, and his hands plunged deep into his pockets, gloomily watching the mercury in the "Industrial Thermometer" sinking steadily lower from protection and plenty, through idleness, misery, and starvation, to the zero point of free trade. "Durn the Democratic weather, anyway," says Uncle Sam. A more hopeful view of the situation found expression in *Puck*, in a cartoon entitled "Relief at Hand." Labor, in which *Judge* supported the opposite side, and heaped ridicule on the Wilson Bill, one of the best shows Uncle Sam retiring for the night, and examining with disgust and wrath the meagre crazy quilt (the Wilson Bill) with which he has been provided in lieu of blankets. "I'll freeze to death," he is grumbling, "and yet some of those idiots call this a protective measure."

Mr. Cleveland's determination to return to the South the flags captured in the War of Secession in the hopes of put-

MR. MCKINLEY AS A POLITICAL TAM O'SHANTER.

By Gillam in Judge.

in the guise of an Alpine traveler, has fallen by the wayside, and lies half buried beneath the snows of the "McKinley Tariff." Help, however, has come, in the form of a St. Bernard, named "Wilson Tariff Bill," while Cleveland, in the guise of a monk, is hastening from the neighbouring monastery, drawn in the semblance of the national capitol. Still another cartoon harping on the need of tariff reform represents McKinley and the other leading Republicans as "Ponce de Leon and His Followers," gathered around a pool labeled "High Protection Doctrine." "They think it is the fountain of political youth and strength, but it is only a stagnant pool that is almost dried up." Among the many caricatures ting an end to sectional feeling brought down upon his head the wrath of the more extreme Republican element, a wrath which was reflected strongly editorially and pictorially in the papers of the day. To *Judge* it suggested the cartoon entitled "Halt," in which Mr. Cleveland in the act of handing back the captured flags is restrained by the spirit of Lincoln, which says, "Had you fought for those flags you would not be so quick to give them away!" To which Mr. Cleveland is made to reply, "Great Scot! I thought you were dead and forgotten long ago. I only meant to please Mr. Solid South. They're rubbish any how." This is another cartoon from the hand of the prolific Gillam.

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THE ENGLISH WORLD KINGDOM OR BLOODY CARTOGRAPHY.
From the Lustige Blatter.

MR. RHODES—THE NAPOLEON OF SOUTH AFRICA.
From the Westminster Budget (London).

THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA
SOME BOER WAR CARTOONS.

By Gillam in Judge.

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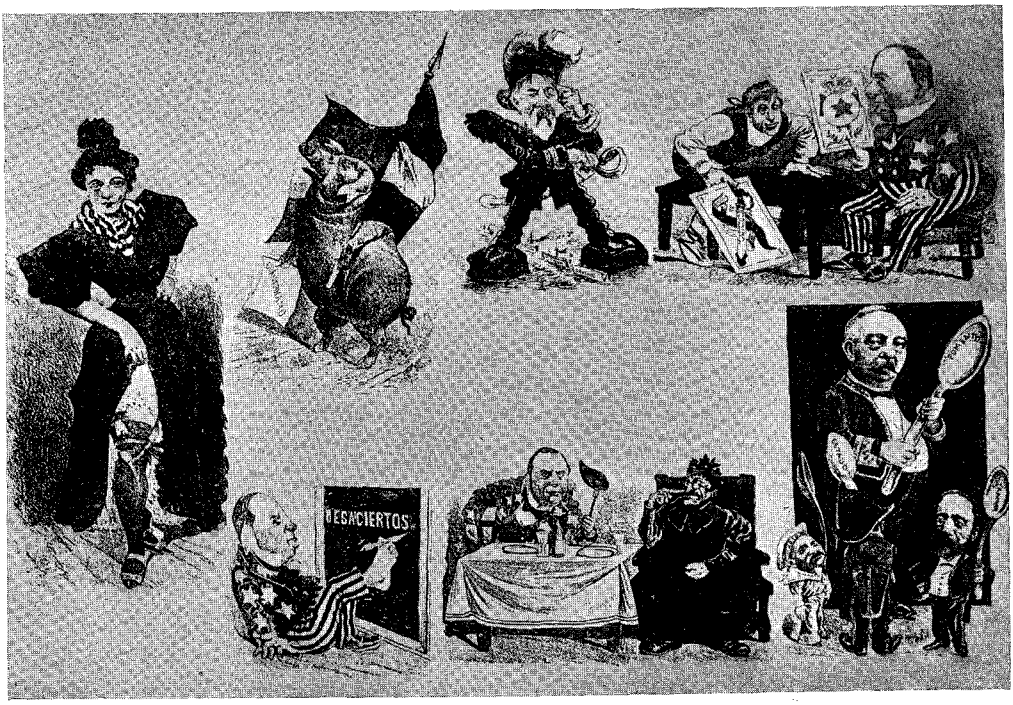
The movement for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, which occurred in the spring of 1893, and which many Americans were inclined to regard with suspicion and disfavor, was commemorated in a great variety of cartoons, both in this country and abroad. It was only natural that a movement which owed its inception to a Republican administration, should receive the cordial approval and endorsement of *Judge*. A cartoon, dated February 18th, represents Columbia in the guise of an exemplary modern school-mistress, serenely holding in order her turbulent class of mingled Chinese, negroes, Indians, Italian organ-grinders, and Russian anarchists, while she gives a cordial welcome to the small, half-naked new scholar from the Pacific, who is timidly begging to be admitted. Canada, represented as a demure little maiden, stands just behind Hawaii, an interested spectator, apparently more than half inclined to follow his example. In much the same spirit was a design that appeared in the *Wasp*, representing Uncle Sam in the character of St. Peter, holding the key to America's political paradise. "Poor little imp," he is saying to the Hawaiian applicant, "I don't see why I should shut you out, when I've let in all the tramps of the world already." Another cartoon which appeared in *Judge* was entitled, "The Champion Masher of the Universe." This represents Hawaii under the form of a dusky but comely damsel being borne off complacently by a gorgeously attired Uncle Sam, while his discomforted rivals are looking on in chagrin and disgust. These rivals are England, under the form of John Bull; France, shown under the features of President Sadi Carnot; Germany, the Emperor William; and Italy, King Humbert. This cartoon was drawn by Gillam.



A knife for the American pigs.

PIRATICAL—(Spain accused an American ship of flying the Spanish flag in order to cut the cable.

The result of the war—defeats.

SAMPSON—"Where is Cervera's fleet?"

McKinley and England.

MCKINLEY—"I wonder what he holds?"

The Minister of Revenue has a spoon for the war kettle.

From Don Quijote (Madrid).

SPANISH CARTOONS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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The Toronto *Grip* saw the matter in quite a different aspect. Hawaii, a badly frightened savage, is bound to a stake, while Uncle Sam, in the guise of a missionary, is whetting the knife of annexation, preparing to give him the coup-de-grace, and at the same time waving off John Bull, who holds his knife, "Protectorate," with similar intent. "Hol' up," says Hawaii, "didn't you say it was wrong to eat man?" and Uncle Sam rejoins benevolently, "Yes—but—well, circumstances alter cases, and the interests of civilization and commerce, you know—— You keep off, John; he's my meat." The suggestion that England was merely waiting for a good excuse to step in and take possession of Hawaii, while the American administration and Congress were trying to reach an understanding, was eagerly seized upon by other journals as well as *Grip*, especially in Germany. The Berlin *Ulk* portrayed Queen Liliuokalani, armed with a broom, angrily sweeping Uncle Sam from his foothold in Honolulu, while John Bull, firmly established on two of the smaller islands, "laughs to his heart's content," so the legend runs, "but the Yankee is mad with rage." In similar spirit the *Kladderadatsch* depicts John Bull and Uncle Sam as "Two Good Old Friends," trying to "balance their interests in the Pacific Ocean." With clasped hands the two rivals are see-sawing backwards and forwards, each striving to retain a precarious foothold, as they straddle the Pacific from Samoa to Hawaii, and each quite oblivious of the discomfort of the squirming little natives that they are crushing under heel.

The fiasco of Mr. Cleveland's ill-advised attempt to restore Queen Liliuokalani to her throne was hit off in *Judge* by a cartoon portraying him as Don Quixote, physically much the worse for wear, as a result of his latest tilt at the Hawaiian windmill. The knight's spirit, however, is unbroken, and he is receiving philosophically the well-meant consolation of Sancho Panza Gresham.

"You can't unbuckle that shoe." | Cervera bottles up Schley. McKinley's condition. | Dewey's situation. After Sampson's scalp. America's Real Desire. | Castelar writes a letter. "This is for you if you don't behave."

From Don Quijote (Madrid).

SPANISH CARTOONS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

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THE LATEST WAR BULLETIN.
By Hamilton in Judge.

Another cartoon of sterling literary flavour is that representing Mr. McKinley as a political Tam o'Shanter, which appeared during the exciting election of 1896. The countenance of Tam in this cartoon shows none of the anxiety and mental perturbation of the hero of Burns' poems. You can see that he has full confidence in his good mare, "National Credit," and is perfectly convinced that she will carry him unscathed over the road to Good Times, Prosperity, and Protection. The carlins have been close at his mare's heels, however, and as he passes the bridge over which they dare not cross, the foremost of his pursuers has caught and pulled away as a trophy the tail of the steed. The tail, however, is something with which he can well part for it typifies four years of business depression. The leaders of the pursuing carlins are Free Trade, Anarchy, Sectionalism, and Popocracy.

Mr. Bryan's appeal to the farmer in 1896 was hit off by Hamilton in a powerful but exceedingly blasphemous cartoon entitled "The Temptation." Bryan in the form of a huge angel of darkness has taken the farmer to the top of a high mountain to show him the riches of the world. As far as the eye can see stretch oceans and cities and hills and rivers and mountains of silver. It is a great pity that so grim and powerful a cartoon should have been marred by that display of bad taste which has been too frequent in the history of caricature.

The caricature produced by the compaign between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan in 1900 offers few if any cartoons more admirable than that by Mr. Victor Gillam, representing Don Quixote Bryan meeting disaster in his fight against the full dinner pail. This cartoon has that literary flavour which has been too much lacking in American caricature, and which raises this particular cartoon far above the average in the same school. The idea, of course, is based on Don Quixote's disastrous encounter with the windmill, which that poor crack-brained gentleman took to be a giant. The body of the windmill is a huge dinner pail and its arms are a crossed knife and fork. Don Quixote, incased in armour from head to foot, and mounted on the Democratic donkey with free silver for a saddle, has tilted against the solid structure with disastrous results. His lance is shattered and he and his faithful steed lie prostrate and discomfited on opposite sides of the road. The Sancho Panza needed to complete the picture appears under the familiar features of Mr. Richard Croker, who, leading the Tammany Tiger by a rope, is hurrying to his master's assistance. In the distance may be seen the White

THE SPANISH BRUTE—ADDS MUTILATION TO MURDER.
By Hamilton in Judge.

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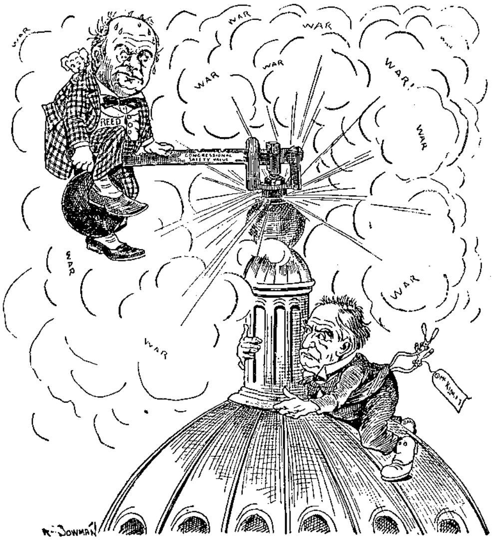

Speaker Reed to McKinley—"You've got to bank the fire some way or other; I can't hold in this steam much longer."—Minneapolis Tribune.

House, but the road in that direction is completely barred by the staunch windmill that has so successfully resisted the mad Knight's onslaught.

IV.

The pent-up feeling throughout the United States, which reached a dangerous degree of tension during the weeks preceding the declaration of war against Spain, was forcibly symbolized in the Minneapolis *Herald*. The dome of the national capitol is portrayed, surmounted by a "Congressional safety-valve." McKinley, clinging to the cupola, is anxiously listening to the roar of the imprisoned steam, which is escaping in vast "war clouds," in spite of all the efforts of Speaker Reed, who is freely perspiring in his effort to hold down the valve.

One of those cartoons which are not to be forgotten in a day or a week or a month; one which stirs the blood and rouses the mind to a new patriotism even when seen years after the events which inspired it, is Victor Gillam's "Be Careful! It's Loaded!" which appeared a few weeks before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and which we deem worthy of being ranked among the twenty-five or thirty great cartoons which the nineteenth century has produced. To realise to-day its full force and meaning one has to recall the peculiar tension under which the American people were labouring during the months of February, March, and April, 1898. The Maine had been destroyed in Havana Harbour, and although we no longer regard that event in the manner we once regarded it, then it was too much for our overwrought nerves; the condition of Cuba was growing every day more deplorable, and every one felt that the inevitable conflict was hourly at hand. In the picture American patriotism is symbolised by a huge cannon. A diminutive Spaniard has climbed to the top of a mast of a Spanish vessel and monkey-like is shaking his fist down the muzzle. Uncle Sam, standing by the gun and realising the Spaniard's imminent peril calls out, excitedly, "Be Careful! It's Loaded!" a warning to which the latter seems little inclined to pay any attention. In its very simplicity this cartoon differs greatly from most of those of the school of *Puck* and *Judge*. There is none of that infinite variety of detail which makes an elaborate study necessary in order to arrive at a full comprehension of the meaning of a cartoon. "Be Careful! It's Loaded!" like the most striking English and

BRITANNIA AS LADY MACBETH TRYING TO WASH AWAY THE STAINS OF THE BOER WAR.

From the Lustige Blätter.

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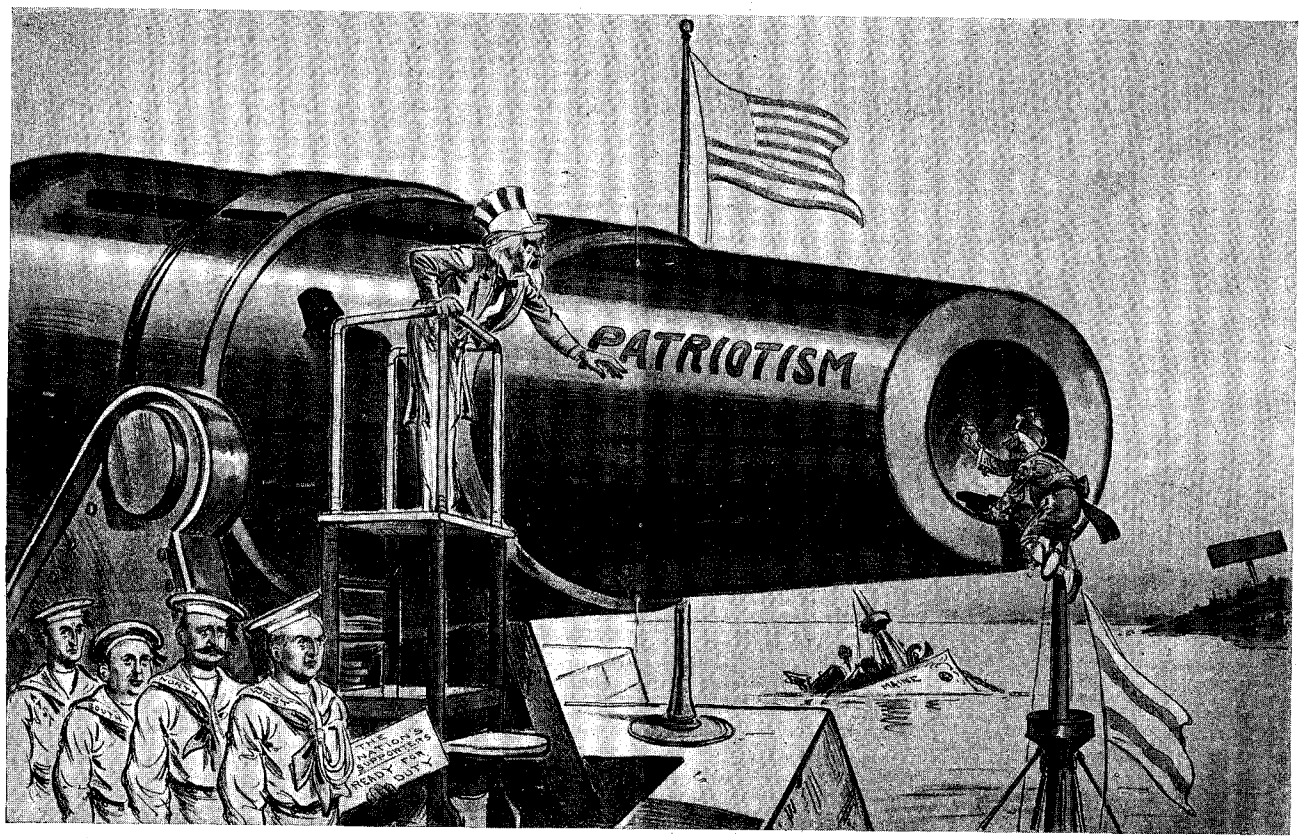

BE CAREFUL IT'S LOADED!
By Victor Gillam in Judge.

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French cartoons may be understood at a glance.

A cartoon like Grant E. Hamilton's "The Latest War Bulletin" we find amusing at the present time. We did not find it so a little over five years ago. This latest war bulletin, printed in asbestos, is supposed to have been just received from the infernal regions. His Satanic majesty, with a sardonic grin upon his face, has just composed it to his own entire satisfaction. Marked up on the burning furnace of Hades it reads: "Only Spanish will be spoken here until further notice—P. S. Guests will please leave their crowns and Spanish 4's in charge of the night clerk."

Another equally hideous cartoon by Hamilton is that entitled "The Spanish Brute Adds Mutilation to Murder." It shows a hideous ape-like monster representing Spain, one blood-dripping hand smearing the tombstones erected to the sailors of the *Maine* and the other clutching a reeking knife. All about him under the tropical trees are the bodies of his mutilated victims. The expression of the monster's countenance is a lesson in national prejudice. It shows how far a well-balanced nation may go in moments of bitterness and anger.

One of the most striking and amusing of all the cartoons evoked by the results of the Spanish-American War appeared in *Punch* at a time when our departure from our traditional policy began to cause comment in Europe. There are two figures, that of Dame Europa and that of Uncle Sam. Dame Europa is a lady of frigid aspect, with arms folded, and who has drawn herself up to full height as she gazes scornfully at the complacent and unruffled Uncle Sam. "To whom do I owe the honour of this intrusion?" she asks, icily. "Marm, my name is Uncle Sam." "Any relation of the late Colonel Monroe?" is the scathing retort.

No less interesting than the American cartoons of the Spanish War are those contributed by Spain herself, although in the light of subsequent events they are chiefly amusing for their over-weening confidence and braggadocio insolence. Among the more extravagant flights of Spanish imagination, which later news turned into absurdities, may be cited "Dewey's Situation," in which the victor of Manila is represented as a disconsolate rat, caught in the Philippine mouse-trap; "Cervera bottled up Schley," a situation which the sober facts of history afterwards reversed; and "McKinley's Condition," in which the President is represented as swathed in bandages, and suffering severely from apocryphal injuries received at Porto Rico and Cienfuecos. All of these cartoons appeared at different times in the Madrid *Don Quijote,* which did not always keep on this level of empty boasting, but occasionally produced some really clever caricature. A regular feature of the Spanish War cartoons was the American Hog as a symbol of the United States, and some of the

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

applications of this idea in the *Don Quijote* were distinctly amusing. For instance, in reference to Spain's accusation that an American ship flew the Spanish flag at Guantanamo in order to approach near enough to cut the cable, America is shown as a fat hog, triumphantly strutting along on its hind legs and ostentatiously waving the Spanish colors. Again, the Sampson-Schley controversy is hit off in a picture showing Sampson surrounded by a number of naval "hogs," each armed with gigantic shears and bent upon obtaining the Admiral's scalp. Still another cartoon seeks to explain

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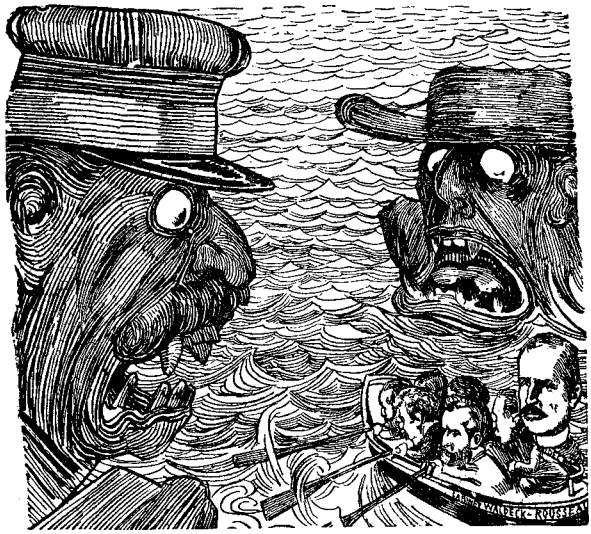


BETWERN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

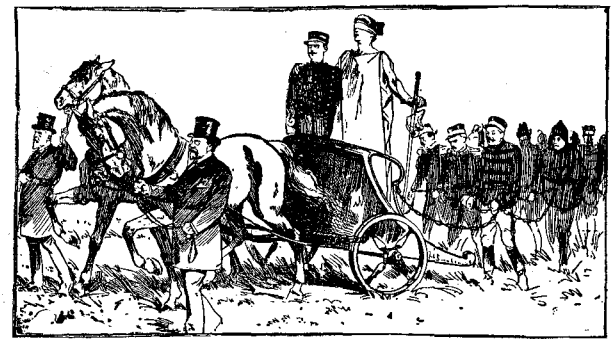
WALDECK-ROUSSEAU—"Forward, dear friends, look neither to the right nor the left, and we will win through at last."

From Humoristiche Blätter (Berlin).

the "real purpose in getting Cuba away from Spain. A drove of pigs have clustered around a huge barrel of Cuban molasses and are eagerly sucking the contents through tubes. Of a more dignified type are the caricatures representing Spain as a beautiful and haughty Senorita, boldly showing how she keeps beneath her garter "a knife for the American pigs"; or pointing to her shoe on which Cuba serves as a buckle, and arrogantly challenging a diminutive McKinley,—"you can't unbuckle my shoe!"

V.

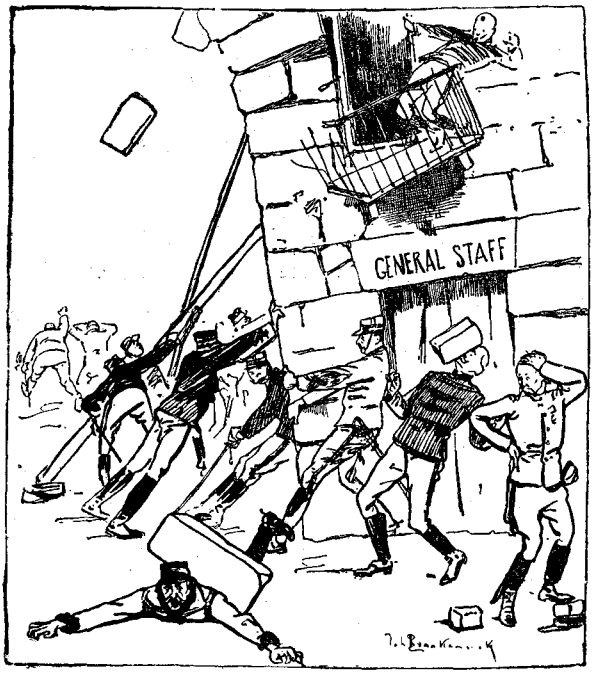
A cartoon which was a forerunner of the Transvaal War and the railway between Capetown and Cairo was that entitled "The Rhodes Colossus," which appeared in *Punch* December 10, 1892. It was by the hand of Lin-



THE LAST PHASE OF THE DREYFUS CASE.

Justice takes Dreyfus into her car.

From Amsterdammer.



A DUTCH VIEW.

The present condition of the French general staff.

From Amsterdammer.

ley Sambourne. It shows a colossal figure of Cecil Rhodes standing on a map of Africa with one foot planted in Egypt and the other at the Cape. In his hands he holds a line suggesting the telegraph wire connecting the two places.

Although the German Government refused to interfere in the protracted struggle in the Transvaal, the sympathy of Germany with the Boers found expression in a host of cartoons, bitterly inveighing against British aggression. Thoroughly characteristic is one which appeared in the *Lustige Blätter* entitled "English World-Kingdom; or Bloody Cartography." A grossly distorted caricature of Victoria is standing

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before a map of the world, and dipping her pen in a cup of blood, held for her by an army officer. Chamberlain, at her elbow, is explaining that "the lowest corner down yonder must be painted red!" Another of the *Lustige Blätter's* grim cartoons, alluding to the terrible price in human life that England paid for her ultimate victory in the Transvaal, depicts Britannia, as Lady Macbeth,

FIRE!
From Psst (Paris).

vainly trying to wash the stain from her bloody hands. "Out, damned spot!" In lighter vein is the cartoon which is here reproduced from the *Wiener Humoristische Blätter*, showing "Oom Paul at His Favorite Sport." Kruger, rakishly arrayed in tennis garb, is extracting infinite enjoyment from the congenial exercise of volleying English soldiers, dressed up as shuttlecocks, over the "Transvaal net" into the watery ditch beyond.

With the Spanish-American War, the *Affaire Dreyfus* in France and England's long struggle for supremacy in the Transvaal, the period arbitrarily chosen as the scope of these articles comes to a brilliant and dramatic close. But the cartoonist's work is never done. Nimble pencils are still busy, as in the days of Rowlandson and Gillray, in recording and in influencing the trend of history.

TOWARD FREEDOM.

MADAME LA REPUBLIQUE—"Welcome, M. Le Capitaine. Let me hope that I may soon return you your sword."

From Punch (London).

AT DEVIL'S ISLAND.

THE MASTER OF THE ISLAND.—"They take away one captain from me: but look here, a whole handful of generals! Oh, after all, the arrangement is not so bad."

From Lustige Blatter (Berlin).

CARTOONS ON THE DREYFUS CASE.

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and a hundred years from now, whoever attempts to do for the twentieth century a service analogous to that which has here been undertaken for the nineteenth, will find an even ampler and richer store of material, thanks to the group of younger satirists in the full blood of their enthusiasm, who are valiantly carrying on the traditions of the men of the past; of Leech, and Tenneil, of Daumier, and Philipin, and Cham and André Gill, of Nast and Keppler, and Gillam, and who have already begun to record with trenchant pencil the events that are ushering in the dawn of the new century.

OOM PAUL'S FAVORITE PASTIME.
From the Wiener Humoristiche Blätter.

THE END.

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WHISTLER AND SWINBURNE

WHEN Whistler's pictures were held to ridicule by the unknowing and the unknown of thirty-five years ago, a champion stepped forward in the person of a man of letters, Algernon Charles Swinburne. His fellow artists were not so willing to accord him merit, although Alma Tadema declared "Jimmy has a knack of doing things with his colour that no one else can do." However, neither Alma Tadema, nor Millais, Poynter, Colin Hunter, or Leighton at all agreed that these things were to be taken seriously, and they smiled in their sleeves. It usually takes the finer perceptions of a poet to uncover the subtilty beautiful, so that Swinburne's praise in his little pamphlet on the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1868 came to the many as a revelation. It is to be regretted that this pamphlet is so rare as to be almost inaccessible, for it contains some of the most beautiful prose descriptions ever written. In speaking of the difficulty of conveying in words any adequate conception of a painted picture, and with direct reference to Whistler's work, Swinburne wrote:

"No task is harder than this translation from colour into speech, when the speech must be so hoarse and feeble, when the colour is so subtle and sublime. Music or verse might strike some string accordant in sound to such painting, but a mere version such as this is a psalm of Tate's to a Psalm of David's. In all of the main strings touched are certain varying chords of blue and white, not without interludes of the bright and tender tones of floral purple or red. . . . They all have immediate beauty, they all give the direct delight of natural things; they seem to have grown as a flower grows, not in any forcing house of ingenious and laborious cunning. This is, in my eyes, a special quality of Mr. Whistler's genius; a freshness and fulness of the loveliest life of things, with a high, clear power upon them which seems to educe a picture as the sun does a blossom or a fruit."

At another time Whistler's "Before the Mirror," furnished Swinburne the inspiration of these lines:

"I cannot see what pleasures
  Or what pains were;
What pale new loves and treasures
  New Year's will bear;
What beam will fall, what shower,
What grief or joy for dower;
  But one thing knows the flower; the flower
    is fair."

Whatever his eccentricities, whatever his mannerisms, whatever his affectations, no one can burden the memory of the Gentle Artist with any charge of ingratitude. True it is that he wrote at length of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," but until he felt there were enemies he had nothing to do with the making. Swinburne was no exception; Whistler thanked him from the bottom of his heart for the service of his appreciation. Of course, he took it sensibly as his due, yet he was overjoyed to find that he was not the only David in the camp of the Philistines. "I shall etch your portrait, Swinburne," said he. "You must sit to me. It takes the infamous, you know, to make the famous famous." And he kept his word. Swinburne came over to Whistler's house in Chelsea for a day, and there Whistler made a remarkable study of him in drypoint, which Mr. Mortimer Menpes has, or did have, in his possession.

But alas! Whistler invaded the poet's own territory unwittingly with his remarkable little lecture, "Ten o'Clock." A century before Sir Joshua Reynolds had embodied many of the same ideas in his lectures at the Royal Academy, but Whistler had a more brilliant way of saying things, wherefore, though Sir Joshua's "Addresses" had been accepted without a murmur, Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'Clock" was pounced upon by the critics, and by Mr. Swinburne most severely of all, in his article which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1888. Whistler, amazed and hurt, wrote to Swinburne:

"Why, O brother! did you not consult with me before printing, in the face of a

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ribald world, that you also *misunderstand* and are capable of saying so; with vehemence and repetition.

"Have I then left no man on his legs?—and have I shot down a singer in the far off, when I thought him safe at my side?

"Cannot the man who wrote *Atalanta*—and the *Ballads* beautiful—can he not be content to spend his life with *his* work, which should be his love—and has for him no misleading doubt and darkness—that he should stray about blindly in his brother's flower-beds and bruise himself! . . . O Brother! where is thy sting! O Poet! where is thy victory!"

"How have I offended! and how shall you in the midst of your poisoned page hurl with impunity the boomerang rebuke?

" 'Paradox is discoloured by personality, and merriment is distorted by malevolence.' "

But Mr. Swinburne did not quite understand, perhaps, or he had nothing to explain, or he was tired of Mr. Whistler, or the matter is none of our business; a reconciliation was not effected, and one fine morning shortly after, at just ten o'clock, a letter from Whistler came to Swinburne's notice concluding with these words:

"Thank you, my dear! I have lost a confrère; but, then, I have gained an acquaintance—one Algernon Swinburne—'outsider—Putney.' "

Gardner C. Teall.

RECOMPENSE.

When I reflect on all thou givest me,
Beloved, in the hours I cherish so,—
The vision of love's wonders that I know
I never might have dreamed of but for thee,—
And when I look upon myself and see
How in thy tender care a soul may grow,
In gratitude I would on thee bestow
More love than in one human heart may be.

But when I gaze into thy softened eyes
At my adoring eyes reflected there,
I feel, O Love of mine! that in some wise
I may give more than I am now aware;
That my soul's ardent and insatiate prayer
May be thy lonely spirit's long-sought prize.

Elsa Barker.

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A NEW POEM BY LORD BYRON

BYRON the poet though not, perhaps, so universally read as was the case some thirty or forty years ago, is still the common property of all who take any real interest in British classical literature. Byron the man, notwithstanding that it has always been open to us to know him better through the kindly medium of his friend Tom Moore, has, it is to be feared, meant little to most modern readers beyond a kind of vague embodiment of all that was dissolute and reprobate and quite unfit to be introduced into the midst of a respectable family circle. Just lately, however, a great step has been taken towards the reawakening of our interest in him, and the showing him in his true light in the giving to the world of his Letters and Journals; a labour of love by whose fulfilment both Mr. Rowland Prothero, the editor, and Mr. John Murray, the publisher, have surely raised themselves a monument more lasting than brass. There we have Byron as he really was, in all his pathetic loneliness. It might almost be said, in his equally pathetic littleness—for, with all his undoubted talents, Byron cannot truly be reckoned amongst the world's great men—were it not that we should remember that his faults were nearly all as much of the world's making, as of his own. Vain, self-conscious, petty, passionate, peevish, even spiteful, he undeniably was, each and all in their turn; but who can wonder at that, when, after a boyhood during which his deformity was being constantly brought home to him—even his own mother, otherwise kind, not disguising her disgust at his misfortune—the world first raised him on a pedestal as a popular idol, and then as suddenly dashed him from it, execrating him for crimes at the very mention of which—weak of principle as Byron must be allowed to have been—even a ten times more dissolute man than he would have shuddered. What wonder that he became embittered, cynical, an Ishmaelite amongst his fellow men, believing every man's hand to be against him, and therefore revenging himself, and at the same time seeking consolation for his own wounded feelings, by exposing the vanity and emptiness, which as it seemed to him, lay beneath the thoughts and words and deeds of even the best of his contemporaries? What wonder, even, that branded as he was in the world's opinion with unnameable guilt, forsaken by his wife, and deprived of all those stays in life which go to the saving of a man, he should, in his very despair, have become callous to opinion, and plunged deeper into those excesses his natural inclinations for which had been so pharisaically condemned? Rather, it would seem, does the blame of his wasted life rest with those who dealt with him so thoughtlessly and unchristianly: for himself, in the nearer knowledge that we now have of him, we can surely have nothing but the sincerest pity.

With the interest in Byron thus revived, after having for so long lain comparatively dormant in the public mind by the publication of documents so intimately personal, it must naturally follow that any further relics of the man and his work which may be suspected to exist will be eagerly sought after and, when discovered, as eagerly welcomed. It may therefore be regarded as a somewhat remarkable coincidence that just about the same time that Mr. Prothero was bringing his pious work to a conclusion, the MS. fragment which forms the subject of this article should have come to light, by the purest accident, amongst a bundle of Byron's letters found in a desk formerly belonging to the late Mr. ——, Byron's close associate while they were together at Cambridge, and one of the few persons whom he counted as his intimate friends in after life.

Of the authenticity of the MS. there cannot be the smallest doubt. Besides having been found, as already said, amongst a number of Byron's letters to ——, in itself a sufficiently reasonable proof of both letters and MS. having been derived from the same source, and filed away as such, a careful comparison of the handwritings of the one and the other has shown them to be identical: while a further examination of the fragment side

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by side with previously known specimens of what may be classified as Byron's handwriting of composition reveals certain peculiarities unquestionably his own —such as the commencement of the lines with capitals of abnormal size, and the variations between the looped and unlooped "f's." That the metre in which the stanzas contained in the MS. are written is one which has come to be regarded so distinctively as Byron's own perhaps does not go for so much in the way of proof, metres being open to imitation: but the most cursory perusal will afford ample and convincing evidence of their Byronic origin, in the easy, almost conversational, flow of the language, the ingenuity of the rhymes, and, above all, the tone of intense sarcasm pervading the whole composition —sarcasm of that kind in which Byron had made himself so eminently a master, hurting the worse because as a rule so playfully, and even delicately, expressed.

The MS. is contained in three loose sheets of the hand-made note-paper of the time, used for the rough draft of the composition and the jotting down of ideas and rhymes as they might occur, and a small quarto copy book (6¼ inches by 7¾ inches) in which a fair copy has been made of the finished stanzas, with gaps of one or more pages left between stanzas, or groups of two or more stanzas, to be filled up as the poem progressed toward completion. The title of the fragment and the opening lines of the first stanza show it to have been written round the coronation of George IV., a fact which not only helps to approximately fix the date of its composition, but also seems to afford some explanation of its having been found where it was found. George IV.'s coronation was originally fixed for August 1, 1820, but was eventually postponed, on account of the difficulties arising through the claim made by the King's discarded wife, Princess Caroline, to be recognised as Queen Consort, until July 19, 1821. The intended poem must therefore have been commenced either shortly before the first of these dates, or at some period between the two, Byron in stanza 2 line 2 clearly referring to the ceremony as still to take place, and internal evidence appears to point to the first of these alternatives as being the more likely of the two. A very reasonable explanation would seem to be that the work was begun in anticipation of the coronation, and, when the ceremony was postponed, was put aside and never taken up again. At about that time we know from Moore's *Life of Byron* that —— was paying a visit to his friend at Ravenna; while in Byron's own letter of February 19, 1820, to ——, pressing the latter to come and stay with him, he speaks of a drawer full of manuscript, notably the last cantos of *Don Juan,* which he proposes that his guest shall convey for him to England. What, then, can be more likely than that, when the manuscripts were being turned over, this unfinished work should have been found among them, and that Byron, having abandoned the idea of completing it, should have acceded to ——'s request to be allowed to keep it?

Though the poem, as has already been said, was obviously suggested by the coronation, it is not quite evident from as much of it as is in complete shape whether it was intended directly as a satire against George IV. himself—a companion poem, it may be, to *The Vision of Judgment*—or whether simply as a general castigation of some of the prominent men of the day. Perhaps the most likely interpretation is that Byron had the latter purpose most chiefly in his mind when he began, but his feelings of indignation toward the King—his sympathies being wholly with George's persecuted wife—made him stray from his original object as he went on. It is not necessary to give here an account of all the rough notes, unfinished stanzas, etc., which the MSS. include (though some are shown in the reproductions in facsimile), as they will be given fully when the poem is published, as it is to be, in another form. We give below the completed portions only, with such notes as seem necessary to its understanding. The poem is called:

THE KING OF THE HUMBUGS.

I

The Coronation!—Like a Lottery puff,[1]
I'll make the word stand forward as my text,
'Twill catch the passer's eye, and that's enough—
I don't pretend that George the Fourth is fix'd.
(Who knows how soon Her Majesty 'll be off?[2]

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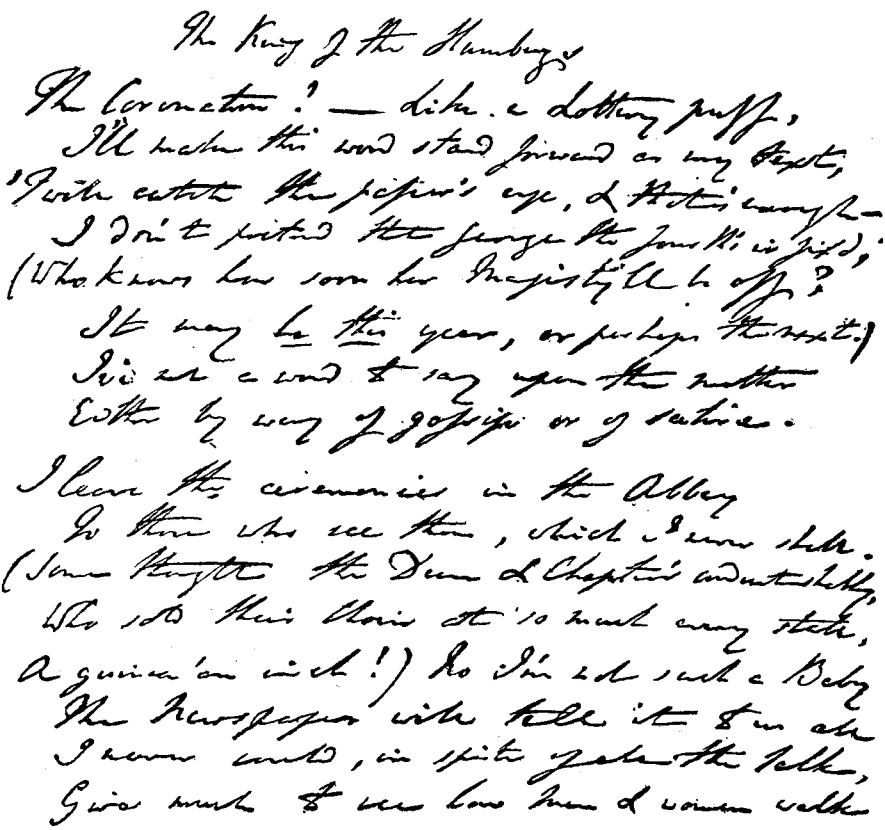

It may be this year, or perhaps the next.)
I've not a word to say upon the matter,
Either by way of gossip or of satire.

II

I leave the ceremonies in the Abbey
To those who see them, which I never shall.
(Some thought the Dean and Chapter's conduct shabby,[3]
Who sold their Choir at so much every stall,
A guinea an inch!) No, I'm not such a Baby,
The Newspaper will tell it to us all.
I never could, in spite of all the talk,
Give much to see how men and women walk.

(1) *Line* 1—"Lottery puff."—Lotteries were abolished by 6 Geo. IV. c. 60, Oct. The last was drawn Oct. 18, 1826. Hone gives a number of examples of lottery puffs in his *Every Day Book* (vol. ii., pp. 1503 *et seq*), pointing out, as Byron here insinuates, that though they might contain a large amount of matter seemingly of general interest, the sole gist of them lay in the announcement that a lottery was to take place, and an admonition to the public that it was advisable to take tickets at once.

(2) *Line* 5—"how soon Her Majesty'll be off."—This may refer, according to the date at which the poem was written, to (*a*) Princess Caroline's journey from Italy in 1820 to claim her rights as Queen; (*b*) the passing of the Bill of Pains and Penalties brought in to Parliament against her; (*c*) her departure from England, with the consequent ending of the popular agitation in her behalf.

"There can be but little doubt that had the Queen been found guilty and divorced, George IV.'s position as King would have been imperilled." Dict. Nat. Biog. *art.* Caroline of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel.

(4) *Line* 1.—"The Congress."—There had been several Congresses held in the years immediately preceding the composition of the poem, but Byron probably had most particularly in his mind those of Vienna, Nov. 3, 1614, and Carlsbad, Aug. 1, 1819, at the first of which England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia bound themselves together for the complete suppression of Napoleon, and at the second the same Powers decreed measures to curb the liberal press, etc., both of which purposes were particularly obnoxious to Byron.

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III

Then I've no taste for sitting hugger mugger.
We'll have a Coronation of our own.
You shall have tickets, we'll be vastly snugger,
Step in and see—Here is a royal crown:
But whether it is made of cake and sugar
Or Diamonds is not easy to be known,
But then in one respect we should prefer it
Before all crowns; it is adjudged to merit.

IV

To merit! What, the Congress takes no part?[4]
The Holy Alliance,[5] has that nought to say?
I thought I knew their principles by heart;
Can they sit by and see crowns given away?
Even so. Unless some one amongst them start
To win the prize, as some of them well may,
For 'tis to-day the Humbugs have appointed
To see their King elected and anointed.

V

Where are these Humbugs? O the search I've made
To find their country! 'Twas a tedious process,
I've turned to every Atlas in the trade,
Systems complete with all their texts and glosses,
I've called all Tours and Voyages to my aid.
Last in despair I turned to Captain Ross's,
Hoping to see their Kingdom marked perhaps
Somewhere near Croker's Mountains on his maps.[6]

VI

Poor Croker! It is very hard to lose
One's Mountains! But a truce with maps and charts.
For some one whispers—(Could it be my Muse?)
That Humbugs are found natives of all parts,
And scattered through all nations like the Jews,
And have, like them, great skill in little arts,
Yet not, like them, held up to scorn and laughter,
They're feasted, listened to, and followed after.

VII

Then I have known some few—It is a sect
Enjoys so much beyond mere toleration
(More even than the Catholics expect)[7]
There's scarce a post of honour in the nation,
Never a star with which they're not bedecked.

(5) *Line* 2.—"The Holy Alliance"—ratified at Paris, Sept. 26, 1815, between the Emperor of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, by which they ostensibly bound themselves, among other things, to be governed by Christian principles in all their political transactions with a view to perpetuating the peace they had achieved—an example of humbug well worthy of Byron's satire!

(6) *Lines* 6 *to* 8.—"Captain Ross—Croker's Mountains."—In 1818 Captain (afterward Rear-Admiral Sir John) Ross, R.N., was appointed commander of an expedition, consisting of the "Isabella" and "Alexander" (the latter commanded by Lieut. Parry) to endeavor to make the North West Passage through Davis Straits. The expedition resulted in the rediscovery of Baffin's Bay. Ross then attempted to go westward through Lancaster Sound, but being deceived, presumably by a mirage, he described the passage as being barred by a range of mountains which he named "Croker's Mountains," after the Secretary to the Admiralty, and returned to England. Doubts being cast on the reality of the mountains in question by Captain Sabine, a member of the scientific staff of the expedition, a hot controversy on the subject raged for some time. Byron seems to be here alluding to the weight of scientific opinion being in favour of Sabine's contention. The Admiralty next sent out another expedition under Parry, who returned in October, 1820, with proof that Ross had been too hasty in his judgment.

The Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker, author and politician, and Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830. His strong Tory prejudices, and perhaps particularly for the caustic manner in which he expresses them in *The Quarterly Review*, made him especially obnoxious to the Whig party as witness Macaulay's wholly uncalled for attack on him in his review of Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Byron, whose politics may, perhaps, be best summed up as "against the government," here seems also to consider him a proper subject for, at least, irritation.

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To have a King then of their own creation
Is but one step, nay scarce a step I doubt
When Almack's tickets fly to seek them out.[8]

* * * *

Here there occurs a hiatus in the finished copy, Byron evidently being unable to get the next stanzas to his liking. In the draft, however, there are a series of incomplete stanzas and half-worked out ideas. He seems first to have contemplated describing the procession of Humbugs. Then breaking off for a time, he turns to the consideration of the question, who is most fit to be king of the Humbugs!

The prosecution of this theme being probably for the time not congenial, Byron leaves it, to turn to the discussion of another point in his satire—the place where the coronation, or the election, of the Humbug Monarch was to be held. In this direction he was for a brief period more successful, the next three stanzas having apparently been written at once into the copy book, without any previous drafting, the sequence of the rough copy going to prove that no part of it has been lost, and such alternative readings as have occurred to Byron being inserted in the fairy copy.

(7) *Line* 3.—"More even than the Catholics expect."—Bills in favour of the Roman Catholics were frequently brought in without effect from 1813 to 1828. Pitt himself had proposed measures for their relief at intervals between 1801 and 1804, but had given them up.

(8) *Line* 8.—"Almack's"—Almack's Assembly Rooms, King Street, St. James's, erected by a Scotchman named Almack, or McCall, and opened February 12, 1765, were at first very exclusive. They were afterwards known as Willis' Rooms, and have now been utilised as a fashionable restaurant.

(9) *Line* 2.—"Easy Holland's scribbler-sheltering roof." Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Lord Holland, who restored Holland House, and there gathered round him a brilliant circle of statesmen, wits, men of letters, and other people of distinction, giving the house a European celebrity. *Cf.* "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:"

"Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
Shall Grub Street dine, while duns are kept aloof."

(10) *Line* 7.—"The Princess of Madagascar."

VIII

Some thought no properer spot could be assigned
Than easy Holland's scribbler-sheltering roof,[9]
For 'twas a haunt familiar to their kind
Where they could creep and feed and strut and puff,
All had discoursed there, and some few had dined—
But then my lord's consent was not enough:
There was the Princess too of Madagascar—[10]
And no one had the courage e'en to ask her.

IX

The number qualified was found prodigious,
And all with very palpable pretensions,
Both civil, military, and religious,
Some there had patents, others stars and pensions,
Half those who print, and with their thoughts oblige us,
The Authors of all manner of inventions
Oxford and Cambridge severally sent Messrs. . . .
With very good degrees . . . and some professors.

X

There must be room to swagger and to bluster
To bustle and look big or all will fail,
Some of the places which have been discussed are
Enough perhaps to lodge them in detail,
And by instalments—But a general muster!
No house is sure of a sufficient scale,

—Elizabeth Vassall, Lady Holland, called the Princess of Madagascar because figuring under that title in Lady Caroline Lamb's novel *Glenarvon* published in 1816, of which Byron was represented as the eponymous hero. Lady Holland had great powers of fascination, but could make herself extremely offensive to those to whom she took a dislike, and was particularly severe in her treatment of poets. Byron, supposing that she had prompted the article on his *Hours of Idleness* in the *Edinburgh Review*, satirised her in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, but afterwards made amends by dedicating *The Bride of Abydos* to her husband.

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No, not his gracious Majesty's pavilion[11]
Though that is said to have cost him near a million.

* * * *

Having achieved this much, however, Byron's ideas must have again failed him, for there is another break in the continuity of the fairy copy. That he endeavoured to follow up his temporary success is evident from the rough draft, but all that his effort resulted in were two, what Lord Halsbury would probably call "sorts of stanzas," mainly composed of suggestions of various places where the ceremony should be held.* At last he gets the idea of holding it in the now vacated booths of Smithfield fair, and goes ahead again:

(11) *Line* 7.—"His Majesty's Pavilion."—The Pavilion at Brighton, founded in 1784, and greatly enlarged between that year and 1823, on the model of the Kremlin at Moscow. In 1849 it was sold to the town of Brighton for £53,000.

*"Hobhouse and Co. spoke loud for Palace Yard
For Humbugs of reform. . . . It oft had held them and again it could
Till one objected that 'twas somewhat hard
They should take this exclusive tone
As though all others . . . . no regard
Though they were many and at least as good when each
Had styled himself the people in his speech
Patriots and sovereigns by the self same figure
Speak in the plural to appear the bigger."

"Religious humbugs throw in a word for Clapham Common
Dark the King's architect bid them not regard
Since he could knock down all between Holborn and
The Strand . . . and rebuild it in putty
Some thought the Penitentiary would do
So few people in it
If Van (?) would guarantee them from a pelting
Which the reformed inmates (penitents) sometimes dealt in
Haydon and Hoffman shew'd their Exhibitions
And puff'd their works as better far than Titian's."

The inspiration eventually dies out in the following rough notes, hurriedly jotted down to be returned to and fashioned into shape at some more propitious time:

"Twas on the day when Bartholomew Fair had ceased—'Tis not generally reckoned lucky to come a day after the fair—But in this case it was for all the Booths were to be allowed to stand and to be occupied by the novel candidates."

XI

We all I think must own a happy hit owes
Much to the aptness of the opportunity.
The Fair[12] had ceased, and Brooks's[13] and Polito's[14]
Had summoned homewards their four legged community
With Bears and Sloths with two toes and with three toes.
The Booths might now be entered with impunity,
And there they stood so handy and inviting
For all the Humbugs both to speak and write in.

It is interesting to trace the train of Byron's thought here. His first idea was to write "Pidcock's or Polito's," but it then occurred to him that the satire would be more complete if he coupled "Brooks's" with the menagerie, treating the occupants of both as so many varieties of wild beasts. When making the fair copy he, either by a slip of the pen or in a temporary fit of compunction, again wrote "Pidcock's," but, finally deciding that second thoughts were best, restored the name of the club.

(12) *Line* 3.—"The Fair."—Bartholomew Fair, held in Smithfield. The charter was granted by Henry I. in 1133. The shows were discontinued in 1850 and the fair was proclaimed for the last time in 1855.

(13) *Line* 3.—"Brooks's."—Originally a gaming club in Pall Mall, kept by Almack and afterwards by Brooks. It gradually became the leading Whig Club, and in 1778 it was removed to St. James's Street, where it still is.

(14) *Line* 3.—"Polito's."—A menagerie established at Exeter Change in the Strand, on about the same site as that occupied by the Lyceum Theatre. The proprietors of the collection were, successively, Pidcock, Polito, and Cross. On the demolition of Exeter Change the animals were removed to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. One of the chief features of the collection was "Chunee" the elephant, whose fate, when he went mad and had to be shot by a platoon of soldiers, excited as much public sympathy as the sale of "Jumbo" in more recent times.

(15) *Line* 1.—"The Bonassus."—An imaginary wild beast, encountered by the Ettrick Shepherd (James Hogg), *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, xlviii., April, 1850.

(16) *Line* 2.—"One Cæsar."—The Emperor Caligula (A.D. 37-41) made his favourite horse Incitatus Consul in ridicule of the Senate and Roman People.

(17) *Line* 8.—"One Consul at Patras."—The British Consul at Patras with whom Byron came most into contact, according to his letters, was Mr. Strani. It does not seem very clear,

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XII

Why the Bonassus[15] budged, is still a question,
Some blame him for not standing firm his ground,
And think that 'twas a plausible suggestion
To have him named a candidate, and crowned,
Since there's no clause that Humbugs must be Christian,
And though four legs has but an awkward sound,
There is no act or statute old or new
That ever has restricted Kings to two.

XIII

Nebuchadnezzar grazed and reigned on four—
One Cæsar made a Consul of his horse—[16]
Far longer ears some Consuls since have wore,
(So that the Cæsar might have chosen worse)
Whatever comes to their long ears, and more
Our Consuls nowadays write home of course.
O had Caligula preferred an ass,
He might have found one Consul at Patras.[17]
* * * *

Byron was evidently now wearying of his task, the rough draft being temporarily abandoned, and a number of attempts which seem from their sense to be little more than memoranda for rhymes are entered directly into the copy book.

But, leaving the intermediate stanzas to take care of themselves for the time being, he resumes his theme at a later point with slightly better fortune.

XIV

When Wood[18] came forward all cried out, 'tis pity
He don't try somewhere else. This won't do here.
Remember, Wood, that Smithfield's in the city,
You're known—You might get snuff-boxes elsewhere.
Some even boldly ventured to be witty,
Upon his civic or political career,
While those who knew him better as a brewer
Wished that the ingredients of his beer were fewer.

XV

This was a sweeping deathblow to the hopes (Note. Some read hops)
Of all the orators of Common Council,
Who came full charged with metaphors and tropes
Though some ways whispered that they would pronounce ill.
See how dejected honest Waithman mopes,[19]
Like one next morning after cheery bounce ill,
Squats him down quietly among the dumb ones
And looks as small as in the House of Commons.
* * * *

however, why Byron should have thus desired to pillory him, as no complaint of his conduct, official or otherwise, appears in the letters, except that when Byron was laid up ill at Patras in October, 1810, Mr. Strani seems to have temporarily annoyed him by forcing a doctor upon him. Hardly sufficient cause for a life-long grudge!

(18) *Line* 1.—"Wood."—Sir Matthew Wood, hop merchant of Southwark, became a Member of the Common Council 1802, Alderman 1807, Sheriff 1809, Lord Mayor 1815-1816, in which last capacity he suppressed by his great tact and firmness a dangerous riot in Spa Fields and as a reward was re-elected to the Mayoralty 1816-1817. During his second term of office he successfully interposed to prevent the execution of three Irishmen mistakenly condemned to death, for which act of humanity he was presented by public subscription with a handsome service of plate and received the thanks of the Corporation of Dublin. It is to this incident that Byron no doubt alludes in this stanza, and it is possible also that he has confused Spa Fields with Smithfield, but of that there can be no certainty. Wood was returned to Parliament for the City while Lord Mayor and retained his seat during ten successive Parliaments. He was one of the chief supporters and counsellors of Queen Caroline during her troubles, thereby earning for himself great popularity with the masses. He became trustee to the Duke of Kent, and it was mainly owing to his influence that Queen Victoria came to be born in England: a service which her Majesty rewarded by conferring a baronetcy upon him at the time of her first visit to the City after her accession. Sir Matthew Wood was the grandfather of General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

(19) *Line* 5.—"Waithman."—Robert Waithman, political reformer, was born at Wrexham in 1764. He came to London and speedily made a fortune. Under the influence of the French Revolution he threw himself into

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The MS., both rough draft and fairy copy, here lapses into a state very nearly approaching chaos, the remaining two stanzas given as perfect standing out as solitary columns which have resisted the wrath of the destroyer might stand out amidst a mass of ruins.

XVI

For suits and services, long, hard at work
A Court of Claims has sat in solemn "séance"—
Holland provides the King a knife and fork,
Burgess of sauces has the sole purveyance.[20]
To find him his first dish of tea Dow Cork[21]
And the Miss Berrys[22] have it in abeyance.
Hunt[23] gives an ounce of imitative (?) coffee
Worthy, he says, the Sultan or the Sophy.

XVII

Soaps (aye, if any he should chance to use)[24]
There are some fifty species to his hands—
And all with names most classic and abstruse—
Blacking from Day and Martin's in the Strand—
Waterproof coats, impenetrable shoes,
Anti-attrition if he post by land,
Or, if he prove a sailing King, air jackets
Much worn by those blown up in the steam packets.

Here the copy book version ends. There is one further effort at continuing the poem on the inner page of sheet two of the draft and a wilderness of fascinating fragments and rough notes, but out of them nothing like finished poetry can be evolved. Altogether the "find" is a decidedly interesting one. One could hardly hope to find a more instructive example of Byron's methods of work.

politics as a warm advocate of reform. He was elected to the Common Council in 1796, and in 1818 returned to Parliament, ousting the former member, Sir William Curtis, a strong Tory. At the following general election, however, Curtis regained his seat. Waithman was elected Alderman in 1818, Sheriff in 1820, and Lord Mayor in 1823. He was a man of no education, but possessed of remarkable and persuasive powers of oratory.

(20) *Line* 4.—"Burgess."—Evidently the sauce manufacturer whose tasty inventions are still with us.

(21) *Line* 5.—"Dow Cork."—Apparently intended as a familiar designation for the Dowager Lady Cork, widow of the 7th Earl of Cork and Orrery. Lady Cork was formerly Miss Monckton, Johnson's friend (*vide* "Boswell's Life" *passim*), and in after life was noted as a chief among the Bluestockings. Byron calls her in one of his letters as "that female Pidcock" in allusion to her passion for seeking out "lions" of the day. Tea was of course a standing beverage at "Blue" parties.

(22) *Line* 6.—"Miss Berrys."—Mary and Agnes Berry, the friends of Horace Walpole, who left Strawberry Hill to them jointly. Mary Berry was herself an authoress and another leader of the "Bluestockings."

(23) *Line* 7.—"Hunt."—Probably Leigh Hunt the author: but possibly Henry Hunt, the demagogue. It is not clear, however, what connection Byron can have had in his mind between either of these and coffee.

MR. ALLEN'S "THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE"

CONCEIVE of a wholesomely chastened Sterne with a comfortable sense of leisure and agreeably perverse turn of thought, plus the standpoint of an intelligent naturalist ever interpreting mankind by the light of the animal kingdom, and vice versa. Let this combination produce an impalpably light tale, pleasantly set in scenes of American rural life, and we at once have *The Kentucky Cardinal.* This was quickly followed by *Aftermath,* a sequel in the same vein, showing intensified characteristics of style. With *Summer in Arcady* Mr. Allen became firmly seated in the saddle,

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riding away on his hobby, the responsibilities of heredity; and for fear of being misunderstood he kindly explained it all in the preface. Still, his story had much charm, interest, and beauty. In fact, the author had grown even dangerously expert at describing. The sympathetic Sternian flavour showed signs of being completely superseded by Darwin and Herbert Spencer, warmed to blood heat or a trifle hotter, the style keyed very high. Mr. Allen seemed to be developing into a full fledged realist, with an exquisite manner veiling the somewhat unexquisite nature of his theme. About this time his friends may be suspected of convincing him that *Summer in Arcady* was too "steep," that even a preface recommending it as a guide to American daughters might fail to reassure the American mother. At all events, in his succeeding books, he has incontestably avoided steepness and a few other of his early characteristics along with it.

His latest publication, *The Mettle of the Pasture,* opens in one of those aristocratic Kentucky homes so frequent in fiction. The usual young lady expects the advent of her lover. He is about to receive the answer to a written proposal of marriage, and Isabel's reply is a foregone conclusion, since her affection for Rowan is such that even the patent approval of her assembled family cannot render his addresses unwelcome. She kisses them all, with that lavish exuberance often observable in young ladies who have every reason to keep their embraces for special use, absolutely including in her caresses a regular Lady Kew of a grandmother—Lady Kew with an engaging exterior, since "The very curves of her (Isabel's) neck implied generations of mothers who had valued grace."

Then comes a charming description of the girl awaiting Rowan, of dusk and evening falling on a pleasant, rural town—charming, though a little self-conscious and long, undeniably long.

The young man arrives and tells her—(this delicate interview Mr. Allen continues like the resourceful sergeant in *Punch,* "The company will now disband and immediately reform on the other side of the fence")—We infer that Rowan tells her of his past.

This is always an interesting problem, how far a man is bound to enlighten his future wife, how far it is true love and manliness to deceive her. Isabel has no doubts; she incontinently dismisses her lover, thereby giving as much trouble to old Mrs. Conyers as ever Ethel Newcome did to her baffled and efficient grandmamma, and greatly increasing the daily discomforts of a maiden aunt who in some way, unexplained by science, missed the family heritage of beauty.

After that, we see remarkably little of either Rowan or Isabel, as a perfect procession of characters is marshalled in to help or hinder their affair. Prominent among these is an elderly judge who "Praiser of a bygone time, recalled the great period of practice when he was the favourite *criminal* lawyer of the *first* families, defending *their sons* against the Commonwealth, etc." (the italics are not Mr. Allen's). A whole neighbourhood and the exact environment of each family is minutely portrayed by very deliberate narrative and lengthy philosophic conversations, in which we catch considerably more than a glimpse of Mr. Allen's views of life. From the lofty style and tone the dullest reader will gather that some underlying current of destiny is revealed in these solemn pages, but unless it is that collateral descendants of Johnathan Edwards should not cross with ordinary people of the world, a careful study of the book fails to establish exactly what this current may be. And Mr. Allen can hardly mean that. Only think what the universe would come to if both Puritan and worldly strain should be perpetually strengthened by unmodified in-breeding!

Perhaps his drift could be more easily followed if the writer had not set himself an impossible task, no less than clothing a scientific habit of thought in a garb of the most romantic language. This frequently causes odd statements to appear. "Perhaps he realised that the scientific son can never be the idol of a household until he is born of scientific parents;" and odder still, "Soldiers, illustrious in the army and navy." It would be trivial to cavil at these minor points, if the story itself were held in hand, if the people talked and behaved like people, if the really serious and vital problem presented at the beginning were seriously and fundamentally worked out: above

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all, if the whole possessed movement, interest. Movement, however, is hardly possible with incessant breaks and pauses, for the introduction of new characters, explained with elaboration, no matter how slight their function; or when the home of every family is described as if for purposes of identification, and where the better part of a chapter is made up of extracts from an ancient book of deportment. These digressions are so frequent as to suggest Mr. Allen's having started his tale and then tired of it, letting himself be beguiled into side paths, straying off into a disquisition on criminal law, into queer little irrelevant flights of imagination, rather cheap at that, as when "The chairs, the curtains, the rugs, the card table, the punch-bowl, the other walking-sticks and the rubbers and umbrellas seemed to say in affectionate chorus, 'Well, now that you are in safe for the night we feel relieved. So, good-night and pleasant dreams to you, for we are going to sleep;' and to sleep they went."

Now, talking furniture is sometimes permissible, so is a Darwinian view of humanity, but there can be no justification for binding in one cover a sentence in the preceding mode, shortly followed by another beginning: "Throughout bird and animal and insect life there runs what is recognised as the law of protective assimilation. It represents the necessity under which a creature lives to pretend to be something else, as a condition of continuing to be itself— . . . etc. Mrs. Conyers availed herself of a kind of protective assimilation when she exposed herself to the environment of Mrs. Meredith . . ." Nor can such eminently rationalistic narrative alternate with a page of personified clocks: "Then another clock in a more attenuated and cobwebbed steeple also struck ten, reaffirming the gloomy view of its resounding brother and insisting that the town clock had treated the subject with sinful levity." Points of view so incompatible cannot be driven abreast. No one can simultaneously be Ik Marvel and Bernard Shaw, and while a writer's moods are entitled to every possible indulgence, there is likewise need of some care for the feelings of a reader batted to and fro between 1840 sentiment and 1880 pseudo-science.

Even a manner as consistently homogeneous as Mr. Allen's fails to be a satisfactory medium for such irreconcilable matter, and in trying to achieve the impossible his real gifts are squandered. Moreover, he himself is wearied to the point of actual carelessness, certainly fatigue alone can explain a writer of his calibre permitting himself to say "becomingly raimented," or using "inerrant" in the sense of unerring.

If Mr. Allen were capable of no better, this gentle tale could easily pass muster as an inconsiderable production, readable, pleasantly if rather vaguely written, good to occupy an idle afternoon, not demanding serious recognition.

Granted his real gifts and capacity, granted *The White Cowl, Sister Dolorosa, The Kentucky Cardinal,* and *Summer in Arcady,* granted these, notwithstanding occasional happy epigram and skillful word-painting, it is hard to accept without demur *The Mettle of the Pasture.*

Mary Moss.

THE PROPHECY OF SAINT MALACHY

IT would be ungrateful to comment too invidiously on the discoverable shortcomings of the daily papers, when they have devoted so much of their space to gratifying our desire to know what was happening in Rome during the days when it was the centre of interest for the world. Positively, though, "high astounding terms" have been tossed about with a disregard for the most easily attainable correctness which gives one, as the French say, furiously to think; and in many cases a commentary by those who happen to know something of the matters involved has been felt to be desirable.

From time to time there flitted through the despatches vague and tantalising allu-

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sions to a certain prophecy, evidently familiar to people in Rome, and considered by them to have some definite and intelligible bearing on the election of a new Pope. It passed, apparently, under the name of Malachi; and one enjoys the thought of the conscientious newspaper man ascertaining with satisfaction that there actually was a seer of that name among the twelve minor prophets, but wondering curiously what the popes had to do with a Hebrew vaticination.

Fortunately he has managed to discover that the prophecy was not the work of this Malachi, but (as in Mark Twain's famous solution of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy) of "another fellow of the same name." Saint Malachy O'Morgair, he discovers, was not a Hebrew but an Irish prophet, who was born in 1095, occupied the archiepiscopal See of Armagh for some strenuous years, devoted to reforming the rather chaotic conditions of the Celtic Church, and died in 1148 at Clairvaux, in the arms of the great St. Bernard, his intimate friend and counsellor.

The prophecy which has been ascribed to him is in the form of a long list of mottoes, purporting to designate, in one way or another every pope from Celestine II. (1143) to the end of time. External evidence, however, is entirely lacking for Malachi's authorship. St. Bernard himself, though in the account he has left of his Irish friend he ascribes to him the gift of prophecy, knows nothing of this (if it were true) most striking instance of its exercise. The document first emerges demonstrably into light with its printing at Venice in 1895, in the *Lignum Vitae* of the learned Benedictine Arnold Wion, who himself is not prepared to support its authenticity.

The internal evidence is not much more satisfactory. The seventy-four mottoes which cover the period from 1143 to 1595 are in most cases transparently simple plays on the name, the birthplace, or the coat-of-arms of the successive popes; in one case even going so far as to give the exact Italian family name. After 1595, it must be conceded, in most cases, no slight ingenuity is required to determine the application of the mottoes; and on the whole the weight of evidence may be said to be in favour of the theory which regards the list as having been concocted with a view to influencing the choice of the conclave of 1590, and, after the irresponsible fashion of those days, commended by the assumption of a venerable name.

Allow, however, the question of authorship to be definitely settled against Malachy, and you have by no means destroyed the interest of the thing. It is at the very least one of the most singular of historical coincidences that, certainly three hundred years after the assignment of these mottoes, they should in so many cases offer so obvious an interpretation. Those which fall within the nineteenth century are most easily applied; but this may quite well be for the reason that we are more familiar with the details of that time. The points at which a phrase may touch its subject are so many that it is easy to miss the particular contact in a given case. *De balneis Etruriae,* for instance, "from the Tuscan baths," designates Gregory XVI.; and so painstaking and usually well-informed a scholar as the late Lord Bute is content to say "again there is no explanation" for this phrase. When we know, however, that Gregory was a Camaldulite, the only pope whom this branch of the Benedictine Order has given to the Church, and that the mother-house of the congregation, not far from Florence, is famous for its warm medicinal springs, the application, while it has none of the high dramatic import of some of them, is almost startling in its literal appositeness.

It is surely no strained or fanciful interpretation that sees in the mottoes for Pius VI. and Pius VII. a distinct foreshadowing of the ruthless mastery of Napoleon. *Peregrinus apostolicus* is the former, "the apostolic wanderer," dragged by the conqueror from place to place, to die finally in exile at Valence. And, besides that Pius VII. himself bore an eagle in his arms, *Aquila rapax* surely points with equal clearness to the imperial eagle, ravening for the spoil, that swooped down from the Alps on him, too, and carried him off in its talons to its eyrie at Fontainebleau.

I confess myself unable to offer any solution for the enigma which belongs to Leo XII., *Canis et coluber,* "a dog and a snake;" and the *Vir religiosus* of Pius VIII. is too general to be striking, if the epithet be taken in its wider sense, while

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it does not fit if the narrower be preferred. But when we find the name of Piux IX. placed against the motto *Crux de cruce,* we are thrown once more into the current of momentous affairs of state. "A cross from a cross"—as in so many cases, it is armorial—referring, however, not to the Pope's own bearings, but to the cross argent of the House of Savoy, which was destined to be a heavy cross indeed to the aged pontiff.

The *Lumen in cælo,* "light in heaven," which follows was supposed in the last years of Pius IX. to designate Cardinal Hohenlohe ("High light") as his successor; but the comet which the Pecci family bore in chief answered sufficiently when the election was made. It scarcely needs a word, however, to indicate the deeper meaning which the peculiarly luminous character of the whole reign of Leo XIII. gives it for us who look back on that quarter-century of wonderful accomplishment.

As in the case just mentioned, there were those who expected, after Leo's election, the working out of *Ignis ardens* by the succession of Cardinal Franchi, already classed among *papabili* in the previous conclave and secretary of state under the new reign, because his arms bore cloven tongues of fire. But Leo outlived him by twenty-five years, and one who in those days was but a humble parish priest now sits in the chair of Peter. Oddly enough, in none of the many articles which have been written on the new Pope have I seen any allusion to the coincidence which would justify us in putting Mr. Hall Caine also among the prophets—the fact that he was inspired to choose the name of Pius X. for the pope who does so many remarkable things in *The Eternal City.* It should be a compensation to him for some of the unkind words which have been said about the book, that some one has at last noticed this triumphant vindication of his prophetic insight.

It is safe to predict that the real Pius X. will not feel bound to follow in every particular the path thus obligingly traced out for him; but it is yet too early to say what meanings of the "burning fire" the course of his pontificate will disclose to us. Meantime, though it is true there is a star in the arms granted to him by his predecessor, one may desiderate a closer satisfaction of the phrase. For my own part, I am inclined to see more significance in the fact that the election was finally reached on the feast of St. Dominic—not so much because of what has been pointed out by the penetrating exegesis of the daily papers, that Dominic was "a militant saint," as because of the dream which his mother had just before his birth. It seemed to her that she brought forth a dog with a blazing torch in his mouth, who ran throughout the world, kindling a fire wherever he passed. To this day the preaching friars bear such a picture in their escutcheon, and have been known to call themselves, with a playful allusion, in the mediæval taste, to their vigilant guarding of their flocks from heresy, *Domini canes,* the watch-dogs of the Lord. There is a parallel, too, for this kind of application in the case of Innocent X., whose motto, *Jucunditas crucis,* "the joy of the Cross," has been explained by the fact that he was elected on September 14, the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross.

Religio depopulata, "religion laid waste," which is the next in order, seems likely to refer not so much to the hand-to-hand conflict between the forces of faith and those of irreligion which many acute observers foretell, as to that assault upon the outposts which the attitude of more than one civil government toward the "religious" orders, technically so called, brings nearer and nearer.

In all, there are but eight more mottoes; and then the author of the prophecy speaks no more in riddles, but rises to a solemn apocalyptic strain, to an awe-struck vision of the last things. "In the final persecution of the Holy Roman Church, Peter, a Roman, shall sit upon the throne. Amidst many tribulations shall he feed his flock, and then shall the City of the Seven Hills be destroyed, and the dread Judge shall appear to judge His people." Neale reminds us that the last monarch of Old Rome, like the first, was a Romulus, and the last Emperor of New Rome a Constantine. If history repeats itself there is a remarkable fitness in this recurrence of the name of Peter, which, since the Galilean fishermen came to Rome, his successors have constantly, out of reverence for him, declined to bear.

A. I. du P. Coleman.

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THE COPYRIGHTING OF PLAYS

ONE day I went into a book store for the purpose of purchasing a copy of Mr. Pinero's *Sweet Lavender,* my one, only, and frankly acknowledged reason for so doing being a desire to read the play, to read it to myself, and for no object whatsoever except my own personal amusement, enlightenment, and edification. I mention all these details because I found it necessary to mention them, as well as many others, before I succeeded in buying a copy of *Sweet Lavender* in that book store. "Why?" you sympathetically ask. Because *Sweet Lavender* is a copyrighted play. The clerk did not allow it to leave his hands until he had assured himself beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was not to be employed in any way, shape, or manner which could possibly be described as an infringement of Mr. Pinero's rights.

These same rights are defined, repeated, and insisted upon on the several pages preceding the first act of the printed play. "Acting rights reserved," appears in very black letters on the cover. On the first fly-leaf is a note which one is requested to "read carefully." This note begins by pointing out the dire calamities that will fall upon one's head if one dares to perform or represent the play without the "express consent" of the "author's agents"; and ends by telling one how to go about getting this necessary permission. The title page bears another reminder of the fact that *Sweet Lavender* is a copyrighted play: "Performance forbidden, and right of representation reserved." Then, as if to clinch the matter, the next page takes up the refrain, and sweepingly proclaims "All rights reserved." After winding one's way in and out of all this red tape, one finds it really delightful to reach the preface, and read that other persons have done it, and that *Sweet Lavender* actually has been "performed and represented," not only in the United States and England, but also in Australia, South Africa, the West Indies, Germany, Italy, and Russia. Mr. Pinero's copyright has evidently not defeated the purpose of his play.

But what of other dramatists and other plays? The United States statutes referring to copyrights, give the "author, or proprietor of any . . . dramatic . . . composition . . . the sole liberty of . . . publishing . . . and vending the same, and . . . of publicly performing or representing it, or causing it to be performed or represented by others." In the use of this "sole liberty" the "author or proprietor" in question sometimes does very queer things.

Miss Ellen Terry's recent appearance in America as "Madame Sans-Gêne" called one of these things to mind. As we all recollect, M. Sardou had difficulty in finding an American purchaser of the rights to *Madame Sans-Gêne.* Mr. Charles Frohman refused it, as did also Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Augustin Daly. Finally the play was bought by Miss Kathryn Kidder. Shortly afterwards Mme. Rejane made her remarkable success in it in Paris; and Mr. Daly, suddenly realizing that the title rôle was exactly what he wanted for Miss Ada Rehan, tried to secure it from Miss Kidder by offering her three times the amount she had paid for it. Miss Kidder, as some one writing about the matter says, "had the gratification of refusing." And this is the point. Wherein rested the gratification? Why should Miss Kidder have objected to Miss Rehan's playing *Madame Sans-Gêne?* Miss Kidder was brilliantly successful in the part; but surely this was no "firm reason" for desiring to withhold the right to play it from Miss Rehan. Was not that same desire, to express it very mildly, a trifle ungracious? Even Miss Terry herself, in order to play the part in America, was obliged to obtain Miss Kidder's consent, and to pay her a royalty!

"But," perhaps you say, "Miss Rehan's triumph might possibly have diminished Miss Kidder's." Did it, however? On the contrary, when finally Miss Rehan played *Madame Sans-Gêne,* her triumph being, as it turned out, a lesser one, rather increased Miss Kidder's. Had it been otherwise, need any one have feared for Miss Kidder's laurels? Mr. James O'Neill's success as D'Artagnan did not

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lessen Mr. Sothern's; nor the reverse. Year before last both Mr. Hackett and Mr. Faversham played Don Cæsar de Bazan without professionally injuring each other in the very least.

Cyrano de Bergerac was not copyrighted in this country, and many and diverse performances of it were given; no one of these neutralized or enfeebled the others; but rather the reverse. In New York, for instance, the public saw Mr. Mansfield's production, and then, for purposes of comparison, went eagerly to the Daly representation. In Boston, certain theatregoers who otherwise would not have gone to Mr. Mansfield's performance, did go because they had seen the play at the Castle Square Theatre. No modern drama has been more extensively, variously, and fully acted in this country than *Cyrano de Bergerac.* And this, because it was uncopyrighted. Had it been solely the property of Mr. Mansfield, or Mr. Daly, or indeed, any one person, how greatly would the American public have been the losers!

We saw *Cyrano de Bergerac;* and in some sort we all saw it. But what of *L'Aiglon? L'Aiglon* was copyrighted in America; and the entire right of presentation in English sold to Mr. Charles Frohman. We know the result. Mr. Frohman gave the title rôle to Miss Maude Adams. Miss Adams did much with it that was exquisitely beautiful and touching, but she did not act it; she was sweet and appealing and gentle, but she was not the Eaglet; she was a weakling, but not *the* weakling. In short, she was not Napoleon's son. Now the Eaglet was; and as Mr. Norman Hapgood would say, "really, you know, that makes a difference."

Strictly speaking, we saw *L'Aiglon* not at all. But might we not have seen it, had the play not been copyrighted? Before the play was produced, we heard various rumors of the possibility of Miss Julia Marlowe's playing the chief rôle. That Miss Marlowe did not, is to be regretted not only on our own account, but on M. Rostand's as well. Whatever else Miss Marlowe might not have been in the part, she would have been "still the Eaglet"; and isn't that just exactly the principal thing required in the acting of the part in question? M. Rostand portrayed one person, and Miss Adams quite another, and all the loveliness of the perversion cannot alter the fact that it was a perversion, and that it left us still lacking in such large measure M. Rostand's greatest play. Now, how much less would this have been the case had both Miss Marlowe and Miss Adams, and as many companies as desired, given *L'Aiglon,* as Mr. Mansfield, and the Daly company, and others gave *Cyrano de Bergerac!*

Then, that same year, there was *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's remarkable play. Mr. Jones, in pursuance of that "sole liberty" which is his legal right, disposed of the American copyright to Mr. Charles Frohman. Mr. Frohman apportioned it to his Empire Theatre stock company; and Miss Margaret Anglin took the part of Mrs. Dane for two entire seasons. Miss Anglin is an interesting actress, but the part of Mrs. Dane she unquestionably mis-acted. Her Mrs. Dane was somewhat of Camille and more of Mrs. Tanqueray. And yet, the very defence of the woman in Mr. Jones's play, lay solely in the fact that she was nothing of the one, and less than nothing of the other. The part was acted as the author did not write it; and when a part is acted as the author did not write it, it is not acted at all—is it? Therefore, we did not see *Mrs. Dane's Defence;* we merely heard the lines read, and saw nothing so much as what we were losing, and because of our copyright law, must continue to lose.

"Mrs. Fiske ought to play this," I overheard some one say at a performance of *Mrs. Dane's Defense.* "But she can't! it's copyrighted," was the reply. Alas, yes! it's copyrighted!

"Is it not a little absurd," Professor Baker, of Harvard, said recently, "that, when the first freshness is gone, plays such as Mr. Pinero's farces, his *Sweet Lavender, The Amazons,* and *The Princess and the Butterfly,* or Mr. Jones's *The Dancing Girl, The Case of Rebellious Susan,* or even *Mrs. Dane's Defence* should be shelved or handed over to the tender mercies of amateurs?" We all of course agree that it is. Isn't it more absurd, absurd to the point of grotesqueness, that plays such as any of these should be so emphatically and superabundantly protected by their copyrights, that they are shelved without being really

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acted at all? Isn't this protection rather run into the ground? When we realize our dreams of a subsidized theatre, this ill will, as Professor Baker proves, be abolished. Meanwhile, we have no subsidized theatre, and we have these copyright laws, which are so stringent that they sometimes protect a play against being so much as put on the stage; as in the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Herod.* Mr. Mansfield secured the sole right to play *Herod* in America, but he did not play it. No one else had the right; and we are still waiting for a stage representation of *Herod.* When we reflect that plays are primarily written in order that they may be acted, do we not find something childishly ridiculous in a law which prevents that acting?

It is always interesting to observe the use that people make of their rights; and in cases of dramatic rights, it is positively engrossing. One day, at a performance of Miss Maude Adams in *The Little Minister,* I innocently began to take down a line or two of the verses to Lady Babbie, which the shocked elders found on the minister's desk, and mistook for a sermon. I wished to quote the lines, and feared to trust them to my unaided memory;—all of which I explained to the attendant who informed me in sepulchral tones that the play was copyrighted, that no word of it might be taken down, much less quoted. He was very serious about the matter, and I, of course, immediately desisted. Presently, he returned, and kindly told me that if I wrote to Miss Adams, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Frohman, it was quite possible without being in the least probable that I might obtain permission to take the verses down, and even to quote them. Unfortunately, I lacked time in which to try the experiment.

Now comes the occult reason side of the story. Year before last Miss Adams had another play by Mr. Barrie, managed again by Mr. Frohman. In it was a poem again written by the hero to the heroine. The circumstances are identical in every particular. And the poem. The poem was printed in the programmes, and printed on the souvenir books, printed in the advance notices. One was not given the trouble of taking it down, and as for quoting it, one was not only allowed, but encouraged to quote it. Of course, Miss Adams, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Frohman had an unalienable right to do exactly as they chose with those two poems. We can all understand that; what puzzles me is why they chose to do as they did!

A student of modern drama and the present-day stage is hindered by the copyright law to a degree which to be thoroughly appreciated must be actually experienced. Except in a comparatively few instances, new plays and new arrangements of old plays are not published; and the playgoer is denied the practical benefits of reading them, and studying them at leisure, in the prompt-book, in addition to witnessing performances of them on the stage. Mr. Phillips's dramas are published, to be sure, and M. Rostand's, Hauptmann's, and Ibsen's. A certain degree of patience will secure copies of Mr. Pinero's; but Mr. Esmond's plays are unpublished. One may buy Mr. Clyde Fitch's *Barbara Frietchie* and *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines;* but *The Climbers,* which would be far more interesting reading, is not printed.

With new arrangements, we have Mr. Sothern's prompt-book of *Hamlet,* and Miss Adams's acting version of *Romeo and Juliet,* and Mr. Mansfield's arrangement of *King Henry V.* Miss Marlowe's version of *As You Like It* is shortly to be published, but not her arrangement of *Colombe's Birthday.* Interesting and useful as all these printed arrangements mentioned are, would not that one still unprinted be equally and signally valuable; and that, not only to all persons interested in the acted drama, but also, and especially to those persons particularly interested in the peculiarities of Robert Browning's stage-craft and dramatic expression? For my part, I do not presume to question Miss Marlowe's right to refrain from publishing her version of *Colombe's Birthday,* but I do venture to wish that she would not refrain.

That product of our present time, growing out of our dearth of creative dramatic faculty, the dramatized novel, is so carefully protected by copyright that we are unable to give it even the amount of serious consideration that it merits. Instead of the dramatization itself, in printed form, we are overwhelmed

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with reprints of the novel, embellished with photographs of the star and of scenes from the play. The reader is familiar with them; no doubt possesses several of them? There is Mrs. Fiske's edition of *Vanity Fair;* Miss Adams's edition of *The Little Minister;* Miss Marlowe's, of *When Knighthood Was in Flower;* and only yesterday I saw copies of *Soldiers of Fortune,* illustrated with Mr. Robert Edeson's photographs, exhibited as heralds, so to speak, of Mr. Edeson's next engagement.

When one is in "a holiday humour," one hugely enjoys these books, for they are charming. But we are not children, and the drama and dramatic art are great and serious forces in our national life. Shall we amuse ourselves with picture books; and study reprints of vague flash-lights of our players, and engravings of photographs of their signatures when we should be studying their plays and their playing? We hear very much regarding the proverbially low average of intelligence among theatregoers in America. Some of this we hear from critics, but most of it, after all, from the actors themselves, and from their managers. In some measure, unquestionably, it is true, but need it continue to be as largely true?

It is generally conceded that an audience at a Shakespearean production is of a higher order, as a whole, than an audience at a performance of a new play of Mr. Fitch or Captain Marshall. The reason for this is not only that those present are in many cases Shakespearean scholars, but also that they are in all cases persons who possess in some degree, however small, a knowledge of the play which they have come to see. They have come, not casually, nor because they were advised to come, but definitely, and from a motive which sprang out of their own individual preference. Certainly an audience of this kind is superior to one composed of people whom other persons' preferences have brought to the theatre; as superior as leaders are to those who follow.

Why should not all our dramatic literature, good, bad, and indifferent, be as easy of access to the reading public, as are Shakespeare's plays? Surely such a condition of things would develop and quicken, and add to the appreciative powers of the theatre-going public. Not only that; it would increase that public itself. The reading of plays inspires a desire to see them acted, just as the seeing of plays acted arouses a wish to read them.

It is to the interest of players, dramatists, and managers to make the play-going public larger, and to raise its standards of taste. There seems little doubt that a more extensive studying of the contemporary drama in printed form would materially aid their efforts in this direction. This being true, why do not players, dramatists, and managers make greater use of that "sole liberty," which the "law allows" them in this particular, and publish all their plays, dramatizations, arrangements, and adaptations?

The copyright statutes protect the dramatist, the player, and the manager only in so far as they choose to be protected; and it is readily seen that some degree of protection is necessary. In the performances of plays; even in the publication of plays, there are rights to be most strictly reserved; but granting this, is it not a little short-sighted of players, dramatists, and managers to reserve so many rights that in order to keep them, they must surrender and lose as many much more valuable privileges; and, furthermore, involve the public in that same surrender and loss?

Elizabeth McCracken.

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THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XVIII.

'GENE CRAWLEY'S SERMON.

"'Gene, 'tain't none o' my business, understan', but 'pears to me you ain't doin' a very sensible thing in hirin' out to Jestine Sherrod like this. She'd oughter have some one else down there 'tendin' to the place. You ain't the feller, take it jest how you please. She's all alone, 'cept ole Mis.' Crane, an' folks is boun' to talk, dang 'em. I don't think it's jest right fer you to be there."

"There ain't nothin' wrong in it, Martin. There ain't a thing. Do you think there is?"

"We—ll, no, not that, 'zackly, but it gives people a chanst to *say* there's somethin' wrong," said Mr. Grimes, shifting his feet uncomfortably. The two men were standing in the farmer's barnyard about a fortnight after it became generally known in the community that Jud had gone to Europe. "Y'see, ever'body reecollects that nasty thing you said down to the tollgate the night o' the weddin'. 'Tain't human natur' to fergit sitch a brag as that wuz. What a gosh-amighty fool you wuz to talk like—"

"O, I know I wuz, I know it. Don't be a throwin' it up to me, Martin. I wish to God I'd never said it. I wish I'd died while I wuz sayin' it so's I could 'a' gone right straight to hell to pay fer it. I wuz crazy mad, Martin, that's what I wuz. Ever'body knows I didn't mean it, don't they?"

"We—ll, mos' ever'body knows you couldn't kerry out yer boast, no matter ef you meant it er not. But, you c'n see fer yerself 'at your workin' over on her place ain't jest the thing, with all the talk 'at went on a couple year ago. Like 's not ever'thing's all proper an' they ain't no real harm in it, but—"

"Look here, Martin Grimes, do you mean to insinyate that it ain't proper? 'Cause ef you do, somethin's goin' to drap an' drap all-fired hard," exclaimed 'Gene, his brow darkening.

"Don't be so tetchy, 'Gene. I ain't insinyated a blame thing; cain't you see I'm tryin' to lay the hull case afore you clearly? 'Tain't no use beatin' 'round the bush, nuther. She's boun' to be compermised."

Crawley stared long and silently at a herd of cattle on the distant hillside.

"Martin," he said, at last, "that girl's made a different man of me. I ain't the same ornery cuss I wuz a couple of year ago. Anybody c'n see that. I ain't tetched a mouthful of whiskey fer purty nigh a year. Seems to me I don't keer a damn to swear—I mean I don't keer to swear any more. That one slipped out jest because talkin' to you like this kind o' takes me back to where I used to be. I go to church purty reg'lar, don't I? Well, it's all her. She's made a different man of me, I tell you, an' I wouldn't do her no wrong ef the hull world depended on it. She's the best woman that ever lived, that's what she is. An' she keers more fer Jud Sherrod's little finger than fer all the balance of the world put together. There ain't no honester girl in Clay township, an', darn me, if ever I hear anybody say anything mean a'gin her, I'll break his neck. I'm helpin' her over on the place an' she's payin' me wages, jest like she'd pay any hand, an' I don't know whose business it is but her'n an' mine."

"I know all that, 'Gene, but people don't—"

"Who in thunder is the people? A lot of old women who belong to church an' go to sociables jest to run one 'nother down, an' all the time there ain't one-tenth of 'em that ain't jealous of the women they think's goin' wrong. They're so derned selfish an' evil minded that they cain't even imagine another woman doin' somethin' that ain't right without feeling' jealous as blazes an' gittin' dissatisfied with ever'thing around 'em. You cain't tell me nothin' about these old scarecrows that keep a sign hangin' out all the time—'virture is its own reward.' Say, Martin, you don't suppose that I'm

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the *only* hired hand workin' around these parts, do you?" snarled 'Gene, malevolently.

"No, course not, but—what you mean, 'Gene?"

"I'm not the only man that's workin' on a farm where there's a woman, am I?" grated 'Gene.

"Lookee here, 'Gene, 'splain yerself. That don't sound very well," exclaimed Martin, turning a shade paler and glancing uneasily toward his own house.

"There ain't nothin' to explain, but it's somethin' to think about, Martin. You c'n tell that to all the old women you see, too, an' mebby they won't do so much thinkin' about Justine Van. That's all. If I'd waited fer any of these other women 'round here to do me a good turn, I'd be worse than I ever wuz. T'ain't in 'em, Martin; all they c'n do is to cackle an' look around to see if they got wings sproutin' on theirselves. They don't think of nobody else, unless they think bad. Justine ain't that sort, I want to tell you. Here I wuz, her enemy, an' no friend of her husband's. I'd done a hull lot o' mean things to her an' him. But did she hold it up ag'in me when the chanst come fer her to do some good fer me? No, sir, she didn't. She tole me that I had the makin' of a man in me an' then she tuck holt of me an' give me a new start. She said I wuz a beast an' a drunkard an' a coward an' a hull lot o' things, but she said I could be a good man if I'd try. So I tried an' I hadn't no idee it wuz so easy. She done it an' she don't keer no more fer me than she does fer that spotted calf of your'n over yonder. Now, I want to tell you somethin' Martin. She needs me down there on the place an' I'm goin' to stay there till she tells me to quit. Then I'm goin' to quit like a man. It don't make no difference what I said two er three year ago, either, 'cause I'm not the same man I wuz then. If Clay township don't like the way I'm doin', let 'em say so an' be done with it. Then we'll settle some scores."

Grimes shuffled his feet frequently and expectorated nervously without regard to direction or consequences during this unusually long speech. Mrs. Grimes was recognised as one of the most ravenous gossips in the neighborhood and her husband knew it. Yet he was too much in dread of Crawley's prowess to take up the cudgel in her defense. He had also suspected, years before, that she was in love with one of his "hired men"; hence, his uneasiness under 'Gene's implications.

"You better not talk too much, 'Gene," he said at last. "I'm yer friend but I cain't stave off the hull township fer you. Ef it gits out that you're makin' sitch bold talk an' braggin'—"

"Braggin'! Who's braggin'? I mean ever' word I said an' a heap sight more, too. You jest tell 'em what I said an' let 'em come to me. But if any of 'em goes to Justine with their sneakin' tales an' their cussed lies, I'll not stop to see whether it's a man er a woman. I'll wrap 'em up in a knot an' chuck 'em out into the middle of the lane."

"Now, that wouldn't be a wise thing to do, don't you see?" said Grimes, growing more and more uncomfortable. At this point it may be announced that Mr. Grimes had been deputized by his wife to convince 'Gene of the error of his way and of the wrong he was doing Justine. "You'd have the constables down here in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail."

"Old Bill Higgins an' Randy Dixon? They wouldn't try to arrest me if I wuz tied hand an' foot an' chloroformed into the bargain. But, say: there ain't no use talkin' about this thing. I want the folks to know that I'm goin' to stick to Justine an' help her out as long as I can. I'm doin' it honest an' I'm gittin' paid fer it like anybody else. Martin, I don't want to have 'em say anything ag'in her. She's as good as gold an' we all oughter be proud of her. Jud's in hard luck, I reckon. Leastwise he looked it last time he wuz here. Mebby he'll git on his feet over there in Europe, an' then he c'n do the right thing by her. But, I'll tell you, Martin, we all want to stick to her now. She's all broke up an' I c'n see she's discouraged. She wouldn't let on fer the world, allus bright an' happy, but old Mrs. Crane told me t'other day that she'd ketched her cryin' more'n onct. That gosh-darned little farm of her'n ain't payin' a thing, an' I want to tell you she needs sympathy 'nstead of hard words."

"They ain't a soul ever said anything ag'in her, 'Gene," broke in the other. "But they're apt to ef it goes on. But,

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go ahead; you know best, 'Gene, you know best."

"I don't know best, either. That's the trouble. I c'n talk to you an' sweat about it, but I don't know what to do. I'm awful worried about it. Of course, if any responsible person ever said anything wrong she could sue him in the courts, somehow er other, but she'd hate to do that," said 'Gene, reflectively. Plainly, he saw the girl's position better than his loyalty would allow him to admit. Martin started violently at the word "sue" and was from that moment silenced. He lived in terror of a law-suit and its dangers.

"D'you suppose she'd go to court?"

"She wouldn't want to, but me—me an'—me an' Jud could *coax* her to do it," said 'Gene, shrewd in an instant. "I don't reckon folks remember about the courts, do they?"

Martin pulled his nerves together sufficiently to send a long stream of tobacco juice into a knot-hole in the fence, fifteen feet away, and said:

"Well, they'd oughter remember, by ginger!"

After a few minutes of rather energetic chewing for him Martin rarely chewed tobacco vigorously because of the extravagance) he calmly reopened the conversation.

"When are you liable to git through plantin' over there?"

"In a couple of days, if it keeps dry."

"I'll let Bud Jones go over an' help you ef you need him."

"O, I c'n git along, I guess."

"I wuz thinkin' a little of sendin' Bud over this week with a couple bushels of potaters fer Jestine. Never seen sitch potaters in my born days."

"I think she's got a plenty, Martin."

"You don't say so. Well, how's she off fer turnips?"

"She could use a few bushels of turnips an' some oats an' little corn, I reckon. Dern it, I believe she's jurty nigh out of hay, too," said 'Gene, soberly.

"Tell her I'll drive over this week with some," said Martin, wiping his brown.

"She'll pay you fer the stuff when you take it over."

"I didn't 'low to ask fer pay."

"Well, she ain't askin' fer favors, either."

Martin stared down the road for some minutes.

"But I got more'n I c'n use," he said.

"If that's the case you c'n send it over an' she'll be mighty thankful. An' say, I guess I c'n use Bud to-morrow an' next day."

"We're purty busy an' I don't see how—"

"Don't send him, then. You said you'd thought of it, you know."

"I'll send him, though, come to think of it. You say pore little Jestine 'pears to be discouraged?"

"Kinder so, I should say. Poor little girl, she's—" here he leaned over and uttered an almost inaudible bit of information. Martin's eyes bulged and he gasped.

"The devil you say! Well, I'll be danged!"

'Gene started down the lane, his jaws set and hard for the moment. Suddenly he turned, and, with the first chuckle of mirth Grimes had heard from him that day, said:

"Don't fergit to send over them potaters, too, Martin."

Then he trudged rapidly away, leaving Mr. Grimes in a state bordering on collapse. Between the startling bit of information 'Gene had given him, the hint at lawsuits, the insinuation against other women in the locality and his own astounding liberality he was the most thoroughly confused farmer in Clay township. He went to the house and talked it all over with his wife and the words of advice that he gave to her savored very much of the mandatory. He dreamed that night that some one sued him for damages and got judgment for $96,000. The next day he sent a wagon-load of supplies to Justine, after which he told his wife she could not have the new "calico" he had been promising for three months.

Eugene Crawley's position on the old Van farm was queer. He was a self-appointed slave, as it were. True, he was paid wages and he was given his meals in the little kitchen where Justine and Mrs. Crane ate. That privilege was the one recompense that made slavery a charm. In his undisciplined heart there had grown a feeling of reverence for the wife of Jud Sherrod that displaced the evil love of the long ago. His love, in

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these days, was pure and hopeless. He thought only of lifting the burden that another's love had left upon her shoulders. The 'Gene Crawley of old was no more. In his place was a simple, devoted toiler, a lowly worshipper.

Against her will he had attached himself to the farm, and at last he had become indispensable. The fear with which she had once regarded him was gone with the wonderful alteration in his nature. Innocent, unsuspecting child that she was, she thought that his love had died and that it could never be awakened. She did not know the depths of his silent adoration.

At nightfall each day he trudged back to Martin Grimes's barn to sleep, and in the morning, before sunrise, he was at his post of duty again. So thoughtful was he of her welfare that he never lingered after the night's chores were done, realizing that the least indiscretion would give rise to neighborhood gossip. Their conversations were short but always free and friendly. They met only as necessity obliged and nothing could have been more decorous than their conduct. Yet 'Gene went to his little room in the barn that night with a troubled heart.

"Sure they cain't talk about her," he thought. "She's an angel, if there ever wuz one."

Months before he had said aloud to himself, off in the field, as he looked toward the house in which his fair employer lived:

"I wouldn't harm her by word er thought fer all heaven. She's honest an' I'm goin' to be. She's Jud's wife an' she loves him an' I ain't got no right to even think of lovin' her. 'Gene Crawley, you gotter give up. You gotter be honest."

And he was honest.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PURE AND THE POOR.

For four months Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Sherrod wandered over Europe. They saw Paris, Venice, Rome, Amsterdam, Brussels, Vienna, and quaint German towns, unknown to most American tourists. Celeste had visited the Old World many times before, but it was all new to her now; she was traveling with the man she loved. To Sherrod, the wonders of the land he had never hoped to see were a source of the most intense delight. His artistic, romantic nature leaped under the spur of awakening forces; his love for the beautiful, the glorious, the quaint and the curious was satiated daily. He lived in the perfect glory of the present, doggedly disregarding the past and braving everything that the future might bring forth, good or evil.

Basking in the love of this fair girl, adoring her and being adored, he lost all vestige of conscience. The shadow that hung over him on the wedding day drifted away into forgetfulness, and he saw nothing but the pleasures of life. A dread that the law would surely find him out and snatch him from the love and respect of two women, devastating the lives of both, was dissipated by degrees until scarcely a line across his brow was left to mark its course within.

Once a week he sent loving letters home to Justine, letters full of tenderness and affection. Often a mist of tears came to his eyes as he thought of her, wishing that she too might be with them on this happy tour. At times he saw his selfishness and was ashamed, but the brightness of life with Celeste overcame these touches of remorse and he sank back into the soft cushions of bliss and—forgot. Letters from Justine were rare and he kissed them passionately and read them over and over again—before he destroyed them. Here and there the Sherrods wandered, the rich and loving wife's purse the provider, dawdling and idling in dreamland.

At last she confessed to him that she was tired of the continent and was eager to get back to Chicago, where she could have him all to herself in the home over which he was to be master. So deep in luxury and forgetfulness was he, that future pain seemed impossible, and he did not even oppose her wish. But as the steamer drew away from the dock he grasped the rail and for an instant his body turned numb.

"Back to America!" he gasped, realizing at last. "My God! How long can I hold it off? What will be the end of it?"

In the meantime, Clay township was in

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a turmoil of gossip. Poor Justine was discussed from one prayer service to another, and with each succeeding session of the gossips the stories were magnified. Quite unconscious of the storm brewing about her innocent head, she struggled painfully on with her discouraging work, the dullness of life brightened once a week or so by letters from across the sea. Every night she prayed for the safe return of that husband-lover and there was no hour that did not find her picturing the delights of meeting after these months of separation.

She heard nothing of the wedding that Parson Marks and Jim Hardesty discussed months before. The few Glenville and Clay township people who saw the account in the papers may have regarded the coincidence in names remarkable, but attached no other significance to the affair. Certainly no one mentioned it to Justine. Jud's letter swept the doubts and fears from the mind of Mr. Marks and the incident was forgotten.

From her face there began to disappear the glorious colors of health; the bright eyes were deep with a new wistfulness. But her strong young figure never drooped.

At last 'Gene Crawley became aware of the gossip. He saw the sly looks, the indirect snubs, the significant pauses in conversations when he or she drew nigh. For weeks he controlled his wrath, grinding his teeth in secret over the injustice of it all. In the end, after days of indecision, he told himself that but one course was left open to him. He must leave the country.

But there was left the task of telling Justine of his resolve. Would she despise him for deserting her in the hour of greatest need? He could not tell her that scandal was driving him away for her sake. To let her know that the neighbors had accused her of being false to Jud would break her heart. To run away surreptitiously would be the act of a coward; to tell her the real reason would be cruel; to leave designedly for a better offer of wages would be base under the circumstances. In the last few weeks she had depended on him for everything; he had become indispensable.

While he was striving to evolve some skillful means of breaking the news to her gently, the populace of Clay township made ready to take the matter in its own hands. Parson Marks, to whom nearly every member of his congregation had come with stories of misconduct at the little place down the lane, finally felt obliged to call a general meeting to consider the wisest plan of action in the premises. The word was passed among the leading members of the church, and it was understood that a secret meeting would be held in the pastor's home on a certain Thursday night. Justine had a few true friends and believers, but they were not asked to be present; no word was permitted to reach the ears of either offender.

That Thursday night came and with it also came to 'Gene's troubled mind the sudden inspiration to go before the young minister and lay bare his intentions, asking his help and advice.

The "neighbors" timed their arrival at the parson's home so thoughtfully that darkness had spread over the land long before the first arrival drew up and hitched his team in the barn-lot. By half past eight o'clock there were twenty immaculate souls in the parlor and sitting-room of the parsonage, and Mrs. Ed Harbaugh, the president of the Women's Home Missionary Society, was called upon to state the object of the meeting, Mr. Marks observing that he preferred to sit as a court of appeals. A stiffer-backed gathering of human beings never assembled under the banner of the Almighty, ready to do battle for Christianity. There was saintly courage in every face and there was determination in every glance of apprehension that greeted the creaking of a door or the nicker of a horse. When Jim Hardesty, while trying to hitch his horse to a fence post in a dark corner of the barn-lot, exploded as follows: "Whoa, damn ye!" everybody shivered, and Mrs. Bolton said she wondered "how 'Gene Crawley heerd about the meetin'." Mr. Hardesty never could understand why his entrance a few minutes later was the signal for such joy.

"It's our bounding duty," said Mrs. Harbaugh in conclusion, 'to set right down as a committee an' directate a letter to Jud Sherrod, tellin' him jest how things is bein' kerried on over to his house. That pore feller is off yander in Europe or Paris some'ere's, doin' his best

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to git ahead in the world, an' his wife is back here cuttin' up as if old Satan hisself had got into her."

"But how air we to git a letter to Jed ef we don't know where he's at?" demanded Mr. Hardesty. "I been workin' fer the gover'ment long enough to know that you cain't git a letter to a feller 'nless it's properly addressed. Now, who knows where he's to be found?" The speaker looked very wise and important. The truth is, he was inclined to favor Justine, but his wife's stand in the controversy made it imperative for him to express other views.

"I sh'd think a postal card would catch him at Europe," volunteered Ezekiel Craig. Parson Marks stared at the speaker.

"But Europe is not a city, Mr. Craig," he said.

"No, of course not," exclaimed Mr. Hardesty, contemptuously. "It's an umpire."

"Well, I didn't know," murmured Mr. Craig, and his voice was not heard again until he said good-night to the door post when he left the parson's house.

"Mebby somebody could find out his address from Justine," said Mrs. Grimes. "Needn't let on what it's fer, y'see, an' thataway we couldn't take no chances on wastin' a stamp."

"I kin ast her," said Mrs. Bolton. "I'm goin' over to her house tomorry to see if I c'n borry a couple pounds o' sugar. Dear me, I never did have sitch luck with watermillon preserves as I'm havin' this year. Silas, I leave it to you if I ain't sp'iled more—"

"We ain't yere to talk about preserves, Liz, so shet up," interrupted her better half, sourly.

"That's right, Si. I wisht to gosh I could shet mine up like that," said Mr. Hardesty, enviously.

"Why Jim Hardesty, you ain't sayin' that I talk too much," cried his wife, indignantly.

"You don't say 'leven words a day, my dove," said he, arising and bowing so low that his suspenders creaked threateningly. Then he winked broadly at the assemblage and the women tittered, whereupon Mrs. Hardesty glared at them greenly.

"We are getting away from the subject, please," came the mild reproof of the pastor.

"How fer had we got?" demanded Deacon Bossman.

"We ain't got anywheres yet," said Mrs. Harbaugh. "That's what we're talkin' about, deacon."

"Hain't found out where Jud's at yet?"

"Have you been asleep?" demanded the chairman.

"I'd like to know how in thund—I mean, how in tarnation—er—how in the world I could go to sleep with all you women talkin' to onct about dresses an' so forth—"

"We ain't mentioned dress to-night," snorted the chairman. "You better 'ten to—"

"Come, come; we must get along with the business," remonstrated the pastor.

"I want to make a motion," said the postmaster, rising impressively. When he secured the attention of the crowd, he walked solemnly to the door, opened it, and expectorated upon the porch. Then, wiping his lips with the back of his hairy hand, he returned to his position in the circle.

"I move you, Mr. Cheerman—er, Mrs. Cheerman, beggin' your excuse—that we app'int a committee to see how much truth they is in these reports afore we go to puttin' our foot—er, properly speakin' —our feets in it too da—too extry deep." There was a dead silence and Jim looked serenely up at the right hand corner of the parson's clothes press, expecting the wrath of the virtuous to burst about him at any moment.

"I don't think we need any more committee than our own eyes, Jim," said his wife, feeling her way.

"Well, then, if that's the case, I move you we app'int a committee of hearts to work j'intly with the eyes," said James, soberly, still looking at the closet.

"I make an amendment," said Mrs. Bolton, sharply. "Mrs. Cheerman, I amend that we app'int a committee of three to go to Justine an' tell her this thing's got to stop an' —"

"It seems to me—" began Mr. Marks.

"I think it'd be best if we'd write to her an' sign no name," said Mrs. Grimes.

"That's a good idy," mused Mr. Bolton.

"Mrs. Cheerman, I withdraw my motion," said Hardesty. "I move you now

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that we app'int a committee composed of Mr. Bolton, Mr. Craig, an' Mr. Grimes to go an' notify 'Gene Crawley, 'nstead of her."

A mighty shiver swept through the room. The men gasped and the perspiration started on their foreheads. Their wives moved a bit closer to them and looked appealingly toward the chairman. Postmaster Hardesty had considerable difficulty in suppressing a chuckle.

"What's the use seein' 'Gene?" stammered Martin Grimes. "He ain't to be reasoned with't all, Jim, an' you know it."

"Well, you might *try* it," insisted Jim.

"I think Justine's the most likely to be sensible," said Bolton.

"Course, she'd cry an' take on turrible, while ef you went to 'Gene he might do somethin' else, so I guess it'd be best to have a committee go over an' tell her fust. She could break it gentle-like to 'Gene, y'see," agreed Hardesty, reflectively. "'N'en he could do jest as he liked."

"Come to think of it," said Grimes, 'I reckon it's best to write to Jud."

"Then I'll move you, Mrs. Chairman, that the secretary address a letter to Mr. Sherrod, setting forth the facts as they exist," said Pastor Marks.

"I can't do it alone," cried meek little Miss Cunningham, the school teacher.

"We c'n all help," said Grimes, mightily relieved. "Git out yer writin' paper."

The secretary nervously prepared to write the letter. Her pen scratched and every eye was glued on the holder as it wobbled vigorously above her knuckles.

"I've got this far: 'Judley Sherrod, Esq., Dear sir,'" she said. "What next?"

"His name is Dudley," corrected the parson.

"Oh," murmured the secretary, blushing. Then she wrote it all over again on another piece of paper.

"You might say something like this," said Mr. Marks, thoughtfully. "'It is with pain that we feel called upon to acquaint you with the state of affairs in your home.' Have you written that?"

"'Fate of astairs in your home,'" read Miss Cunningham. Mr. Hardesty was looking over her shoulder and at times his unconscious chin-wiskers tickled her rosy ear.

"'We are sure that you will forgive the nature of this missive and yet we know that it will hurt you far beyond the pain of the most cruel sword thrust. You, to whom we all extend the deepest love and respect, must prepare to receive a shock, but you must bear it with Christian fortitude.' Do I go too fast, Miss Cunningham?"

"'You, who toom—' I mean,—'to whom, etc.,'" wrote the secretary.

"Sounds like we're trying to tell him there's a death in the family," said Mr. Hardesty.

"'Your wife has been left so long to the mercies of the—' No; please change that Miss Secretary. 'Your wife has not conducted herself as a good woman should. She has forgotten her wifely honor—'"

"Good Lord!" came a hoarse voice from the hallway. The assemblage turned and saw Eugene Crawley. Jim Hardesty afterwards admitted that he did not "breathe fer so long that his lungs seemed air-tight when he finally did try to git wind into 'em."

"What's goin' on here?" grated the unwelcome visitor, after a long pause. He was half-stunned by what he had heard, having entered the hall just as the letter was begun. So intent were the others that no one heard his knock or his entrance.

"Why—why," stammered Mr. Marks, "we were—ahem—writing to—"

"I know what you were doin', so you needn't lie about it, parson. You're writin' a pack of lies to Jud Sherrod, a pack o' lies about *her*. That's what you're doin'. Who's the one that started this dirty piece of business? How'd you come to meet here this way? Why don't you answer?" snarled Crawley, stepping inside the door.

"We jest happened to drop in an'—" murmured Mr. Bolton, from behind his wife.

"You're a liar, Sam Bolton. You're all liars. You come here to ruin that poor girl forever, that's all there is to it. I come here, parson, to ask you to help me befriend her. An' what do I find? You—you, a minister of the Gospel,—helpin' these consarned cats an' dogs here to jest naturally claw that girl to pieces. You git up an' preach about charity an' love an' all that stuff in your pulpit, an'

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I set down in front an' believe you're an honest man an' mean what you say. That's what you preach, but if God lets such pups as you 'tend to His business down here He's a fool an' a sensible man had better steer clear of Him. The size of the matter is, you meal-mouthed sneak, God made a mistake when you was born. He thought you'd be a fish-worm an' he give you a fish-worm's soul. What are you goin' to do with that letter?"

"Eugene, will you let me speak earnestly to you for a few moments?" asked the young parson. He felt, uncomfortably, that he might be blushing.

"You'll have to speak earnest an' quick, too," returned the other. "Don't talk to me about my soul, parson, an' all that stuff. I c'n take care of my soul a heap sight better'n you kin, I've jest found out. So, cut it short. What you got to say for yourself, not fer me?"

"It is time you and she were made to understand the penalty your awful sin will bring down upon—"

"Stop! You c'n say what you please about me, but if you breathe a sound ag'in her I'll fergit that you're a preacher. It won't do no good to plead with you people, but all I c'n say is that she don't deserve a single harsh word from any one. She's the best woman I ever knowed, that's what she is. She's been one of your best church people an' she's as pure as an angel. That's mor'n you c'n say fer another man er woman in your congregation. Don't look mad, Mrs. Grimes. I mean what I say. You are the meanest lot of people that God ever let live, if you keep on tryin' to make her out bad. This thing's gone fer enough. I know I'm not a good man—I ain't fit to live in the same world with her—ut she's been my friend after all the ugly things I done to her an' Jud. I come here to-night, parson, to tell you I wuz goin' to leave her place an' to ask you to tell her why. Now, I'm going' to stay an' I'm goin' to make you an' all the rest of these folks go over an' tell her you're her friends.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," snapped Mrs. Harbaugh.

"Yes, you will, Mis' Marbaugh, an' you'll do it to-morrow," said 'Gene, his black eyes narrowing and gleaming at her.

"Mr. Crawley, you must certainly listen to reason," began the preacher, softly.

"Not until you listen to it yerself," was the answer. "You are committin' an outrage, an' you've *got* to stop it right now." He strode across to where Miss Cunningham sat. Pointing his finger at the partially written letter, he said: "Tear that letter up! Tear it up!"

The paper crackled and fluttered to the floor from the secretary's nerveless fingers. He picked it up himself and scattered the pieces about the table.

"Now, how many of you are goin' to kerry this thing any further?" he demanded, wheeling about and glaring at the speechless crowd. There was not a sign of response. "How many of you are goin' to treat her fair?" he went on.

"We intend to treat her fair," said Mr. Marks.

"Do you call it fair to write a letter like that?"

"'Gene's right, by ginger," cried Jim Hardesty. "Shake, 'Gene. I've been ag'in this thing all along."

"I never did approve of it," said Mr. Bolton.

"Nobody could ever make me believe 'at Justine ever done anything wrong," said Mr. Bossman, emphatically. "You know how I ojected to this thing, Maria."

The women looked nervous and ready to weep.

"Mebby we've been too hasty," said Mrs. Harbaugh, in a whining tone.

"I'm goin' over to Justine's tommory, pore girl," said Mrs. Bolton.

"I'm goin' home now," said 'Gene, "but I want to say jest this: I'll see that she gits fair play. Now, you mark that, every one of you. An' as fer you, parson, I want to say, bad as I am, that I'm too good a man to got inside your church ag'in."

He went out, slamming the door behind him. After a long pause, James Hardesty exploded:

"Who in thunder called this meetin', anyhow?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE SOCIABLE.

On the day following the meeting at the home of Parson Marks, Justine was surprised to receive visits from half a

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dozen of the leaders in the church society. Mrs. Harbaugh came first, followed soon afterwards by Mrs. Grimes. The "chairman" was graciousness itself. Crawley, from a field nearby, saw the women drive up, one by one, and a grim smile settled on his face.

"I'd like to be in the front room jest to hear what the old hens say to Jestine," he mused; "I'll bet she's the surprisedest girl in the world. I hope they don't say anything 'bout that meetin' an' what I done to 'em last night. It 'u'd hurt her terrible."

Properly subdued, Mrs. Harbaugh did a surprising thing—and no one was more surprised than she. On the way over to Justine's place the ex-chairman had been racking her brain for a motive to explain the visit—the first she ever had accorded Justine. Mrs. Harbaugh, it may be said, regarded herself as "quality," and was particular about her associates.

Mrs. Sherrod was very uncomfortable and so was Mrs. Harbaugh, during the first five minutes of that visit. They sat in the cold, dark little "front room," facing one another stiffly, uttering disjointed commonplaces. Before Mrs. Harbaugh realized what she was doing, she committed herself to an undertaking that astonished the whole neighborhood.

"Justine, I've been thinking of giving a sociable an' an oyster supper next week an' I want you to be sure to come," she said in desperation, after a long and trying silence.

Now, the truth is, such a thought had not entered Mrs. Harbaugh's head until that very moment. She felt called upon to do something to prove her friendship for the girl, but, now that she had done it, she would have given worlds to recall the impulse and the words. In her narrow heart she believed the worst of Justine. How could she reconcile her conscience to this sudden change of front? She had been the most bitter of denunciators—in fact, she herself had suggested the meeting of the night before. And now she was deliberately planning a "sociable" for the sole purpose of asking the girl to be one of her guests! Mrs. Harbaugh was beginning to wonder if her mind was affected.

Justine was speechless for a moment or two. She was not sure that she had heard aright.

"A sociable, Mrs. Harbaugh?" she asked.

"And an oyster supper," added the other, desperately.

"I—I should like to come, but—I am not sure that I can," said Justine, doubtfully. She was thinking of her scant wardrobe.

"Oh, you must come. I won't take 'no' for an answer," cried Mrs. Harbaugh, who hoped in her heart that Justine would not come. For the first time she bethought herself of the expense, then of her husband's wrath when he heard of the project. Next to the Grimeses, the Harbaughs were the "closest" people in the township.

While Justine was trying to frame excuses for not attending the party, Mrs. Harbaugh was just as earnestly explaining that "bad weather," "sickness," "unforeseen acts of Providence," and a lot of other emergencies might necessitate a postponement, but, in case nothing happened to prevent, the "sociable" would take place on "Friday night a week." Mrs. Grimes came in while the discussion was still on. When she was told of Mrs. Harbaugh's plan to entertain the "best people in the neighborhood," Mrs. Grimes made a remark that promptly decided the giving of the party.

"My sakes, Mrs. Harbaugh, how c'n you afford it? We couldn't, I know, an' I guess Martin's 'bout as well off as the next one 'round about here," she said, superciliously.

Mrs. Harbaugh bridled. "Oh, I guess we c'n afford it an 'more, too, Mrs. Grimes, if we'd 'a' mind to. I know that most people 'bout here is mightly hard up, but who's to give these pleasant little entertainments unless it's them that's in good circumstances? That's the way Mr. Harbaugh an' me feels about it."

Mrs. Harbaugh was hopelessly committed to the "sociable." Other women came in and they soon were in a great flutter of excitement over the coming event. Justine was amazed by this exhibition of interest and friendship on the part of her rich neighbors. She did not understand the significant smiles that went among the visitors as each new arrival swelled the crowd in the "front room." The look of surprise that marked each face on entering the room was succeeded almost instantly by one best de-

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scribed as "sheepish." Not a woman there but felt herself ashamed to be caught in the act of obeying 'Gene Crawley's injunction so speedily.

Bewildered, Justine promised to attend the "sociable." The meaning expressed in the sly glances, smirks, and poorly concealed sniffs escaped her notice. She did not know what everyone else knew perfectly well—that Mrs. Harbaugh's party was a peace-offering, and a sacrifice that almost drew blood from the calloused heart of the "chairman."

That evening she told 'Gene of the visitation from the "high an' mighty" (as Crawley termed the Clay "aristocrats") and she made no effort to conceal her distress.

"How can I go to the party, 'Gene?" she said in despair. "I have nothing to wear—absolutely nothing—"

"Now, that's the woman all over," scoffed Crawley, resorting to badinage. "I wouldn't let that worry me, Justine. Go ahead an' have a good time. The clothes you've got are a heap sight more becomin' th'n the fine feathers them hens wear. Lord 'a' mercy, I think they're sights!"

"But, 'Gene, it's the first time any one of them has been to see me in months," she protested, dimly conscious of distrust.

"Well, I—I guess they've been purty busy," said he, lamely. Crawley was a poor dissembler.

"Besides, I don't care to go. Jud isn't here and—and, oh, I can't see how it could give me any pleasure."

'Gene shifted from one foot to the other. He was beginning to accuse himself of adding new tribulation to Justine's heavy load. He had not anticipated such quick results from his onslaught of the night before, nor had he any means of knowing to what length the women might go in their abasement. That they had surrendered so abjectly had given him no little satisfaction until he had seen that Justine was distressed.

"You'll have a good time, Justine. Ever'body does, I reckon. Seems like they want you to come purty bad, too," he said encouragingly.

"They really did insist," she agreed, smiling faintly. Crawley's gaze wavered and then fell. Out in the barn-lot, later in the evening, he worked himself into a rare state of indignation.

"If them folks don't treat her right, over at the 'sociable,' they'd oughter be strung up," he was growling to himself. "If I thought they wuz jest doin' this to git a chanct to hurt her feelin's some way, I'd—I'd—" But he could think of nothing severe enough to meet the demand.

Mr. Harbaugh did just as his wife expected he would do when she broke the news to him. He stormed and fumed and forgot his position as a deacon of the church. Two days passed before he submitted and she was free to issue her invitations. Their social standing in the neighborhood was such that only the "best people" could be expected to enjoy their hospitality.

"How are you goin' to invite 'Gene Crawley 'thout astin' all the other hired men in the township? He hain't no better 'n the rest," argued Mr. Harbaugh, sarcastically.

"I'm not goin' to invite Mr. Crawley," said his wife firmly.

"Well, then, what air you givin' the shindig fer? I thought it was fer the purpose o' squarin' things regardin' them two."

"We are under no obligations to 'Gene. Besides, he's no gentleman. He ain't fit to step inside the parlor."

"I noticed he stepped into one t'other night, all right," grinned Mr. Harbaugh.

"I s'pose you are defendin' him," snapped his wife.

"'Pears to me he c'n keer fer himse'f purty well. He don't need no defendin'. But, say,—don't you think he'll rare up a bit if he don't git a bid to the party?"

"Well, he won't take it out o' me," she spoke, meaningly.

"Course not," he exclaimed. "That's the tarnation trouble of it; he'll take it out o' me." Mr. Harbaugh involuntarily glanced over his shoulder as though expecting Crawley to appear in the doorway as mysteriously as he had appeared on the night of the "meeting."

"It don't make any difference. You'll have to stand it, that's all. I'm not goin' to have that low-down fool in *my* house," was Mrs. Harbaugh's parting shot. The result was that Crawley was not invited—he had not expected to be—and Har-

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baugh felt obliged to "dodge" him carefully for the next two or three months.

The "Harbaugh oyster supper" was the talk of an expectant community for a full and busy week. Justine Sherrod apparently was the only person in the whole neighborhood who did not know the inside facts concerning the affair. Generally, it was said to be a "mighty nice thing in the Harbaughs," but everyone interested knew that the influence of Eugene Crawley prompted the good intentions.

Half-heartedly, the unconscious guest of honor prepared for the event. Her ever-neat though well-worn garments were gone over carefully, not to her satisfaction but to the delight of Mrs. Crane. Mr. and Mrs. Grimes stopped for her on their way over to Harbaugh's on the night of the party. Trim and straight and graceful in the old black dress that looked new, Justine sat beside the fluttering Mrs. Grimes on the "back-seat" of the "canopy top." There was a warm flush in her cheek, a half-defiant gleam in her eyes. She went to the party with the feeling in her breast that every woman there would "tear the old black dress to shreds" and in secret poke fun at her poverty. Crawley stood in the barn-door as she drove away with the Grimeses. There was something bitterly triumphant in the slow smile that uncovered the gleaming teeth as he waved a farewell to her—not to Mrs. Grimes, who was responding so eagerly.

"I'd like to be there,—jest to see how much purtier she looks than the rest," he murmured, wistfully, as he turned away to finish the evening's chores.

Despite her illness, suffering, and never-ceasing longing for Jud, she was by far the prettiest woman in the motley crowd. The men unhesitatingly commented on her "good looks," and not one of them seemed to notice that her dress was old and simple. Many a woman went home that night envious and jealous of Justine's appealing beauty. Hard as they felt toward her, they were compelled to admit that she was "quality." She was a Van—were she ever so poor.

She was young. The heartiness with which she was received, the gaiety into which she was almost dragged, beat down the shyness that marred her first half-hour. Pride retreated before good spirits, and, to her own surprise, she came to enjoy the festivities of the night.

Glenville supported one newspaper—a weekly. Its editor and publisher and general reporter was a big man in the community. He was a much bigger man than his paper. Few people in Clay township did not know the indefatigable and ubiquitous Roscoe Boswell, either personally or by reputation. His *Weekly Tomahawk,* made up largely of "boiler-plate matter" and advertisements in wonderful typography, adorned the pantry-shelves of almost every house in the township. Jim Hardesty once ironically remarked that he believed more housewives read the paper in the pantry than they did in the parlor. For his own part, he frequently caught himself spelling out the news as he "wrapped up bacon and side-meat" with sections of the *Tomahawk.* But Mr. Boswell was a big man politically and socially. His "local and personal" column and his "country correspondence" column were alive with the gossip of the district. If 'Squire Higgins painted his barn, the "news" came out in the *Tomahawk;* if Miss Phœbe Baker crossed the street to visit Mrs. Matlock the fact was published to the world—or, at least, to that part of it bounded by the Clay township lines; if our old friend and subscriber George Baughnacht drove out into the country with his new "side-bar" buggy the whole community was given to understand that it "looked suspicious" and that a "black-haired girl was fond of "buggy-riding."

Mrs. Harbaugh's party would not have been complete without the presence of Roscoe Boswell. He came with his paper-pad, his pencil, and his jokes. Incidentally, Mrs. Boswell came. She described the dresses of the ladies. Everyone was nice to Roscoe. The next issue of the *Tomahawk* was carefully read and preserved by the guests at the "sociable," for it contained a glowing account of the "swell affair," and it also had a complete list of names, including those of the children.

Now, Mr. Boswell, besides being a big man, was an observing person. He had seen a Chicago paper containing the news of the Wood-Sherrod wedding, but, like others, he was convinced that the groom was not the old Clay township boy.

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Nevertheless, he made up his mind to question Justine, when he saw her at the "sociable."

"How do you do, Mrs. Sherrod?" he greeted, just before the oysters were served. She was passing through the parlor in search of Mrs. Harbaugh.

"Why, Mr. Boswell," she said gaily. "It is quite an honor to have you with us. Is Mrs. Boswell here?"

"Yes—she'll be getting a description of your dress pretty soon," he said, glancing at the plain black. "My, but you look fine to-night," he added, observing the embarassed look in her eyes. "Black's my favorite colour. Always sets a woman off so. What do you hear from Jud?"

"He has been in Paris, Mr. Boswell, studying art, and he is very well. I heard from him a day or so ago." . .

Roscoe Boswell breathed a sigh of relief.

"How long will be be over there?" he asked.

"He is expected back this week. Perhaps I'll get a letter from him in a day or two."

"Say, would you mind letting me have the letter for publication?" cried Roscoe, quickly. "It would make great reading for his friends here. He's an awfully bright fellow, and his letter would be a corker. Won't you please send it up to me?"

"Oh, I'm sure it wouldn't be good reading, Mr. Boswell," cried Justine, flushing with pleasure. "They are mostly personal, you know, and would sound very silly to other people."

"I'll cut out the love part," he grinned, "and use nothing but the description of Paris or whatever he says about the old country."

"I don't believe he would like it, Mr. Boswell," said she, but in her mind she was wishing that one of his interesting letters could be given to the public. She wanted the people to know how splendidly he was doing.

"We'll risk that," said Roscoe conclusively. "He won't mind, and besides, he won't see it. He don't take the paper, you know. I haven't many subscribers in Chicago just now," he added, reflectively.

"He will come to see me just as soon as he gets back to Chicago and then I'll ask him about it," she said.

"Is he coming down soon?" asked the editor, going back to his original object.

"Oh, yes. He will be down in a week or two, I am sure."

"Are you—er—do you expect to go to Chicago to live?" he asked rather nervously for him.

"Yes—quite soon, I think. Mr. Sherrod is making arrangements to have me come up very shortly. He says he is getting a home ready for us on the north side. Do you know much about the north side?"

"Er—I—well, not much," murmured Roscoe Boswell, who had been in Chicago but once in his life—he had spent two days at the World's Fair. "I'm pretty well acquainted on the south side and the east side though. Great old city, ain't she?"

"I have not been there since I was a small baby, but Jud says it is wonderful."

"It'll be mighty nice for you both when Jud takes you up," said he, not knowing how to proceed. He could not bring himself to ask her if she had heard of that strange similarity in names in connection with the Chicago wedding.

"It will, indeed, and I'll be so happy. Jud wants me so much, and he'll be earning enough soon to keep us both very nicely," she said simply. Roscoe Boswell not only believed in the integrity of Jud Sherrod as she went away smiling, but he swore to himself that the stories about her and 'Gene Crawley were "infernal lies."

He saw her from time to time in the course of the evening and she seemed so blithe and happy that he knew there was no shadow in her young heart.

"I'm glad of it," he mused, forgetting to respond to Mrs. Harbaugh's question. "It would have been a thundering good story for the *Tomahawk* if it had been our Jud, old as the story is by this time, but I'm darned glad there's nothing in it." Then aloud, with a jerk: "What's that, Mrs. Harbaugh?"

Nevertheless, he could not help saying to Parson Marks just before the party came to an end:

"Mrs. Sherrod is having the time of her young life, ain't she? She's a mighty pretty thing. Jud ought to be mighty

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proud of her. Every man here's half or dead in love with her."

"We all admire her very much," said Mr. Marks with great dignity. He did not like the free and easy speech of the editor.

"I noticed a curious thing in a Chicago paper not long ago," said Boswell, whose eyes were following the girl. "Fellow with the same name as Jud's was married up there. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Not at all, Mr. Boswell," said Mr. Marks stiffly. "There are hundreds of Sherrods in Chicago; the name is a common one. I saw the same article, I presume. It so impressed me, I confess, that I took the liberty of writing to Jud Sherrod to inquire if he knew anything about it."

"You did?" cried the editor, his eyes snapping eagerly. "And did he answer?"

"He did, most assuredly."

"Well?" asked Boswell, as the pastor paused. "What did he say?"

"He said that he knew nothing about it except what he had seen in the papers, that's all."

"That's just what I thought," said the editor, emphatically. "I knew it wasn't our Jud."

"How could it be our Jud? He has a wife," said the minister severely.

"Well, such things do happen, Parson," said Boswell somewhat defiantly. "You hear of them every day; papers are full of them."

"You may rest assured that Jud Sherrod is not that sort of a boy. I married him and Justine Van, and I know them both," said Mr. Marks, with final scorn, and went away.

"These darn-fool preachers think they know everything," muttered Boswell.

When the Grimeses set Justine down at her gate just before midnight, 'Gene Crawley, who stood unseen in the shadow of the lilac bush, waited breathlessly for the sign that might tell him how she had fared among the Philistines.

All the evening he had been anxious. He could not put away the fear that she might be mistreated or slighted in some way up at Harbaugh's. But his heart jumped with joy when he heard her voice.

"Good-night," called Justine as she sprang lightly to the ground. "I've had such a good time, Mrs. Grimes. And it was good of you to take me over with you."

There was no mistaking the ring in her voice. Crawley's deep breath of relief seemed to himself almost audible.

"I thought you was having a right good time, Justine," said Martin Grimes with a laugh. "You cut in pretty free."

"Well, it was an awfully nice party," said Mrs. Grimes. "Everybody seemed to enjoy it."

"I'm so glad I went. Thank you, ever so much," Justine said, and there was a song in her voice.

Her step was light and full of life as she sped up the path to the door of the cottage.

"Thank the Lord," thought 'Gene, as he strode off into the night, "I guess it was all right for her, after all. She's been happy to-night."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMING IN THE NIGHT

Soon after their return to Chicago Celeste began to observe changes in her husband's manner. He gave up newspaper illustrating and went in for water colours, and began to take lessons in oil painting. The cleverness of Jud Sherrod, the boy, was not wanting in the man. In a short time the born artist in him was mastering the difficulties of colour and he was painting in a manner that surprised not only his critical friends but himself. He toiled hard and faithfully; his little studio on the top floor of their home was always a place of activity.

Feverishly he began these first attempts at colouring, Celeste his only critic. With loving yet honest eyes she saw the faults, the virtues and the improvement. He worked day and night despite her expostulations. The bright eyes he turned to her when he took them from the canvas were not the gray, hungry ones that dulled into reverie when he was alone with his pigments. His eyes saw two dancing faces in the colours as he spread them; one dark, distressed and weary, the other fair, bright and happy.

There came to him a powerful desire to see Justine, but with it the fear that he could not leave her if again he felt her presence touching his. For an hour at

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a time, day after day, he would hold Celeste in his arms, uttering no word, stroking her hair, caressing her face, gloomily repentant. The enormity of his mistake —he would not call it crime—had come full upon him. It was not that he had broken the laws of the land, but that he had deceived—deceived.

Men about town remarked the change and wondered. Douglass Converse, in anxiety, sought to ascertain the cause, fearing to find Celeste unhappy. She was, beyond doubt, blissfully happy, and he fell back upon the old solution: Sherrod was not well. The latter, in response to blunt questioning, told him he was not sick, not tired, not worried, but his heart quaked with the discovery that the eyes of his friends were upon him and always questioning.

"Dudley, dear, let us go to Florida next month," said Celeste one night as they drove home from the theatre. He had drooped moodily through the play and had been silent as they whirled along in the carriage. In casting about for the cause of his new apparent weariness she ascribed it to overwork.

"Do you really want to go, Celeste?" he asked, tenderly. "Will the stay down there do you good?"

"I want to get away from Chicago for awhile. I want to be where it is bright and warm. Why should we stay here through all this wretched winter when it is so easy to go to such a delightful place? You must finish your picture in time to start next month. You don't know how happy it will make me."

If he could only take Justine with them! That longing swelled his heart almost to the bursting. "If Justine could only enjoy it all with me," he groaned to himself. "If she could go! If she could go where it is warm and bright! If I could have them both with me there could be no more darkness, no more chill, no more unhappiness."

As the days dragged along, nearer and nearer the date set for the departure for Florida, he grew moodier, more dejected. But one thought filled his mind, the abdonment of Justine; not regret for the wrong he was doing Celeste, but remorse for the wrong he was doing Justine. Sleepless nights found him seeing her slaving, half-frozen, on that wretched farm, far from the bright world he had enjoyed and she would have enjoyed.

At last, a week before the day set for their departure for Florida he reached a sudden determination. He would see Justine, he would go to her in the night and kiss her and take her up in his arms and bear her to Chicago with him, there to—but no! He could not do that! He could only kiss her and take her in his arms and then steal back to the other one, a dastard. There could be but one, and it was for him to choose between them.

He wondered if he could go back to the farm and live, if he could give up all he had won, if he could confess his error to Justine, if he could desert Celeste, if he could live without both of them. Selfishness told him to relinquish Justine, honour told him to strip the shackles from Celeste, even though the action broke her heart.

Then there came to his heart the design of the coward, and he could not get away from its horrible influence. It battled down manly resistance, it overthrew every courageous impulse, it made of him a weak, forceless, unresisting slave. With the fever of this malignant impulse in his blood, he stealthily began the laying of plans that were to end his troubles. But one person would be left to suffer and to wonder and she might never know the truth.

One dark night there descended from the railway coach at Glenville a roughly clad man whose appearance was that of a stranger, but whose actions were those of one familiar with the dark surroundings. There had been few changes in Glenville since the day on which Jud Sherrod left the place for the big city on the lake, but there had been a wondrous change in the man who was returning, under cover of night, to the quaint, old-fashioned home of his boyhood. He had gone away an eager, buoyant youth, strong and ambitious; he was coming back a heartsick, miserable old man, skulking and crafty.

Through unused lanes, across dark, almost forgotten fields, frozen and bleak, he sped, his straining eyes bent upon the blackness ahead, fearfully searching for the first faint flicker in a certain window. He did not know how long it took him to cover the miles that lay between the vil-

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lage and the forlorn cottage in the winter-swept lane. He had carefully concealed his face from the station-men and there were so few people abroad in that freezing night that no one knew of the return of Justine's long absent husband. His journey across the fields was accomplished almost before he knew it had begun, so full was his mind of the purpose that brought him there. Every sound startled and unnerved him, yet he hurried on unswervingly. He was going to the end of it all.

At last he came to the fence that separated Justine's little farm from the broad acres of David Strong. Scarce half a mile away stood the cottage, hidden in the night. He knew it was there and he knew that a light shone from a window on the side of the house farthest from him. It was there that she loved to sit, and, as it was not yet ten o'clock, she could not have gone to bed. He swerved to the south and by a wide detour came to the garden fence that he had built in the days gone by. As he slunk past the corner of the barn his gaze fell upon the lighted window.

He clung to the fence and gazed intently at the square blotch of yellow in the blackness. She was there! In that room! His Justine! For a moment his resolution wavered. Then he doggedly turned his back upon the kindly glimmer in her window, and looked into the shadow. He did not dare to look again upon the loving light that stretched its warmth out to him as he shuddered and cringed on the threshold of his own home, almost within the clasp of those adoring arms.

But with his back to her, his face to the darkness, he waited, waited, waited. It seemed to him that hours passed before he dared again to face the house, fearing that another glimpse of her light would break his resolution. His mind was a blank save for one tense thought—the one great thought that had drawn him from one woman to the other. He thought only of the moment when the light in the window should disappear, when stillness should be in Justine's bedchamber, when no accusing eye could look upon what was to follow. His numb fingers felt for the knife that lay sheathed in his overcoat pocket, and he shuddered as they touched it.

His eyes again turned apprehensively toward the house. The window was dark; he could see nothing except the dense outlines of the square little building against the black sky. There was a dead chill in the air. The silence weighed upon him. He made a stealthy way to the weather boards of the house. The touch of his numb fingers against the frosty wood was uncanny, and he drew his hand sharply away. For a moment he paused and his crouching form straightened with a sudden consciousness of its position. The deepest revulsion swept over him, the most inordinate shame and horror. Why was he coming to her in the dead of night, like an assassin, sneaking, cringing, shivering. With a groan he recklessly strode forward to the dark window frame. His fingers touched the glass of two or three panes, then the rags that kept the wind out of others. In there she was lying asleep, alone, breathing softly, dreaming of him perhaps. He was within ten feet of that dear, unconscious body, and she was sweetly alive—a tender breathing thing that loved him better than life. Alive, and he had come to take life away from her! He had come to steal the only thing that was left to her—her life.

With wild eyes he sought to penetrate the darkness beyond the glass. As plainly as if it were broad daylight his imagination revealed to him the interior of the bare room. There were his drawings on the walls; the worn ingrain carpet of green and red; the old rocking-chair and the two cane-bottom chairs; the walnut stand with its simple cover of white muslin, the prayer-book and the kerosene lamp; Justine's little work-basket with its yarn, its knitting, its thread, thimble, patch-pieces, and the scissors. Across the back of a chair hung her pitifully unfashionable dress of calico, her white underskirt, her thick petticoat; beside the bed stood the heavy, well-worn shoes with her black stockings lying limp and lifeless across them. The white coverlet, rumpled and ridged by the lithe figure that snuggled underneath; the brown hair, the sweet, tired face with its closed eyes, sunk in the broad pillow; the gentle breathing, the regular movement of the covers that stretched across the warm, slumbering body; the brown, strong hand that wore his ring resting beside the cheek of the sleeper—a sudden eag-

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erness to clasp the hand, to hold it firm, to protect it from something, came to him. He wondered for a moment why she should need protection—before he remembered.

How could he live without her? The folly of trying to do so! Better, far better, that he should die and take her with him, leaving the other to wonder and at last find her young way back to happiness through forgetfulness. Foresworn to end his own misery and to destroy every possible chance that might convey his faithlessness to the trusting Justine, he had slunk away from the city, bidding farewell to the world that had weakened him, and was now clinging to her window sill with love and murder in his heart. He had come to kill her and to kill himself. He must have it over. There was no other way. His legs trembled as he sped on to the kitchen door. The door was bolted and he sought the narrow window. It moved under his effort, creaking treacherously, but he did not pause. A half-dead fire smouldered in the kitchen stove—their kitchen stove—and he sank beside it, craving its friendly warmth. He crouched there for many minutes, steeling himself for what was to come. Indecision and weakness assailed him again and again, but he overcame them; the fear of death made him cast glances over his shoulder, but he set his teeth; the terror of crime shook him, but he fought it away. There was but one way to end the tragedy, there was but one way to save Justine. It would be over in a moment; there was relief in that.

How he crept through the kitchen and the dark sitting-room he did not know, but at last he found himself, breathless and pulseless at her door. Then came the stunning thought: was she alone in the room? Was old Mrs. Crane with her or was she in the little half-story room at the head of the stairs? He shrank back to the kitchen noiselessly. Groping his way to the table he ran his hand over its surface until it touched the candlestick that he knew was there, as well as if he had seen it. He lighted the candle from the flickering blue flame in the stove, and, shading it with his hand, glided swiftly to her door.

After what seemed an hour of irresolution he softly pressed the latch. The almost imperceptible noise sounded like a crash of thunder in his sensitive ears, but the door swung slowly open and he stood in his wife's room. Yes! There was the bed and there was the mass of brown hair and the white, blurred face, and—

But what was that noise? His heart stopped beating—his wide eyes saw Justine's hand slowly stretch out and, as if its owner were acting in her sleep, apparently tuck in the covers on the side of the bed nearest the wall. A faint, smothered wail came to his ears. There was no mistaking the sound.

A baby!

As he stood there in the doorway, frozen to the spot, the candle in one hand, the knife in the other, Justine moved suddenly and in a moment was staring at him with wide, terrified eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FIRST-BORN.

Slowly she half raised herself from the pillow, her right arm going out as if to shield the tiny bit of life beside her, her great eyes staring at the intruder; the inclination to shriek was met by the paralysis of every faculty, and she could do no more than moan once in her fear. The eyes of the tall, gaunt man, upon whose face the fitful light of the candle threw weird shadows, held her motionless.

"Wha—what do you want?" she finally whispered.

"Justine, don't you—don't you know me?" he asked, hoarsely, not conscious of the question, motionless in the doorway.

"Oh, oh," she moaned tremuously, and then her hand was stretched toward him, wonder, uncertainty, fear in her eyes.

"I am Jud—Jud; don't you know me? Don't be frightened," he went on mechanically.

"It is a dream—oh, it is a dream," she whispered.

"No, no! I thought you were asleep. Don't look at me, Justine, don't look at me! I cannot do it—I cannot!" He fell back against the wall, the knife clattering to the floor. Half convinced, now that she was thoroughly awake, Justine pressed her hand to her eyes and then,

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suddenly, with a glad cry, threw back the bed covers and sprang to the floor.

"Don't come near me," he cried, drawing back. She paused in amazement.

"What is it, Jud—what is it?" she cried. "Why are you here? What has happened?" The candle dropped from his nerveless fingers.

"Justine!" he groaned, stricken with terror in the darkness.

An instant later he felt her warm arms about him and her trembling voice was pleading with him to tell her what had happened. He was next conscious of lying back in the old rocker, listlessly watching her relight the candle. It was freezing cold in the room. His lips and cheeks were warm where she had kissed them. And he had thought to touch her dear, loving lips only after they were cold in the death he was bringing.

"Tell me, Jud, dear Jud," she cried, dropping to her knees beside him, her hands clutching his shoulders. Even in the dim, uncertain light he could see how thin and wan she had grown—he could see the suffering of months. A muffled wail come from the bed and her face turned instantly in that direction. His hand fell heavily upon hers.

"Whose child is that?" he demanded harshly. She looked up into his face with a quick, startled glance, the bewildered expression in her eyes slowly giving way to one of pain.

"Why, Jud!" she cried, shrinking back. Her honest brown eyes searched his face.

"Is it mine?" he asked, blind with suspicion.

"How could it be any one's but—oh, Jud Sherrod! Do you mean that—that—you don't think he is—my husband, do you think that of me?" she whispered, slowly sinking away from him.

"I—I—you did not tell me," he muttered, dazed and bewildered. "How was I to know?"

"Oh, I have loved you so long and so truly," she faltered. A sob of shame and anguish choked her as she arose and turned dizzily toward the bed. She threw herself face downward upon it, her arms across the sleeping babe, and burst out into weeping.

Startled into sanity by the violence of her grief, he cast himself on his knees beside the bed.

"I was mad, crazy, Justine," he cried. She shuddered as his hands and arms touched her. "My wife, my girl, don't shrink from me like that. I did not mean it, I did not know what I was saying. Look up, Justine, my Justine!" He seized her hand and covered it with kisses. At first she struggled to withdraw it; then suddenly abandoned it to him. Presently she pressed it against his lips, and then, in an instant, her face was turned toward him, the cheeks wet, the eyes swimming.

"Oh, Jud, you did not think it, I know you didn't," she choked out, and sobbed again as he lifted and clasped her to his breast. In that moment he forgot his dreadful mission, forgot the baby and the misery of everything, and she was happier than she had been in months. Once more the tender and thoughtful Jud, he drew the covers over her shivering body and tucked them in while she smiled happily up into his wan face.

"Don't you want to see the baby, dear?" she asked timidly, after a long time. He had seated himself on the side of the bed, his coat collar turned up about his chilled throat, his red hands clasped under his arms. "He is three months old, Jud, and you never knew. It is so strange you did not receive my letter. I could not write, though, for many weeks, I was so weak. Oh, Jud, you don't know how much I have suffered."

It was the first complaint she had ever expressed to him in all those weary, despairing months of loneliness and privation, and he covered his face with his hands. She drew them gently away, so that he might look at the baby. It was with a feeling of shame that he first saw his child. Young as it was, it bore the features of its father; there could be no doubt. He gazed upon the little face and the clenched fists, and a deep reverence came to him. Pity for the baby, the mother and himself overcame him, and he dropped his head upon Justine's shoulder.

"Justine, forgive me, forgive me," he sobbed.

'There is nothing to forgive, dear. Don't cry," she said softly. "It will all come right some day and we'll be so proud of the boy. Isn't he strong? Just

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feel of his little arms. And isn't he just like you? I hope he will grow up to be as good and as strong as you, Jud." He looked dumbly into her eyes, still dewey with tears, and dropped his own, lest she should see the deceit in them. But she was not looking for deceit.

"You are so cold, dear," she went on, "and you look so ill and tired. Come to bed and let me get up and make some hot coffee for you. Why, Jud, it is past midnight, and it is bitterly cold outside. How did you come from Glenville?"

"I walked," he answered wearily.

"Walked?" she cried. "Why, Jud, what is wrong? Why are you here? Has anything happened to you?" Her voice was sharp with dread.

"I am the most wretched man in the world, Justine."

"Tell me all about it, Jud; let me help you. Don't look like that! It must be all right, dear, now that we are together. All three, Jud." She went on cheerily. I would not even name him before you came, but I want you to call him Dudley." He felt the loving arms tighten about his neck and there came the eager desire to confess everything and to beg her to hide from the world with him in some place where he could never be found out. The love for Celeste was deep, but it was not like this love for Justine. He must keep it. The other might go; he and Justine and the baby would go away together. But not yet. Justine must not know, after all—at least not yet.

"Everything has gone wrong, dear, and I had nothing to live for," he began warily, and then with a skill that surprised him he rushed through with a story that drew the deepest pity from his listener and gave him a breathing spell in which to develop a plan for the future.

"You will loathe and despise me, Justine, but I couldn't bear the thought of going into the hereafter without you," he said, after he had confessed his object in coming. "I had failed in everything and life wasn't worth living. My position is gone, I have no money and I don't seem to be able to find work. You were everything in the world to me and you were so proud of me. I just couldn't come back here and tell you that I had failed after all the chances I have had. When I opened your door to-night I had that knife in my hand. Do not be afraid, dearest; it is all over, and we'll live to be happy yet. God help me, I was going to kill you while you slept, kiss you to prove to your departing soul that I loved you, and that it was not hate that inspired the deed, and then, the blade, wet with your dear blood, was to find its way to my heart. Thank God, you awoke. Had it not been for that we would be lying here dead and our boy, hidden in the bed, would have escaped my hand only to be thrown upon the world, a helpless orphan. But God has helped me to-night, and He will not again forget me. With His help and your love, I will go forth again with new courage and I'll win my way."

She shuddered and thanked God alternately during his story, and when he paused after the firm declaration to win his way she cried:

"You have been brave so long and I have been brave, too, Jud. Why should we give up the fight? I have hardly enough to eat in the house, and I have endured more than seemed just from our loving God, but I did not forget that I have you and you are everything. It has been hard, terribly hard, but I did not give up."

Then she confessed her secret, timorously at first, then eagerly, pleadingly. She told him of 'Gene Crawley's reformation, his kindness, his real nobility, expecting at the outset that Jud would be angry and displeased. But he was thinking of the future, not of the past or the present. After a moment or two of surprise and chagrin he accepted her course in regard to Crawley as a natural condition, and, trusting her implicitly, found no fault with her action. He went so far as to credit Crawley with more manhood than he had suspected. A flood of joy enveloped her when she saw that he was reconciled; the weight of her only deception was lifted from her troubled heart.

Already he was thinking of the ordeal ahead of him: the return to Celeste, the confession of his duplicity, his plea for forgiveness and leniency, and then the life of peace and solitude with Justine and the boy. He knew that Celeste's heart would be crushed, but it was the only way back to the path of

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honour. Justine should never know of his marriage to Celeste; that was the one thing the honest, virtuous country girl would not forgive. He even found himself, as he always was in emergencies, impatient to have the ordeal over, to know his fate, to give torture to one that he might be happy with the other. With the arms of the real wife about his neck, he trembled with the desire to be off to the side of the deceived one, there to unmask himself, to grovel at her feet and then to fly from the world. How he could face Celeste he knew not, but he must do it. There seemed no way to lighten the blow he must deal and there seemed no escape from it. He was a bigamist, a criminal.

To leave her without an explanation would result in a tireless search, inspired by her love; the discovery of his duplicity by the police would mean conviction; even Celeste could not save him. Shrewdly he brought himself to believe that, though she could not forgive him, she would release him to avoid a scandal. He knew that he must play out to the end his rôle of the coward and the supplicant and the liar.

(*To be continued.*)

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Be Sweethearts Now As Then.

Alas! that vows should broken be,
And hearts disdainful grow,
That love should from the cottage flee,
Or bitter winds should blow;
Her once kind words should sting like whips,
And he should never see
The winning smile on tiny lips
Of children at his knee.

But years of youth are all too fleet,
The fires of love grow cold,
And winter with its snow and sleet
Bedims the summer's gold.
The raven locks are streaked with grey,
And brows are seamed with care—
O, thou whose heart is changing! pray
Think once of springtime fair.

What though the years have left their trace,
And sorrows thick and fast
Have clouded thy once beaming face?—
Life's storms will soon be past.
What though thy load seems hard to bear,
And griefs thy pathway strew?
Remember—she—the woman's share
Of burden bears with you.

Recall the half-forgotten tunes
That once she used to sing;
Remember now the dear, dead Junes
When life was blossoming.
Let no day's sun set on thy wrath—
Each hour with kindness fill;
'Twill smooth the end of life's rough path
When those dear hands are still.

Remember now the wicket gate,
Where purple lilacs grew;
The robin chose his russet mate—
He won thy love from you.
And thou, in all thy manly pride,
Thy youth renew again,
Recall the days of life's spring-tide—
Be sweethearts now as then.

George N. Lowe.

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THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Zebadiah Sartwell. By Dr. S. Paige Johnson.

A rustic novel. One David H. Beecher says of it: "Better than Eben Holden or David Harum," and the publishers say that "Zeb is one of the most unique and lovable types of a rustic wit in all literature." There is really nothing to add to these statements, beyond pointing out to the publishers that this absurd method of exploitation has outlived its usefulness.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The One Woman. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Mr. Dixon's new novel which received considerable advance notice, and which at the present time is attracting attention. Mr. Dixon's previous book, The Leopard's Spots, continues on its prosperous way. A review of The One Woman will be found in a later number of The Bookman.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Ireland and Her Story. By Justin McCarthy.

A short history of the Irish people. In a prefatory note, Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy writes: "The angry time has already passed when no Irishman could read with patience and profit a history of his native land by an Irishman of other politics than his own, and when the predominant partner was inclined to shut his ears to both."

Harper and Brothers:

The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company. By Gilbert Holland Montague.

A study of the Standard Oil Company from its beginning in 1865 down to the present time.

Macmillan Company:

The City of God. By St. Augustine. Translated by John Healey. In Three Volumes.

These little volumes are brought out in the Temple Classic Series of which Messrs. Dent and Company are the publishers in London and the Macmillans in this country.

Philip. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Two Volumes.

New volumes in the Dent edition, edited by Walter Jerrold, and illustrated by Charles E. Brock. "A Shabby Genteel Story" is prefixed in volume I. We shall say more of this series later.

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London.

A story which has done much to augment Mr. London's reputation. The tale has for its hero a dog named Buck, a cross between at St. Bernard and a Scotch shepherd. Mr. London gives a vivid picture of the primeval life of the Klondike after the gold fever set in. The story was greatly praised during its serial run in the Saturday Evening Post, and will be discussed at greater length in this magazine.

The Saint of the Dragon's Dale. A Fantastic Tale. By William Stearns Davis.

The fifth volume in the Macmillan Little Novel Series. Mr. Davis will be remembered as the author of "A Friend of Cæsar" and "God Wills It."

Putnam's Sons:

Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec. By Justin H. Smith.

The author of this book, a professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, has written a history of the American invasion of Canada in 1775 and 1776. The book contains a number of maps and a reprint of Benedict Arnold's Journal.

Francis Adrian van der Kemp. Edited, with an historical sketch, by Helen Lincklaen Fairchild.

An autobiography covering a period from 1752 to 1829. Although portions of this autobiography have appeared both in this country and in Holland, it is believed to have appeared entire in print but once, in 1837, in an English periodical. The volume contains a number of extracts from Mr. van der Kemp's correspondence.

Revell and Company:

The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson. By John Kelman, Jr., M.A.

The author of this book is a preacher in Edinburgh, and he has been called the legitimate successor of Professor Drummond. The Rev. Mr. Kelman's study of Stevenson from a religious point of view is, therefore, of particular interest.

Scribner:

The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith. The Under Dog. Volume X.

Mr. Smith's latest collection of short stories may be found in this volume. The edition, which is sold by subscription only, is complete in ten volumes. The publishers call it the "Beacon Edition" in

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honour of the author's prominence as an engineer and as a builder of lighthouses.

Cooke:

Tales in Metre, and Other Poems. By Frederic Crowninshield.

A collection of poems limited to an edition of one hundred and fifty. Mr. Crowninshield is the well known mural painter as well as the author of "A Painter's Moods" and "Pictoris Carmina."

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Tools and Machines. By Charles Barnard.

A book of instruction for boys and girls on the practical use of various kinds of tools. Mr. Barnard is an editorial contributor to the Century Dictionary.

Stories from the Hebrew. By Josephine Woodbury Heermans.

A text-book for use as a supplementary reader in the public schools.

Holt and Company:

A Duke and His Double. By Edward S. Van Zile.

An amusing little tale of New York life to-day that contains the elements of a pretty good comedy. The Duke's double is, as a matter of course, a mystery.

Treat and Company:

Plain Hints for Busy Mothers. By Marianna Wheeler.

A paper covered handbook by the Superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York, and author of "The Baby."

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Sociable Ghost. Written down by Olive Harper and Another.

A sensational looking novel, described in the sub-title as the adventures of a reporter who was invited by the Sociable Ghost to a grand banquet, ball, and convention, under the ground of old Trinity Churchyard. In the illustrations skeletons figure conspicuously.

Comrade Publishing Company:

Revolutionary Essays in Socialist Faith and Fancy. By Peter E. Burrowes.

A collection of fifty-six essays which are certainly revolutionary in character.

Naturalism in the Recent German Drama. With Special Reference to Gerhart Hauptmann. By Alfred Stoeckius, A.M.

A pamphlet "submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in the Faculty of Philosophy, Columbia University."

Miss Träumerei. A Weimar Idyl. By Albert Morris Bagby.

A novel which is now in its fourth edition, and which has been published by the author. Lizst figures in the story, and the illustrations show in his Music Room, his Sleeping Room, and his Monument in the Grand Ducal Park.

Boston.

Ginn and Company:

Boston. A Guide Book. By Edwin M. Bacon.

This Guide Book was prepared for the Convention of the National Education Association, July 6-10, 1903.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

A Parish of Two. By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins.

A story told in letters which pass between an invalid clergyman and his man-of-the-world friend. "Percy Collins" is a pen name. The idea of two men writing to each other has also been carried out in The Kempton-Wace Letters, although it is pretty generally known that in that book one of the correspondents is a woman.

Andy Barr. By Willis B. Hawkins.

A story of the lives of two boys up to the time when they fight for their country in the Civil War. The scenes are laid in a small village, and the quaint sayings of Andy are generously sprinkled through the story.

A Partnership in Magic. By Charles Battell Loomis.

This, we believe, is the first long story from the pen of Mr. Loomis, the well known humourist. A Partnership in Magic may be classed as a juvenile, but there is lots of fun in it for the adult.

On Special Assignment. By Samuel Travers Clover.

A sequel to Paul Travers' Adventures, in which the hero of Mr. Clover's former story has some experiences in different parts of the far West, in connection with his work as a newspaper correspondent. This is a book to appeal to the young rather than to the old.

Badger:

Young Ivy on Old Walls. By H. Arthur Powell.

A book containing about sixty poems, the subjects being divided between Nature, Life, Love, and Varying Moods.

Page and Company:

The Schemers. By F. F. Harkins.

A novel dealing with the life of a large department store, and this fact in itself is of interest. A further notice of the book will be found under the Chronicle and Comment of this number.

The Captain's Wife. By W. Clark Russell.

A story which may be classed under

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the heading of "The Sea in Fiction," which subject was discussed in the August Bookman.

Philadelphia.

Biddle:

Peggy O'Neal. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

An historical novel by the author of Wolfville. The hero of the tale is General Jackson, for whom the author expresses a warm admiration. Mr. Henry Hutt has made the illustrations, which are in colour.

Jordan:

The Crimson Dice. By George Nox McCain.

The author of this novel of adventure and mystery is a member of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Press. He has had twenty-five years' experience as a political writer, newspaper staff correspondent, and lecturer. The publishers compare this novel to the works of Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope. We do not.

San Francisco.

Robertson:

As It Was in The Beginning. By Joaquin Miller.

A long poem of forty-one stanzas by the well-known Western poet. Mr. Miller has dedicated the poem to the "Mothers of Men."

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

The Harkriders. By Opie Read.

A new novel by the author of many well-known stories. The book contains a triple love story and a graphic description of a fox hunt. The illustrations are in colour.

Childhood Classics. Edited by Uncle Charley.

A collection of Mother Goose melodies and stories, nursery rhymes, and fairy tales, with two hundred and fifty illustrations. Such favourites as Mother Hubbard, Cinderella, Blue Beard, Little Red Riding Hood, and the Sleeping Beauty may be found therein.

Jungle Larks. By "Gar." (R. H. Garman.)

Under this title may be found a collection of funny animal stories for the little people. The illustrations are in colour, and the cover design shows some of the animals dancing around a Maypole improvised by a giraffe, the ribbons being composed of snakes and monkeys.

Red Wing, Minnesota.

Argus Press:

The Failure of Jesus and His Triumph. Anonymous.

Of these "silhouettes" the publishers have this to say: "It is a product of rationalism, but it is a protest against the negation of agnosticism."

Washington.

Government Printing Office:

Natick Dictionary. By James Hammond Trumbell.

This Dictionary is published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, of which Mr. J. W. Powell is the director.

Neale Publishing Company:

Lingo Dan. By Percival Pollard.

A novel by the author of The Imitator and Cape of Storms. Mr. Pollard first introduced "Lingo Dan" to his readers in 1894, through the San Francisco Argonaut "If it be objected against me," writes Mr. Pollard, "that I have delayed nearly ten years in thus continuing the chronicle begun in 1894, I retort that even this has taken a deal of temerity; my gentleman is still alive, and there is no knowing what form his reproaches for these indiscretions of mine may take."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between June and July, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York—Downtown.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. Loudon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
6. Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25c.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. J. Lane. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. Loudon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Drexel Biddle.) $1.50.
6. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.

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Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Captain's Tollgate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. People of the Whirlpool. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Letters and Diary of John Rowe. (Clarke Co.) $3.00 net.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Prince of Luimers. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown, & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Few of My Feathered Friends. Leslie Bradley. (The Old Corner Bookstore.) $1.00 net.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. People of Whirlpool. Anonymous. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Garden of Commuter's Wife. Anonymous. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Hegan-Bachellor. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Denver, Colo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Influence of Patricia. Bell. (Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mystery of Murray Davenport. Stevens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Law of Mental Medicine. Hudson. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small-Maynard.) $1.50.

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5. Barbara, Woman of the West. Whitson. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. *The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday-Page.) *The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

*Equal quantity sold.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. His Daughter First. Hardy. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Memories of Yale Life and Men. Dwight. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50 net.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lightning Conductor. Williamson.(Holt.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. History of Louisiana. Gayam. (Hansell.) $10.00 net.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Biddle.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small-Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
3. Ward of King Canute. Liljincrantz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Portland, Me.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Portland, Ore.

1. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Sribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The House on the Hudson. Powell. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Sarah Tulden. Agnus. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Black Lion Inn. Lewis. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Pride of Tellfair. Peake. (Harper.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
3. As It Was in the Beginning. Miller. (Robertson.) $1.00 net.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Lane. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Captain's Tollgate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Tucson, Ariz.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) $1.00.
4. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Round Anvil Rock. Banks. (Macmilman.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Captain's Tollgate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
" "	2d	"	"		8
" "	3d	"	"		7
" "	4th	"	"		6
" "	5th	"	"		5
" "	6th	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50	237
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50	150
3. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	88
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	80
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50	44
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	50

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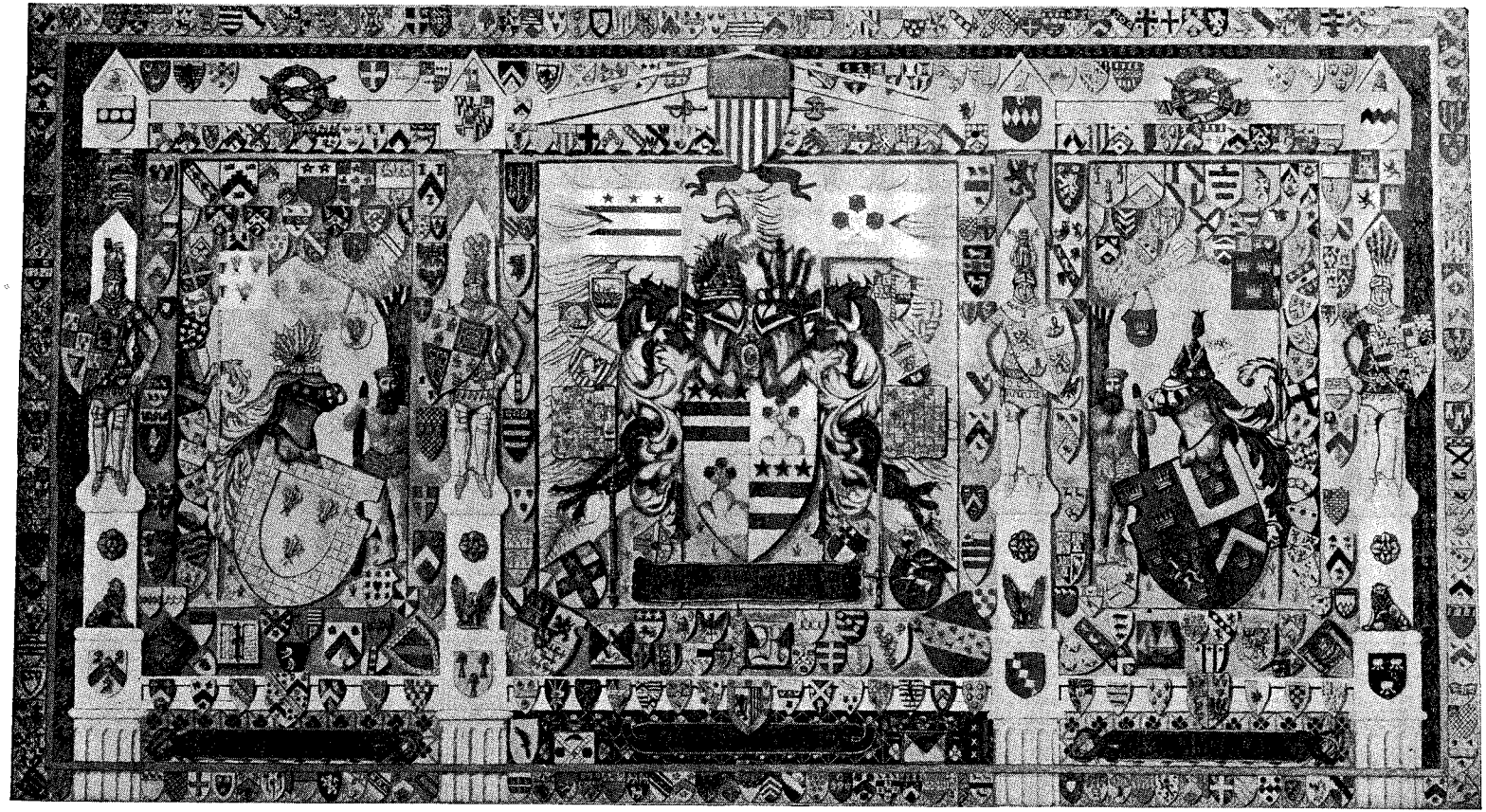

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